FATHER'S DAY ISSUE JULY, 1947

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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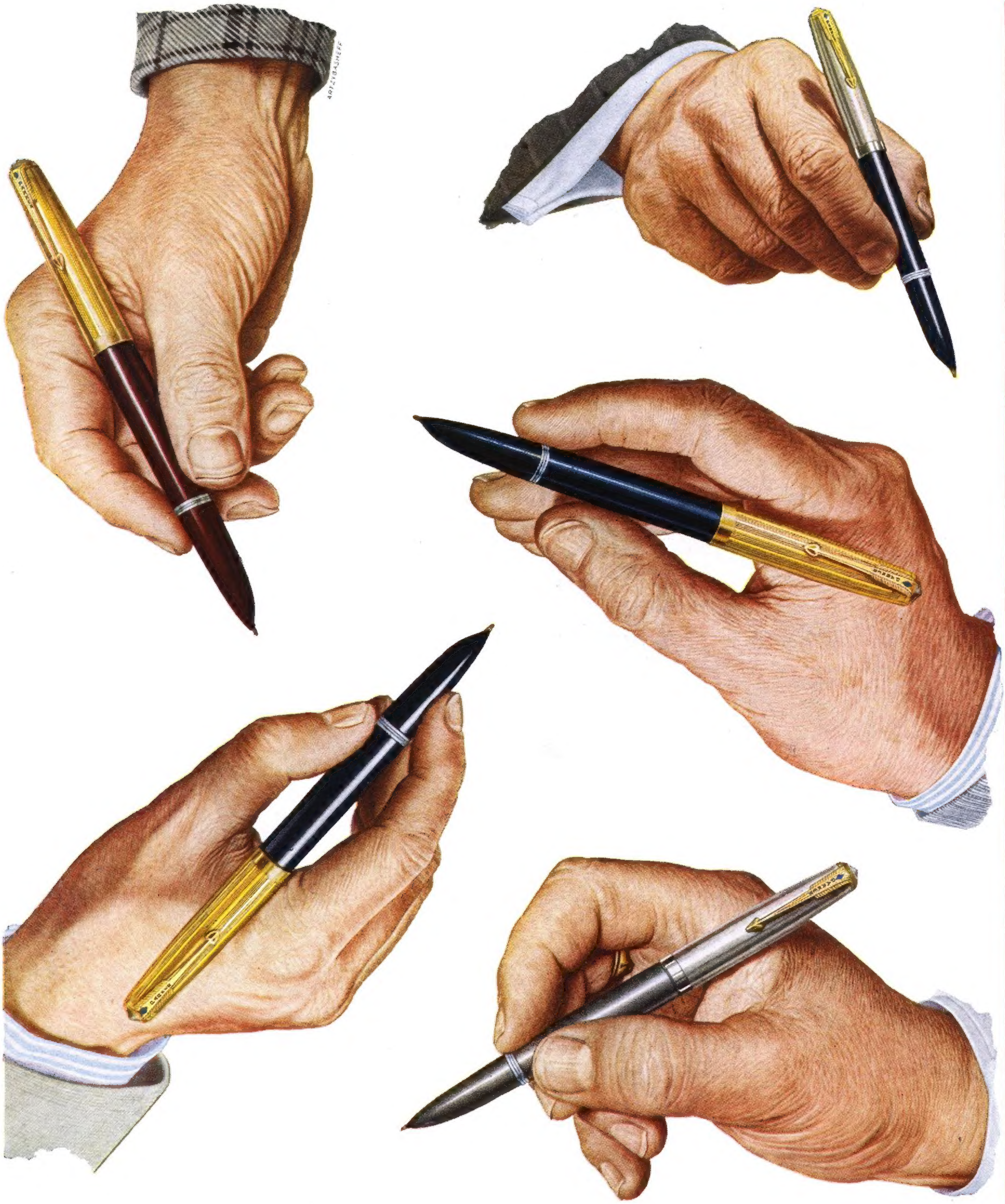

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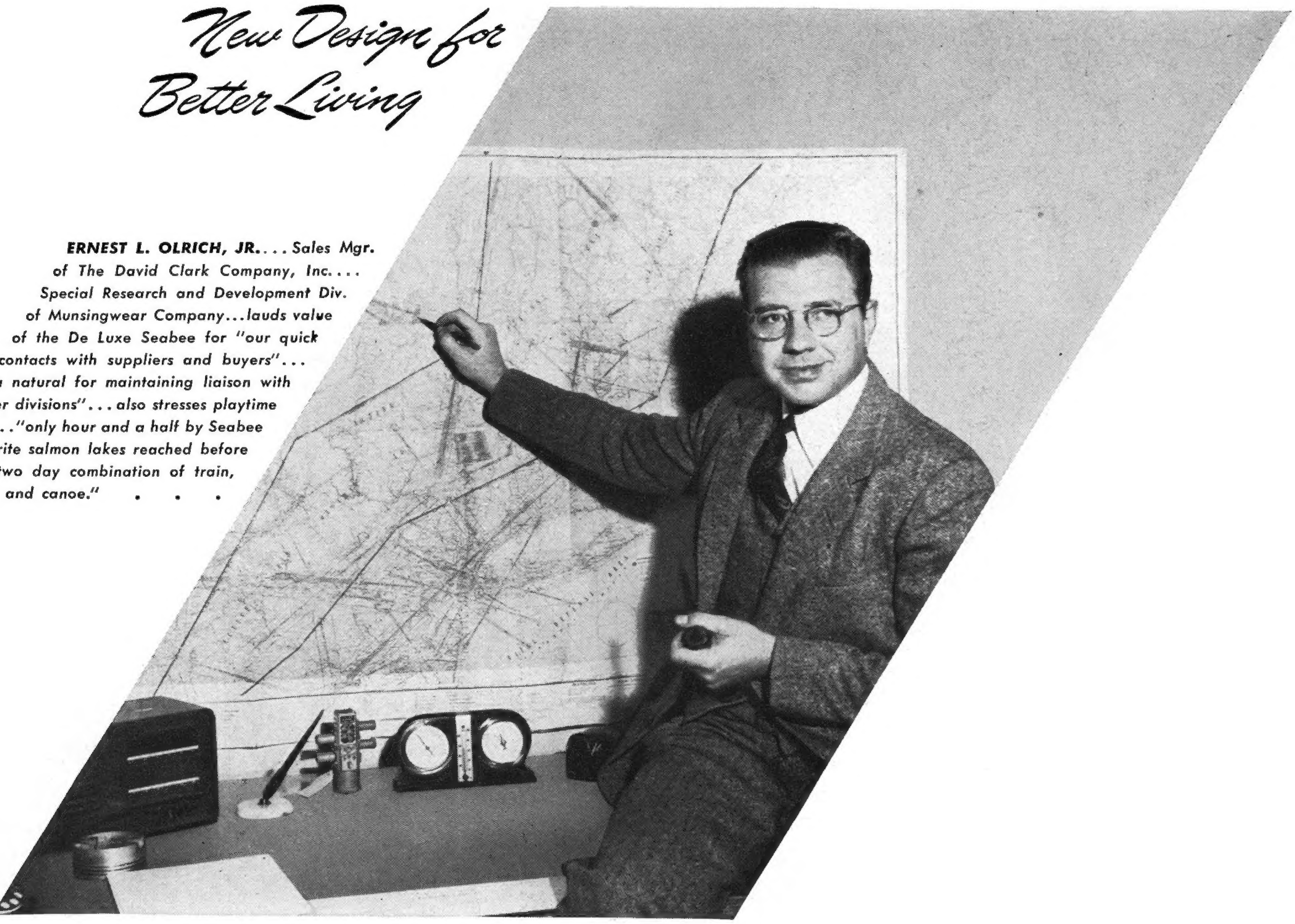

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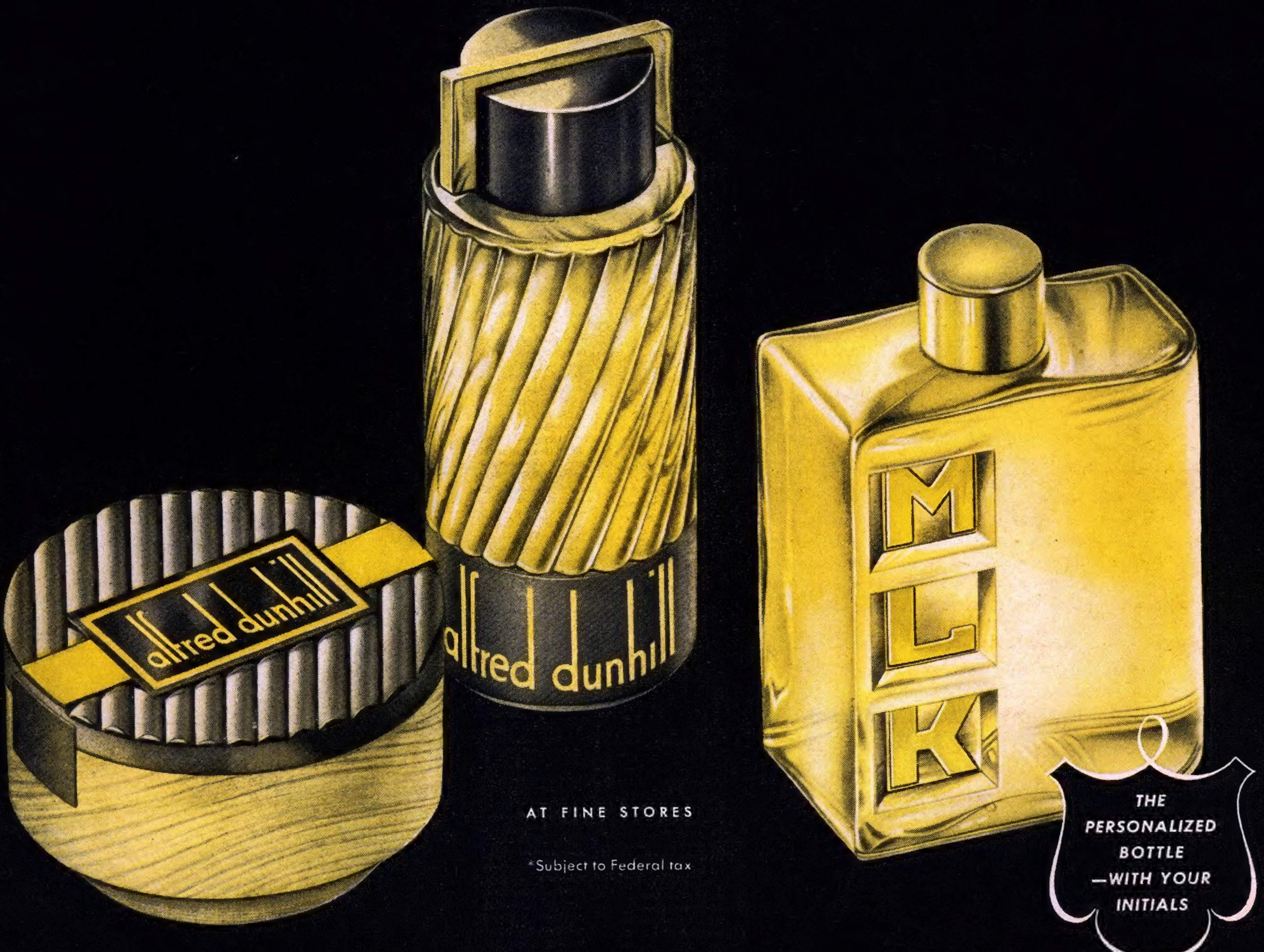

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## *Summer Dream*

Louis Untermeyer, a gentleman who knows his way around on a library shelf, has moved out pretty far on that limb everyone is always mentioning, and selected for us fifty great books for modern reading. The article will appear in our August issue, longer than almost anything we have run for quite a while, but practically required reading for anyone who has a book. We like it, and you will too. In fact we couldn't wait until next month to tell you that Louis—no man to loose a superlative without due thought—has picked a collection of Paul Gallico's sports stories as prize fare in that classification. We're pleased, of course, that our renowned anthologist should have favored another of our own contributors. But we couldn't wait another thirty days to say so after reading Gallico's department in this issue, because Paul proves in so many words why his place is secure among those who follow this satisfying and agonizing business of trying to write honestly and simply and truly.

There is, in his article this month, a little section entitled Summer Dream. It happens to come in fourth place, after three other typical Gallico shafts at the world in general. But when you read it, and don't miss it, you'll know why Louis Untermeyer put our Paul—an outspoken but really modest guy—in such good company. In his scene of a couple of kids chucking a baseball on a vacant lot Gallico has caught some of the magic of boyhood, of baseball, and of America. He hasn't put anything in there, just looked on a little back-street game with the wise and tolerant eye of a guy who learned how to find the right focus as a sports writer, but has always had the rest of what you'll find in this little chapter tied pretty close to his heart.

Mr. Gallico, we understand, is giving a course in short-story writing at Columbia University.

Paul, give yourself an A plus.

—D.A.S.

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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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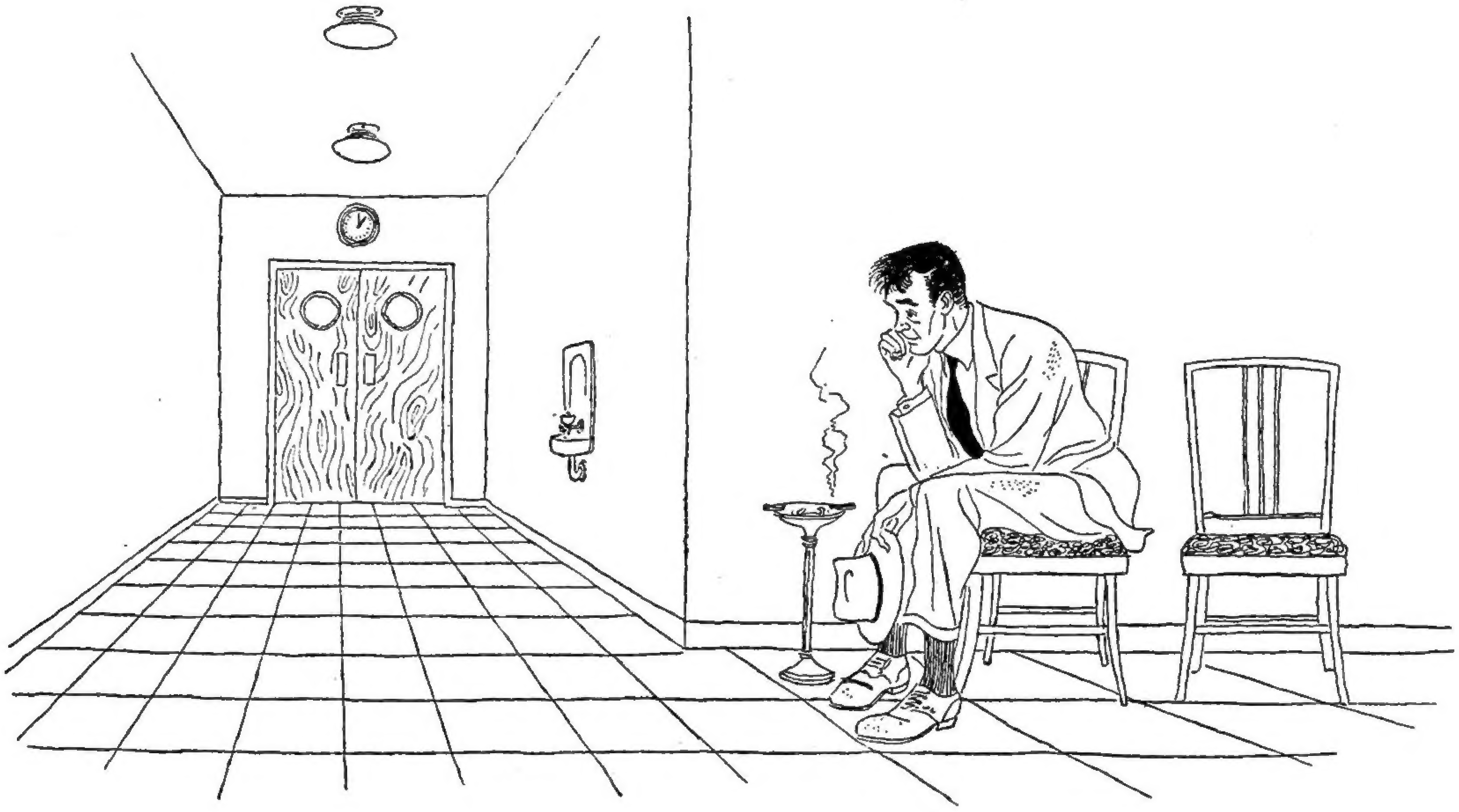
# *Editorial:* My Father Can Lick Your Father



As a publication we are curiously untouched by such high points in the calendar as Ground-hog Day, Be-Kind-to-Vanilla-Beans Week, and other joyous occasions of the same ilk, worthy as they may be and old reliables of the copy desk. But on Father's Day we shed our mantle of gentle cynicism and pay a tribute to the old man that surely is far less than his just due.

The changing picture of father has always been perplexing, even in these offices where he is regarded so affectionately. We remember the day some years back when an artist, commissioned to portray the typical father, stood by in horror as the comments flew over his conception. To some of the free-swinging critics pop was a shambling Milquetoast of a guy, humbly raking leaves and accepting the bill for a nice new fur coat for mama as a natural Father's Day remembrance; to others dad was a man of distinction, slightly grey at the temples and flat in the stomach, charming his office force by day and filling the house by night with his virile laughter and compelling person. The tweedy school of thought, with father nuzzling an Irish setter with one hand and rubbing a briar on the side of his nose with the other, was shouted down promptly on that occasion, we recall, and by the time the artist gave his portrait a series of unpopular mustaches and a new tie or so, Labor Day had rolled around again and we commissioned him to get going on a Santa Claus for the December issue. It is strictly a secret between the painter and us whether Santa Claus was father in just another getup, or a new job.

To these mildly nauseating images of father we added our own misty visions, tempered by the smells and sights of old days when father was the tallest man in the world. We knew he was because we measured him one day when he was snoozing in his Morris chair with his legs stretched straight before him, the toes pointing out because he had fallen arches. From head to toe, arches and all, we were amazed and delighted beyond compare to note that father was a good six-feet-eight-inches, measured with unerring accuracy with a one-foot rule, over the ridges of his nose and whiskers, past his wing collar, up the sawteeth of his rumpled clothing, and down the wrinkled expanse of his trousers to the soles of his ankle-high shoes. Six-footers, we knew, belonged on the police force, in the *Boy Allies* books, and in the sparring stable of Jess Willard. It wasn't until some years later, when father mistakenly challenged us to a wrestling match and, in desperation of grappling with the giant, we broke a few of his ribs, that he assumed once more his true stature of about five-feet-ten-and-a-half.

He could also be wrong, we discovered—or thought we discovered—not long after we threw him for a fall that afternoon on the pine needles. But now that we have lost the curl in our hair, and some of the hair as well, we realize the truth that he never was really wrong, just mistaken once or twice. The only one who was wrong was the stranger who pointed to father and asked who was that "old man." We set *him* straight on *that* point quickly enough. Father wasn't old, just good and grey, and he was six-feet-eight any day in the week once again, standing squarely on his fallen arches, and able to lick any guy on the block.

So forgive us our own portrait of father, even if you are inclined to suggest a few changes and make him over a bit in the image of your own memories. At any rate it was he, and all the other good guys who inhabit the minds of sons and daughters, that we were thinking about when we put this issue together. We didn't want him to feel too self-conscious about it, as he is one of our most constant readers, and far too full of vinegar to stay long with anything smacking of sentiment or simpering affection. So we touched on him here and there throughout this issue, *his* issue, and on the rest of the pages we concentrated on making him laugh and getting him to relax in his Morr—in his overstuffed chair in the study.

*Pre-Natal Care for Fathers* is a condensation of John Gould's sprightly book of the same name which, as the subtitle states, is a "nonmedical, nontechnical, nonscientific explanation of the masculine side of the matter, with much that is useful and nothing that is wholly useless." The Case of The Prospective Father, then, was one of our concerns in this issue, having long been of the opinion that the old boy needs considerable and kindly care during those nine months when the little one calls the tune to which the family unit dances. We recommend it not only for our harried friends and fathers, but for the little woman's reading as well, so as to solicit her aid in presenting a dignified and united front to a slightly amused world.

*Dad Believed in Education*, by Booth Mooney, brings out into the sunlight a country cousin of Clarence Day's father and ought to tinkle a bell in the memories of those who recall an unpredictable and lovable hurricane of a character writing the rules around the house. And we have even taken a mischievous delight in the fact that one of the country's most loving fathers, Eddie Cantor (pure coincidence, Eddie, we swear it, pure coincidence), is the author of the charming reminiscence of the old Ziegfeld *Follies*, facing the picture on page seventy-three which shows Banjo-eyes himself on that fabled and magical stage.

And finally we have cornered in our Father's Day Gift Section, on page 110, a collection of ideas that might put a little more lift into his day than all of the fair words we can sling about him. It isn't true, we believe, that fathers rich or poor have everything and are so hard to find presents for. If you'll think a moment about yourself, you'll know that the unexpected and trivial piece of junk that you've been keeping on your desk top these years may be the uninspired whatnot that the boys in the stockroom chipped in a nickel apiece to buy you for your wedding, or your going-to-war, or your becoming a partner, or something, and you keep it because you just like to see it there and know that you got something free and for nothing out of the hearts of some people near you, and not at Christmas time. And so we figured that father really hasn't got everything unless his family thinks of him and actually does something about it just once a year, not on a gift holiday, but on his day and just for the joy of telling him that he's a hell of a good guy.

Propaganda? Sure. Esky has never been shy in thumping the drums for father, since the first issue we ever put out. In our simple and direct way, we'll always like and admire the old boy. (He had the best straight left we ever saw.) ⧺

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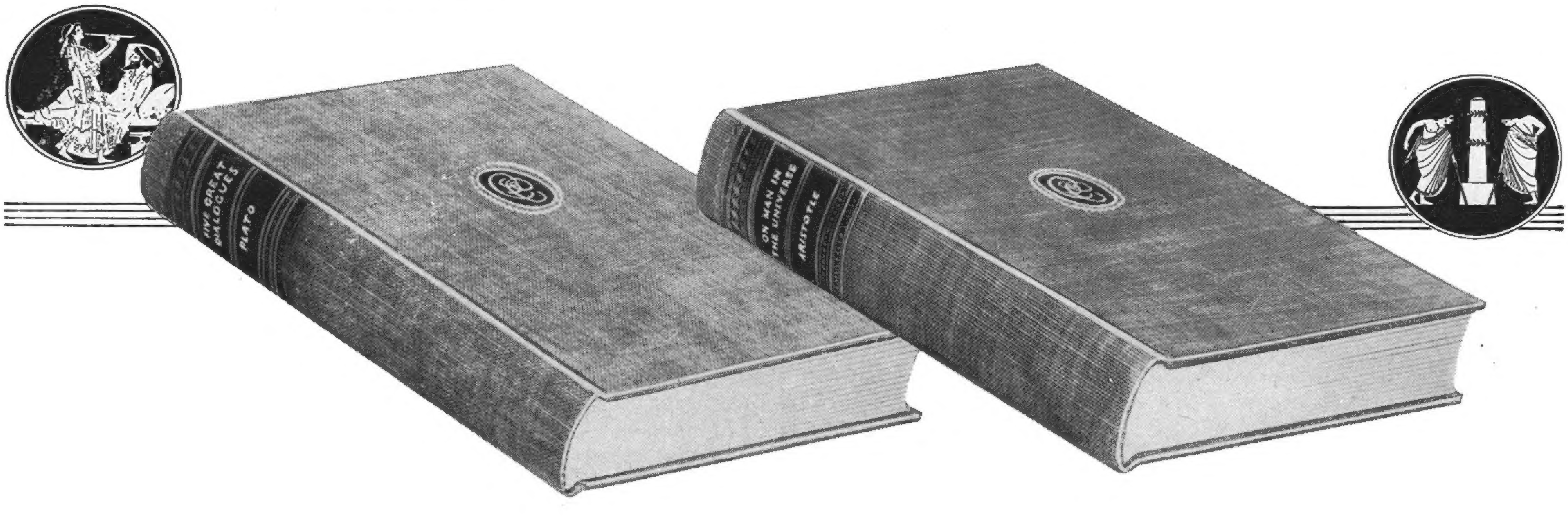

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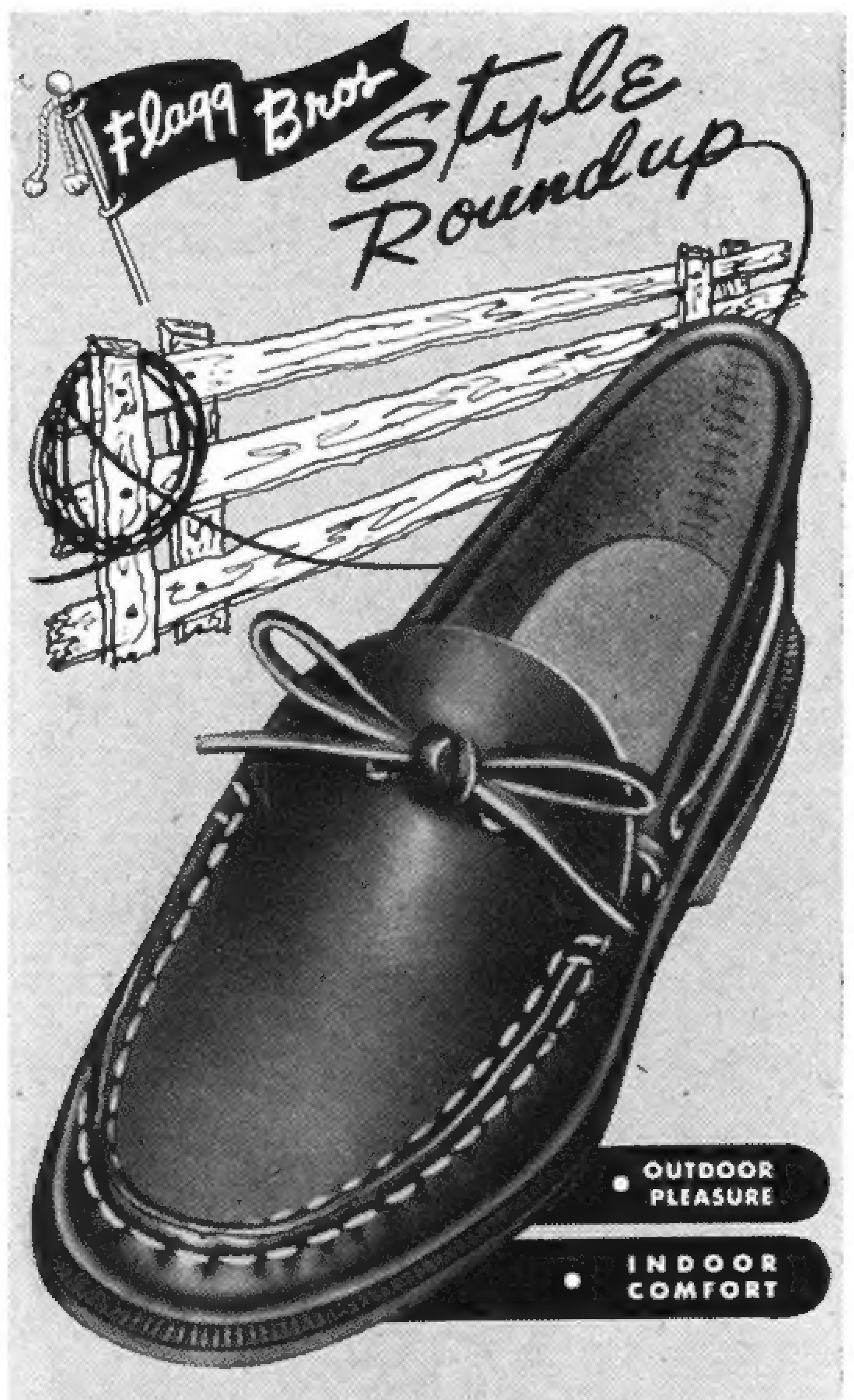

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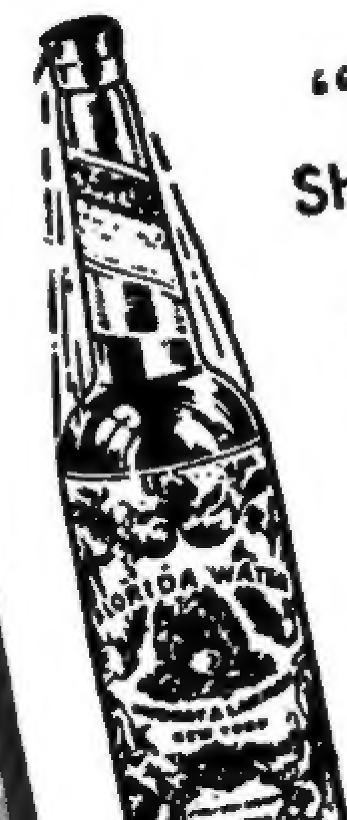

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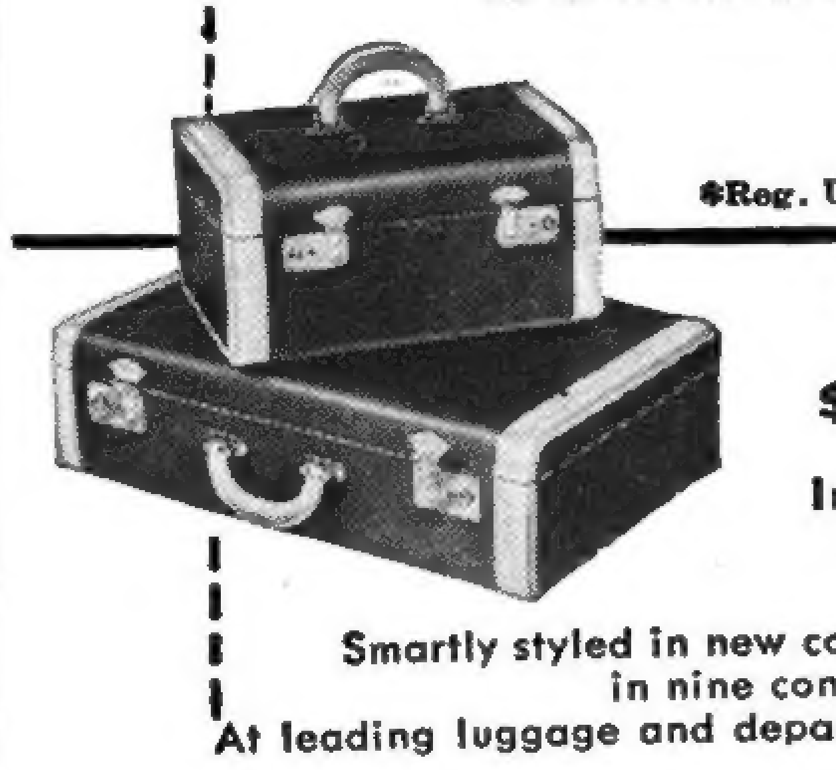

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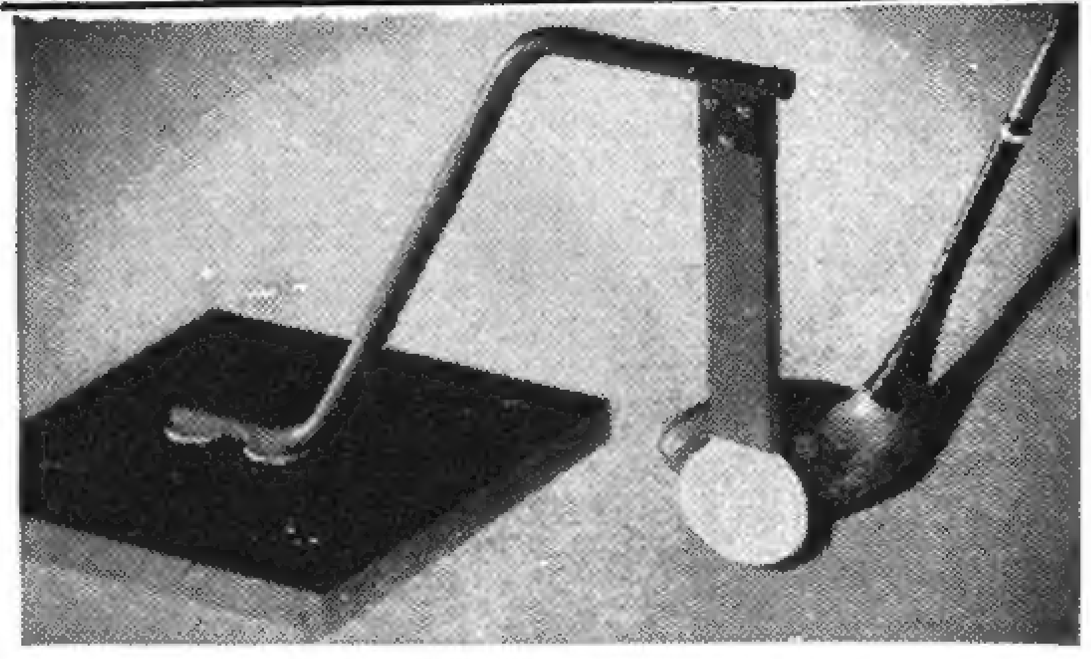

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# Talking Shop

**A WEEKEND BID MEANS A GIFT.** An invitation to the country is a fine thing, but your name is Mud if you don't show up with a gift for your host and hostess. Something unusual, but useful is the ticket.

**THE HOSTESS HAS A TEENAGE DAUGHTER.** So it's a nice touch to bring something for this all important member of the family. She's probably moccasin mad, so up with a pair of leather casuals in white combined with colors . . . red, brown, black, tan, etc. The mocs are manufactured by ex-servicemen, and the hand-lacing on the vamps; is done by GI wives.

**THE HOST IS AN ANGLER . . .** so let him make his own bait. Give a box containing the makings for artificial lures for trout, bass, pike and other game fish. Box is filled with every essential for making literally hundreds of baits, tools, paints, colorful feathers, wool thread, hair, balsa wood, corks, and a 120 page fly-tying instruction book profusely illustrated. He'll spend hours making cork bugs, hackles, knots, etc. Another fisherman's gift . . . luminous lures. A Long Island fisherman first hit on the possibilities of cutting luminous cloth into minnow shaped lures. The minnows are put up in cellophane packages containing minnows of various sizes. The luminosity is guaranteed for eight years, but enthusiasts contend that the little strips will disappear into the gullet of some finny denizen of the deep, long before.

**ANOTHER WEEKEND GIFT.** If your hosts are real gourmets, they probably go heavy on rare spices in the culinary dept. Your cue is to send them a spice set . . . a wooden cruet containing four bottles of delicately blended spices . . . spiced salt, smoked salt, super for fish, oregano, a zesty herb for soup flavorings and freshly ground black pepper with considerable tang. Herbs also come in a series of colorful pottery gift jars.

**"OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL."** Doll collecting, we understand, ranks as one of our most important hobbies. Apparently the female of the species never quite gets over her little girl doll-playing days. A certain shop specializes in miniature dolls, and believe it or not, most of the purchasers are men! Of course these little 7-inch dolls are no baby-doll stuff. They savor of ultra sophistication. A unique group are the biblical glamour girls . . . the Queen of Sheba, the huzzy Jezebel and Delilah, an alluring little job with hand painted green eyes, red lips and flaming red hair. This symbol of age-old treachery is a great favorite with the male trade. Other dolls are tiny replicas of Pocahontas, Hagar, Egyptian slave girl and a bride doll complete with train and veil.

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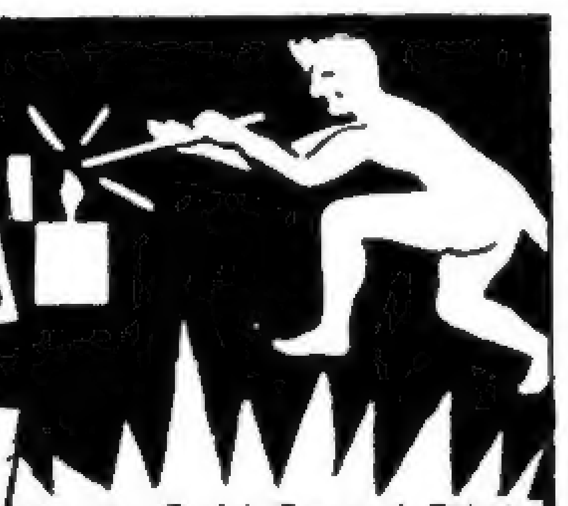

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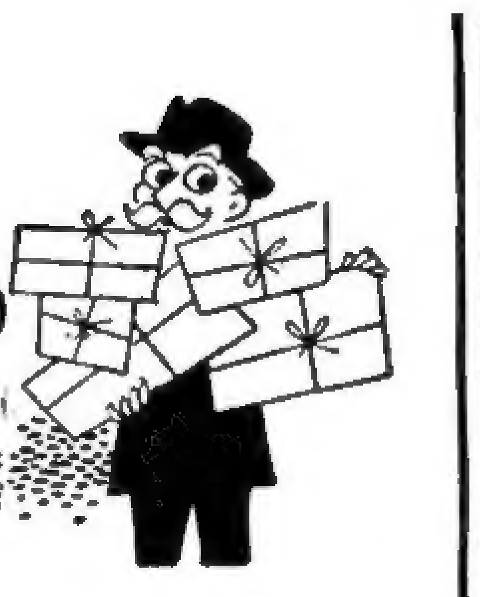
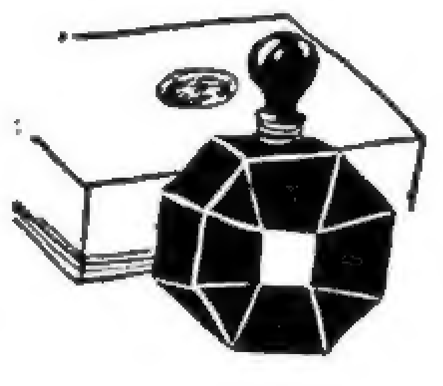
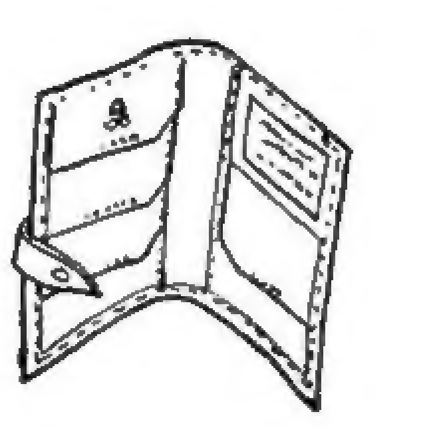


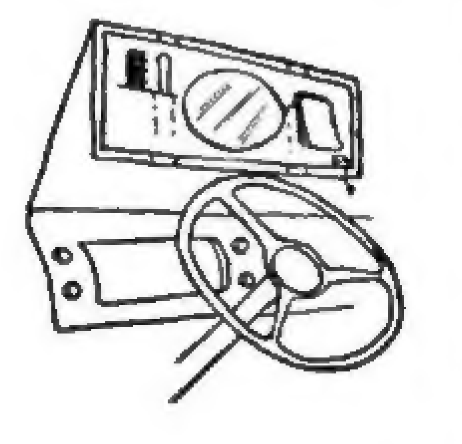
**LE DANDY.** Perfume is another sure fire hostess gift. But, it must be the right kind . . . and that usually means "made in France". You can't miss on the wicked, wonderful fragrance yclept Le Dandy, in a famous black jewel cut flacon.



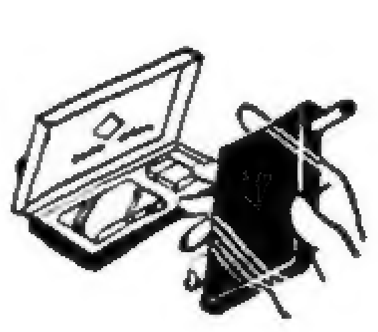
**TRAVELER'S COMPANION.** If your host is an itinerant gent, then give him a fine pigskin wallet with special compartments for passports, photos, landing, luggage and railroad tickets, American and foreign bills. Despite its great carrying capacity, it retains an elegant appearance.



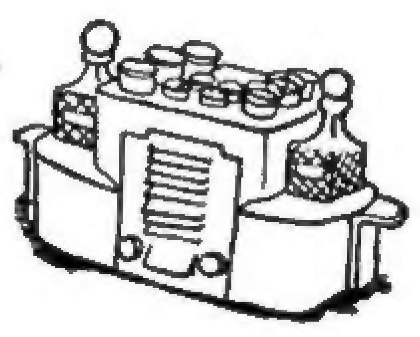
**VISOR VANITY.** If your hostess drives a car, here's an inexpensive gift she'll find most practical. It's a simulated leather panel to be attached by elastic webbing to the sun visor of any car. Panel contains matches, place for cigs, a goodly sized mirror, comb, finger nail file, notebook and pencil . . . all ready for emergencies with no fussing around. Maps can be slipped under the webbing on the under side.



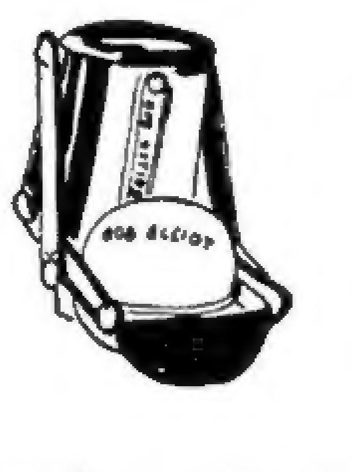
**CIGARETTE SERVER . . .** a new slick way to do away with the bulky cigarette package that knocks the drape out of your Hart-Schaffner and Marx, is this automatic butt ejector. Put up in opaque maroon, black and shell, with individual silver plated designs, it is a favorite among the drivers who like to keep one hand on the wheel while they ready themselves for the next smoke.



**RUMPUS ROOM NEWS.** Manufacturers are running hog wild creating gadgets for bibblers. Here's a lulu . . . a portable bar with radio built-in . . . whole thing a marvel of compact usability. Just pick up the works by its two plastic handles and carry around like a tray. The bar-radio contains two glass decanters, 6 highball glasses, 4 jigger glasses, glass ice tray, ice tongs, 6 glass mixers . . . all the aforesaid *set-in* the top so they can't slide. The radio receiver is completely housed and protected in a specially constructed acoustical sound chamber, insuring protection from any liquid interference.



**GOLF BALL MARKER.** You'll find them on every course . . . those characters who pick up your golf ball before it stops rolling. Their lot can be made more difficult if you have your own name right on the ball. There's a new marker out which impresses a complete name on one line, enough letters are furnished to spell out a name of 15 letters or less. The water-proof ink won't wear off, and the ink container is screwed into the back of the marker, always ready for use. Marker is made of stainless steel, weighs 3½ oz.



Ranger

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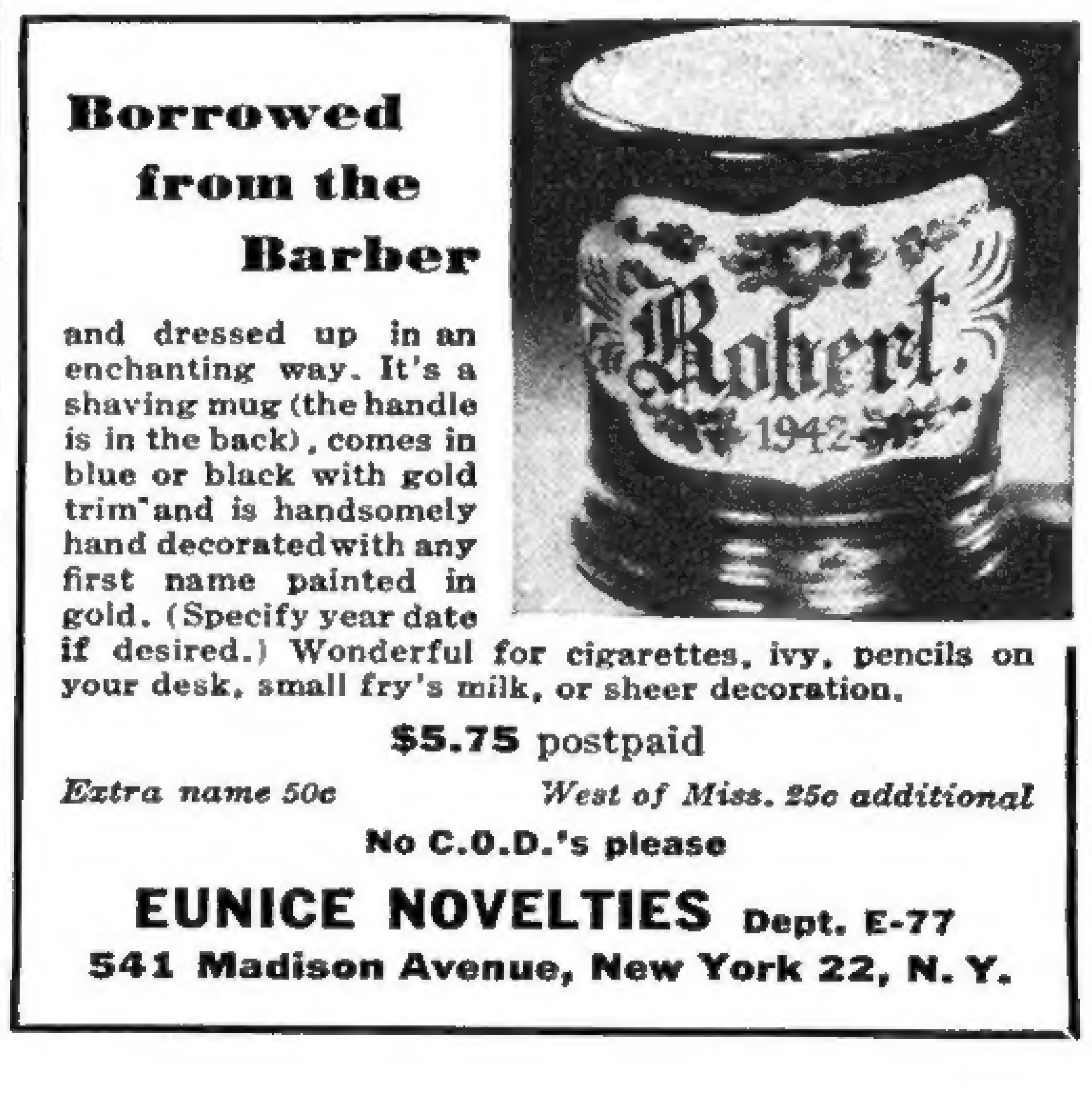

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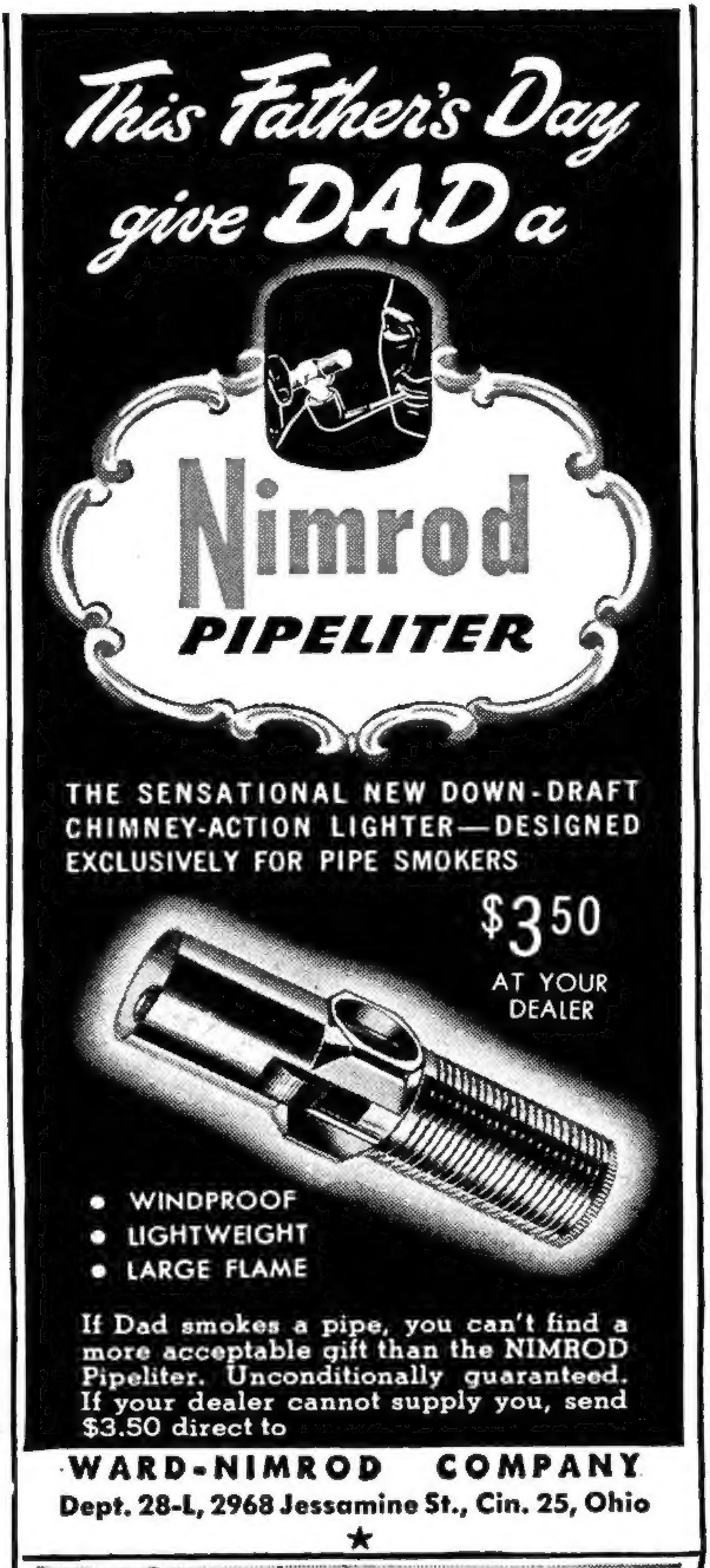

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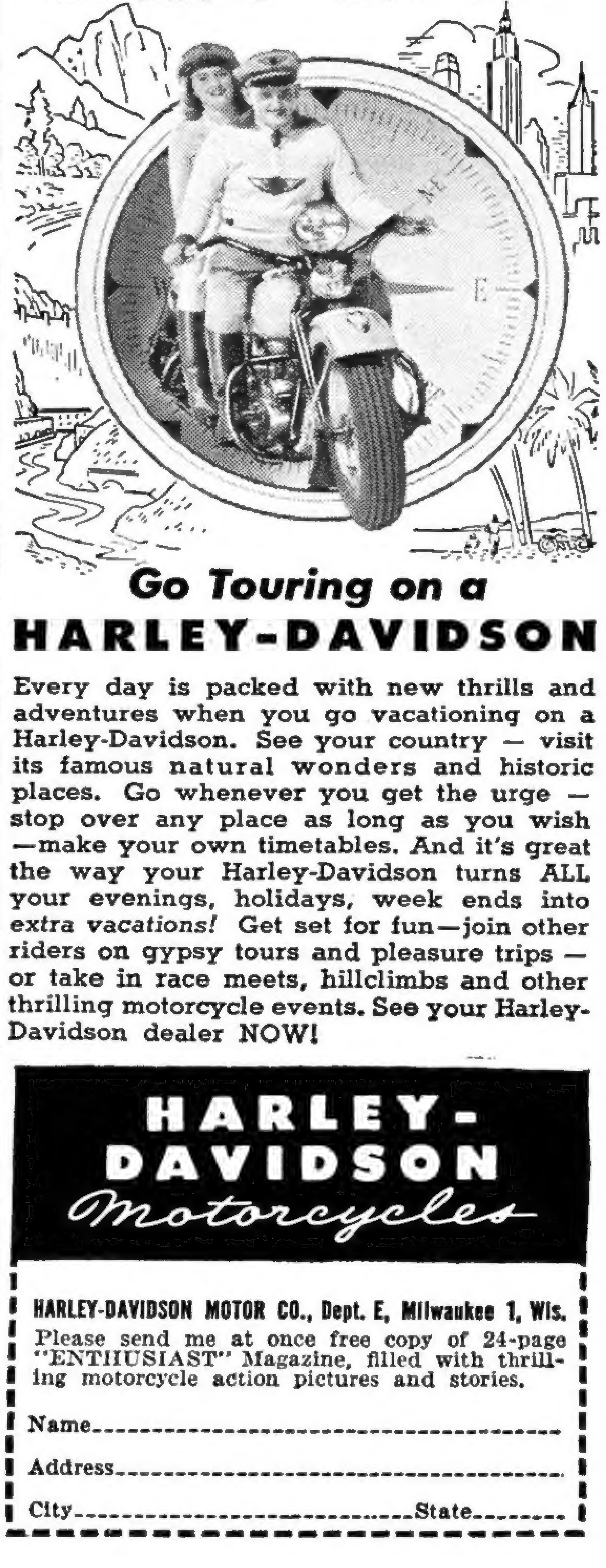

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Please send me at once free copy of 24-page "ENTHUSIAST" Magazine, filled with thrilling motorcycle action pictures and stories.
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# The Sound and the Fury

### missing warrior

In the first days of January, 1943, when a group of Allied heavy bombers returned from a raid over Germany and passed our island (Scheldt estuary), a helmet fell in our garden carrying the name of L. M. Hickman. The same day some farmers found a pair of Army boots, which probably belonged to the same airman. Can your readers help us to unravel the drama we think this must contain? The party concerned may write to me for the helmet which I have still.

Sincerely yours,
P. A. Wilderom
Molenweg, Holland

### reproof from Japan

After reading *Joe Learns the Language* (March, 1947), I hasten to the defense of an old, established language.

Mr. Jacobson's statement that Occupation soldiers are teaching the Japanese people English more rapidly than we are absorbing the Emperor's native tongue is not quite factual. The Japanese are learning English on their own hook, with the aid of textbooks, and would that our language students understood the Japanese language as well as the humblest rice cultivator does!

The Japanese are aware of the shortcomings of their language, and have initiated several reforms. Currently the language is limited to 1850 Kanji (characters)—a decided condensation of a possible 37,000-odd Kanji.

The Japanese do not "love to stand in line" any more than we do, but current exigencies demand that housewives queue up for rice, husbands for charcoal, and everyone for a tram or bus. Inherent stoicism bred by centuries of absolute feudalism has made the modern Japanese less demonstrative than we and although the people of Japan are attempting to ease economic hardships, they realize the futility of empty complaints.

Lt. J. G. Richardson
Sendai, Japan

### laborer's candid view

Your magazine is my favorite publication. D. A. S. hits a neat bull's-eye with his caption *The Gals In Gallico*, in the May issue. And I'm pleased that an editor would approve and publish Gallico's comments on Economics.

It is a constant source of wonder to me that "nitwit Congressmen and Senators" are so ready to come to the assistance of those who need it least, to the detriment of the body politic as a whole.

In the mention of Labor, Mr. Gallico hits upon home grounds. I am a laborer, perhaps in the higher brackets. I anticipate a pension in a couple of years, hoping that "The Diminishing Buck" has not become so anemic that I will be a partial public charge. It was my conclusion at the war's end that Labor would be most statesmanlike if it would resist pressure for wage increases. This, in turn, would have placed Labor in the position of having considerable influence in holding prices in line and preventing, to a great degree, the present unnecessary inflation.

J. N. Myers
Forsyth, Mon.

### tie that binds the RAF

Having just received my March copy of your excellent magazine, I was not a little dismayed, as a regular time-serving member of the Royal Air Force, to see our regimental tie hanging on a lamppost in the left-hand corner of Page 105.

Whilst I appreciate the fact that the colors chosen are a natural combination and most tasteful, it is the outward symbol of our Service and is worn by both serving and ex-service members of the Royal Air Force when wearing civilian clothes, who not unnaturally are as proud of this tie as they are of their Service.

G. Perry
Gloucester, England

### Wales wail

As a subscriber to Esquire for many years, I have often thought of writing you about your magazine. Before the war, I had a grand collection of pages cut from old numbers in a spring-back folder—a collection so enticing to the officers who used to slip in for a chat that it disappeared and I suppose it is decorating some Mess or other now.

Among outstanding pictures I remember one of the fat men saying good-by: "At any rate, Miss Jones, it was a most interesting experiment."

In Wales here, your ads are a great joy, and sorrow that nothing of the new stuff can be bought.

W. Ormesher
Bronmeirion, Wales

### Bronx rib

I think P. G. Fredericks and Tracey Perkins ought to compare notes with Thomas L. Stix on their articles in the May issue. In *The Lost Blend*, Thomas L. Stix relates the saga of M. Courtade, a coffee blender, who had a coffee formula for which great food combines would gladly have paid a small fortune. This set of circumstances gives credence to the old adage about building a better mousetrap, since M. Courtade did absolutely no advertising. His product achieved popularity through word of mouth.

In *The Supersalesmen*, the Fredericks-Tracey opus, the refutation of the "better mousetrap" theme is supplied in the very first paragraph. "Shout your product from the housetops, or no matter how good it is, it will not sell," is the attitude.

Let's have some consistency!

Norton J. Bramesco
Bronx, N. Y.

*Editor's Note: Our best answer lies in that reliable bromide deriving from Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said, "Foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."*

### what is a twirp?

I thought until now that Americans never suffered from a persecution complex, but Mr. Herb Graffis has put me right. I hope there are not many Americans holding this viewpoint. In any case can Mr. Graffis mention *any* great nation that does *not* have to tolerate considerable adverse criticism from twirps whose opinions aren't worth the paper they're written on?

It was interesting to know this viewpoint anyhow so thanks, Mr. Graffis.

J. Garrs
S. Rhodesia

P.S. I do not know the American version of "twirp." Will you translate?

*Editor's Note: Twirp is a term of disparagement; the following are synonyms: ape, blighter, clown, dope, egg, fathead, gonif, horse collar, ignatz, jerk, klunk, loon, missing link, nimski, umpchay.*

### classic thriller

The March issue of Esquire was interesting and amusing as always, although the advertisements and the fashion articles make very sad reading over here.

I was especially interested in Mr. Cameron Shipp's article about Charles K. Feldman and the way he discovers new scripts. I have often been wondering why a novel like J. Wassermann's *Der Fall Maurizeus* has not reached the Hollywood yet. Now that psychological thrillers are so much en vogue it looks to me like "The Thing." The author was notoriously anti-Hitler and the novel, which plays in Germany, could be changed easily to Boston or Philly. It has a good deal of the right kind of sentiment in it and a very interesting detective plot. There are very interesting juvenile parts in it and it looks to me that somebody over in Hollywood ought to read this book.

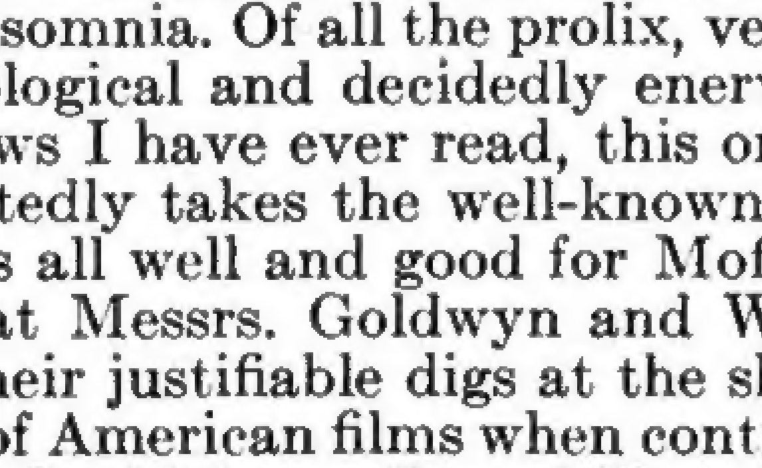
J. J. Strating
Amsterdam, Holland

### Moffitt praised

The article, *The Businessman Cometh*, by Jack Moffitt in your March issue of Esquire is pertinent and timely.

It's nice to know someone is alert to what is going on in the movie industry.

Edward & Marie Stone
New York, N. Y.



### Moffitt panned

Having just waded through most of Moffitt's wordy review of the film *Pursued*, I am convinced of two things: (a) You must be paying the lad by the word, and (b) that here is a sure cure for insomnia. Of all the prolix, verbose, tautological and decidedly enervating reviews I have ever read, this one undoubtedly takes the well-known cake.

It's all well and good for Moffitt to yap at Messrs. Goldwyn and Wanger for their justifiable digs at the shabbiness of American films when contrasted with the high quality of French and English offerings; but when he assumes that any intelligent person is going to hotfoot it down to the local cinema to catch *Pursued* immediately after plowing through the plethora of inane details in his boring eulogy, the lad is all wet . . .

Bob Juppé
Collegeville, Pa.

### adventurers wanted

Since our release from the U. S. Merchant Service, we have been planning a trip around the world in a small sailing craft. We should like to contact 3 or 4 people interested in going along on a share-the-expense plan.

We would be gone for a year or a year and a half. The cost would be about $1000 per person per year. We make no restriction as to race, creed, color, or any other arbitrary distinction. Knowledge of navigation or small-boat handling is not necessary as we have adequate experience.

E. M. Hudson
W. Hennershutz
Perkasie, Pa.

### Dutch Uncle Liebling

Happy to report that my Eskies have caught up with me again. Consider the March issue as good as ever and one of the brightest spots in this damp country.

Suggest that all publishers be provided with copies of A. J. Liebling's *Superfluous Obbligato* for issue to would-be authors!

A. A. Hibbert
Audenshaw, Lancs., England

### wet blanket

Some months ago I read the article on Brazil in your December issue. Incidentally I read dear old Esky every month and wouldn't be happy unless I did.

But I must take you to task, I regret. I have been here two months and brother, it definitely isn't the economical paradise it is supposed to be.

A good meal costs at least $3. A room $5. The only cheap form of entertainment are the movies at 35c. Old ones but welcome. How I long for a Roxy or Radio City Music Hall. Also Lindy's or the Brass Rail or some other reasonable restaurant.

The famous carnival wasn't so hot. It rained most of the time. They should see the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. That is really something. So, boys and girls, take the advice of one who has seen Brazil, and spend your hard-earned shekels in the good old U.S.A. Oh, yes, if you are so naïve as to desire a glass of milk, you can't get it here. The Brazilian doesn't drink it. They do not inoculate their cows and pasteurized milk is unheard of. I wonder what the poor kiddies do.

Robert L. Noce
*S. S. Rice Victory*
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

*Continued on page 167*

# Featured Attraction

You might think, what with so many people climbing aboard the Four Roses band wagon, that there wouldn't be room for you. But there is!

And once you take your first sip of an Old Fashioned—or any *other* drink—made with Four Roses, we predict that Four Roses will be *your* whiskey . . . for keeps! For there's no other whiskey with quite the gloriously smooth, *distinctive* flavor of Four Roses. Just you try it—today—and see how true that is!

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

**FOUR ROSES**

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

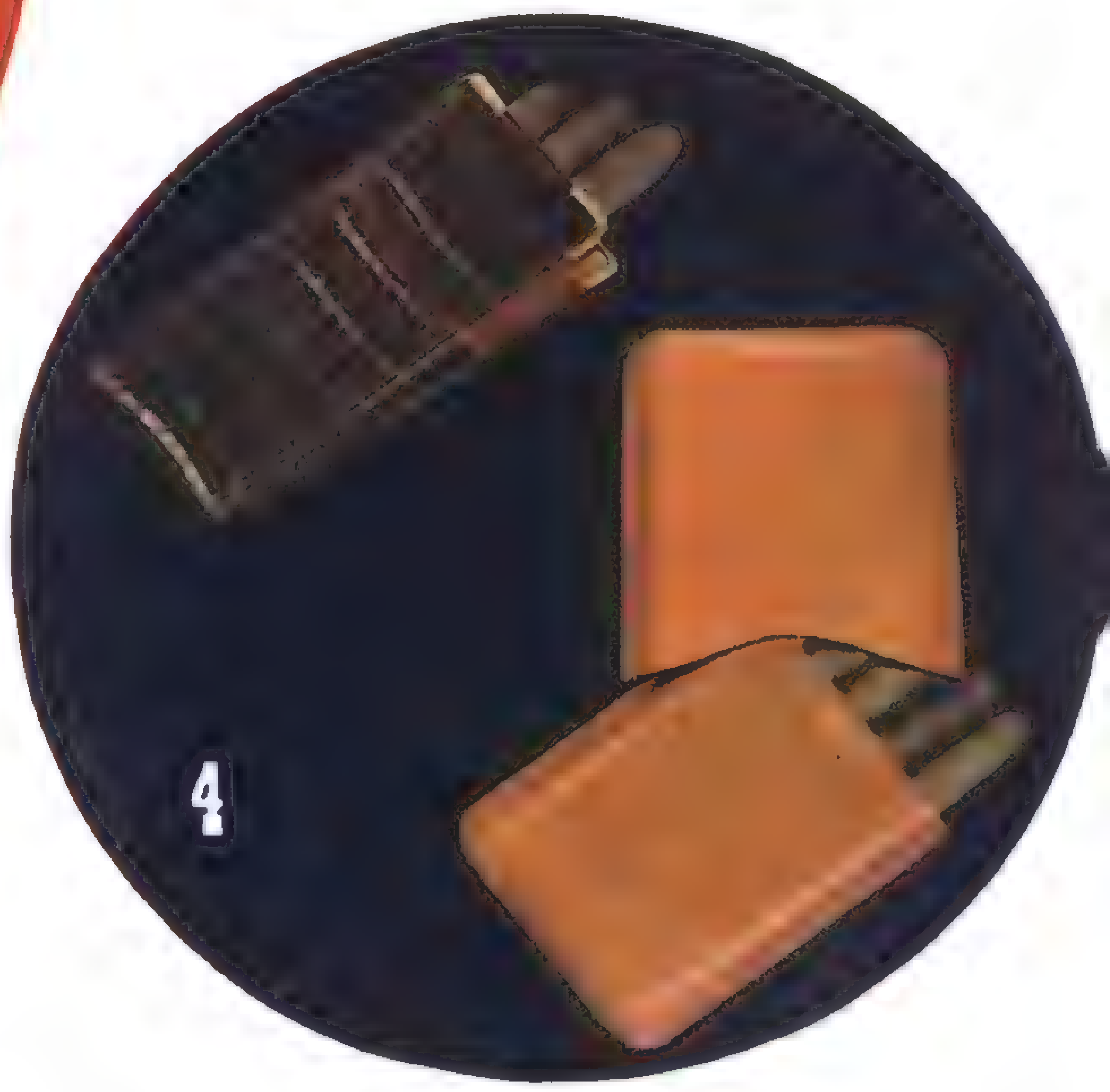
FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES

# 8 ways

1

Peterson's
Old Crock
Tobacco
3

2


4

# to thrill a smoker by Rogers

## the finest in smokers' gifts

6

7

5

*Here is a hand-picked group of gifts to gladden the heart of any smoker—each piece functionally perfect, styled with impeccable taste and developed with that craftsmanship which marks it as "Distinctively Rogers". Only a part of the vast Rogers group of fine smokers' accessories.*

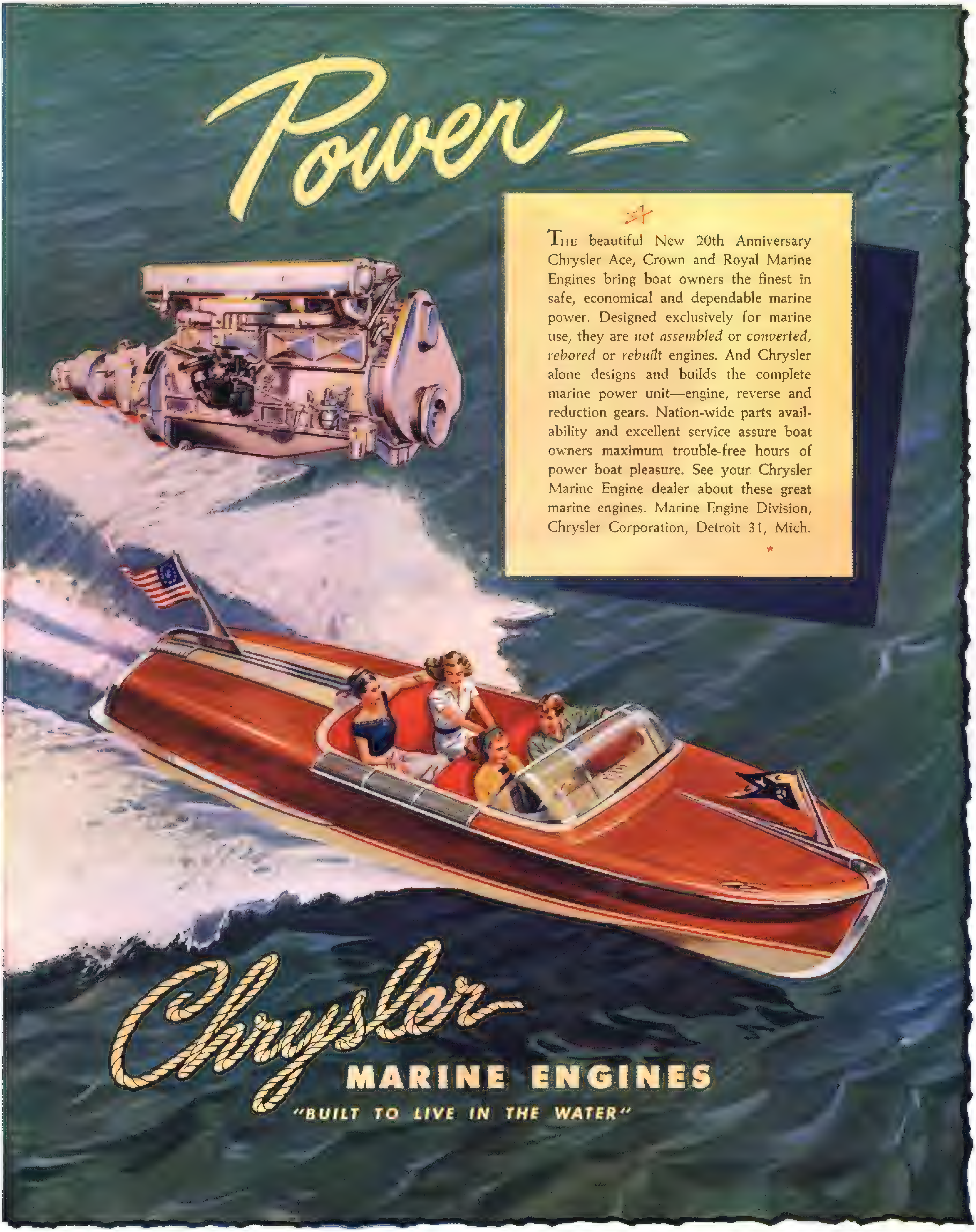
8

1. Cigar or Tobacco Humidors and Cigarette Boxes, Limited Editions Series. Each a hand-etched original, signed by Arning. Superbly constructed. Full-grain saddle leather covers. A gift to cherish. $25 to $75.
2. This is the famous Rogers Air-Tite* Tobacco Pouch, with its patented inner lining. Your choice of 4 models and 15 leathers. $1.50 to $20.
3. Peterson's Old Crock Tobacco will delight the discerning pipe smoker. In handsome earthenware crock; built-in humidifier. (8 oz.) $2.25.
4. He'll cherish a Cigar Case of top-grain leather. Open or telescope type. Slides easily into pocket. $2 to $10.
5. Cigarette Cases for all occasions—from sports to formal dress. In rich luxurious leathers. $2 to $35.
6. The Rogers Pipe Kit for men who go places. Holds up to five pipes, and ample supply of tobacco. Brown goatskin or black morocco. (Case only) $15.
7. Rogers Rarity Pipes—every one an original; hand-carved of ancient Algerian bruyère, distinctive, matchless, a treasure for fine smoking. $5 to $25. Meerschaum-lined, $12.50 and $15.
8. If he favors a snap-button or roll-up pouch, you can offer none finer than a Rogers deluxe Custom Made Pouch. Choicest leathers. $5 to $10.

*At finer shops everywhere*

**Rogers** imports, inc. 419 fourth avenue, new york 16, n. y.
manufacturers and importers of the finest in smokers' accessories.
EXCLUSIVE U. S. DISTRIBUTOR, PETERSON'S PIPES, DUBLIN, LONDON

*"Air-Tite" *is the registered trade mark of Rogers Imports, Inc.*



THE beautiful New 20th Anniversary Chrysler Ace, Crown and Royal Marine Engines bring boat owners the finest in safe, economical and dependable marine power. Designed exclusively for marine use, they are *not assembled* or *converted, rebored* or *rebuilt* engines. And Chrysler alone designs and builds the complete marine power unit—engine, reverse and reduction gears. Nation-wide parts availability and excellent service assure boat owners maximum trouble-free hours of power boat pleasure. See your Chrysler Marine Engine dealer about these great marine engines. Marine Engine Division, Chrysler Corporation, Detroit 31, Mich.

AT LAST! Scientific "No Glare" AIR CORPS TYPE SUN GLASSES

$5.00 SELLS EVERYWHERE up to $15 and more!

Genuine 12 Karat Gold Filled, AIR CORPS TYPE Sun Goggles with ray-absorbent, "No-Glare" sage green lenses. Complete with "Pearltex" sweat bar, self-adjusting nose pads and handsome crush-proof carrying case. Protect eyes from glare, sun, wind, dust and exposure.

SEND NO MONEY—Send name and address and on delivery deposit $5.00 with postman plus charges. If you send $5.00 with order we ship postpaid.

10 DAY NO-RISK TRIAL

Glasses are sent on a 10-day Money Back Guarantee. If after 10 days you are not delighted, return to us and get your money back. ORDER TODAY.

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Dept. 400, 1148 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

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The finest you can buy

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*Send 3c for descriptive circular . . . 10c for Knife Manual . . . 35c for Knife Fighting Booklet.*

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WAKE UP YOUR SCALP

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp*. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 179 South La Salle St., Chicago.

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with smart custom made STATURAIDS

$19.50 fully leather lined

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brown calf & white buck, No. 11
(shown above)
brown calf & brown bucko, No. 12
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GET THE THRILL OF BEING TALLER

**Buy direct from maker,** you get real value and save. Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

(*Shipment made in 5 days*)

**Free Catalog "Rise to New Heights" on request.*

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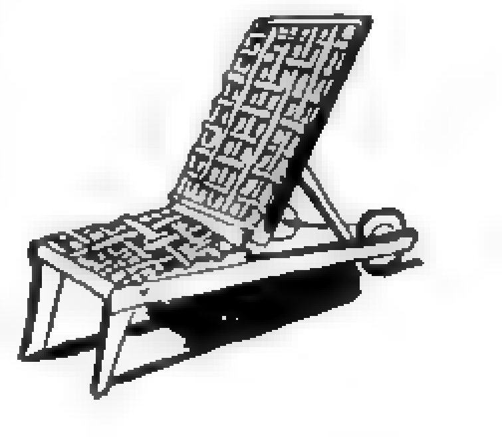
2067 Third Ave., (nr 113 St.) N. Y. C. 29, N. Y.

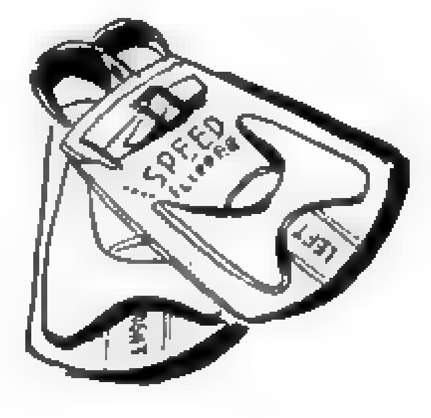
# Talking Shop with Esquire

**ROLL YOUR OWN GARDEN CHAIR.** Hail the lightweight champ of garden chairs! Rolls around on big 7-inch diameter birch wheels with practically finger-tip control. Though generously proportioned and well constructed in oak and northern ash, it weighs but 11 lbs. and folds up to only 5" of thickness for compact storage. Adjustable back rest is 24" high, and can be set in 4 different positions. Both seat and back are done in green woven canvas strips.

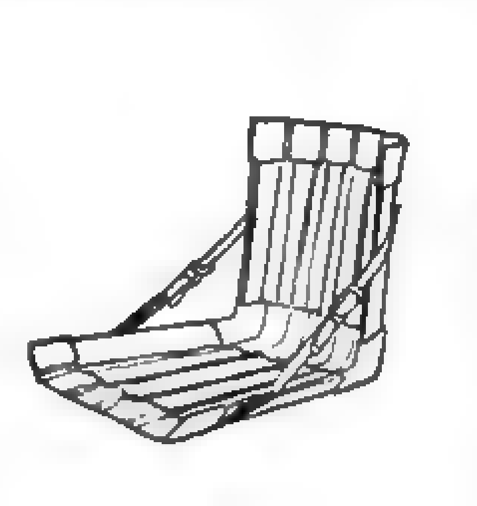


**HAND-MADE MANICURE SETS.** Nothing like hand-made, forged steel manicure sets to hold their edge like nobody's business. Time was, when hand hewn sets were only made in Europe. Now, however, an American firm is employing skilled American workmen, who make hot drop forged steel instruments entirely by hand, giving them the necessary precision required for manicuring tools par excellence.

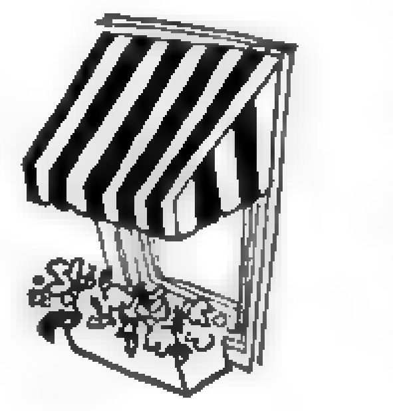
**FOR AQUATIC SPEED DEMONS.** Attach a pair of soft rubber speed flippers to your dogs and increase your swimming range and speed up to 40%. The fins fit the contours of your feet, and are adjusted by loosening or tightening the heel straps. Bottoms are flat, so you can make like Donald Duck when you emerge from the water. Lifeguards use the flippers, swimming instructors recommend them for beginners; spear fishermen find them a help for fast action under water.



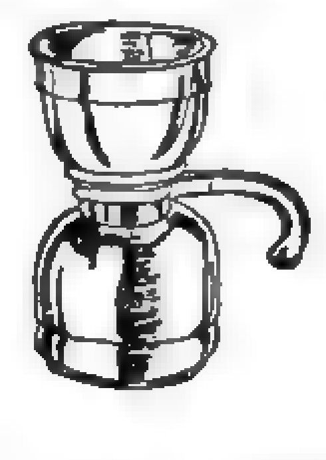
**YOUR POOR ACHIN' BACK** takes quite a beating in the summer when you park for hours on the sands with no backrest. To your aid comes a legless combo of chairseat and backrest which will support you in the manner to which you are accustomed. The loafer seat is made of lightweight, strong wood strips fastened together with canvas fabric in gay colors. Heavy side straps adjust to any desired angle so you can loll back at ease. And a concealed spring keeps the seat open. When not in use, the whole works folds up into a 6" roll. Dandy for use in rowboats whilst fishing, and a constant companion on picnics.



**VENTILATED ALUMINUM AWNINGS.** Whata ya know! Now they've got awnings made of lightweight aircraft aluminum. Being an apartment dweller in the caverns of Manhattan, we have not tried them out, but they seem to have much in their favor. Once up, they stay up all year, no seasonal labors for you. Fire-proof, strong and durable, these awnings are guaranteed not to fade, rot or rust. They consist of a series of alternating strips with edges formed at right angles, each strip overlaps the strip adjacent to it, with space provided between the overlaps for free circulation of air and the admission of light. The ventilated design, they say, keeps summer temperature under awnings 10 to 20 degrees cooler. You can have 'em painted in traditional broad stripes, or plain.



**STAINLESS STEEL COFFEE MAKER.** If you've been yearning for a vacuum pot that can't break, then this shiny stainless steel job is for you. It's all steel, even to the patented steel filter which turns out a mighty fine aromatic brew. The new coffee maker is a cinch to wash, not only because the filter need never be removed, but because the upper bowl and bottom are stream lined with no interstices (ledges to you) to get rusty or dirty. Just hold your bowl under the tap, give a couple of swooshes, and grounds and stains come away pronto.



Ranger

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For Dad's Big Day
$5.00 PLUS TAX

Years haven't dimmed Dad's appreciation of lines that are trim and slim. He'll be strong for the balanced slenderness of this streamlined beauty.

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GIFT PENCIL BY Cross.

In 1/10 12K Gold Filled

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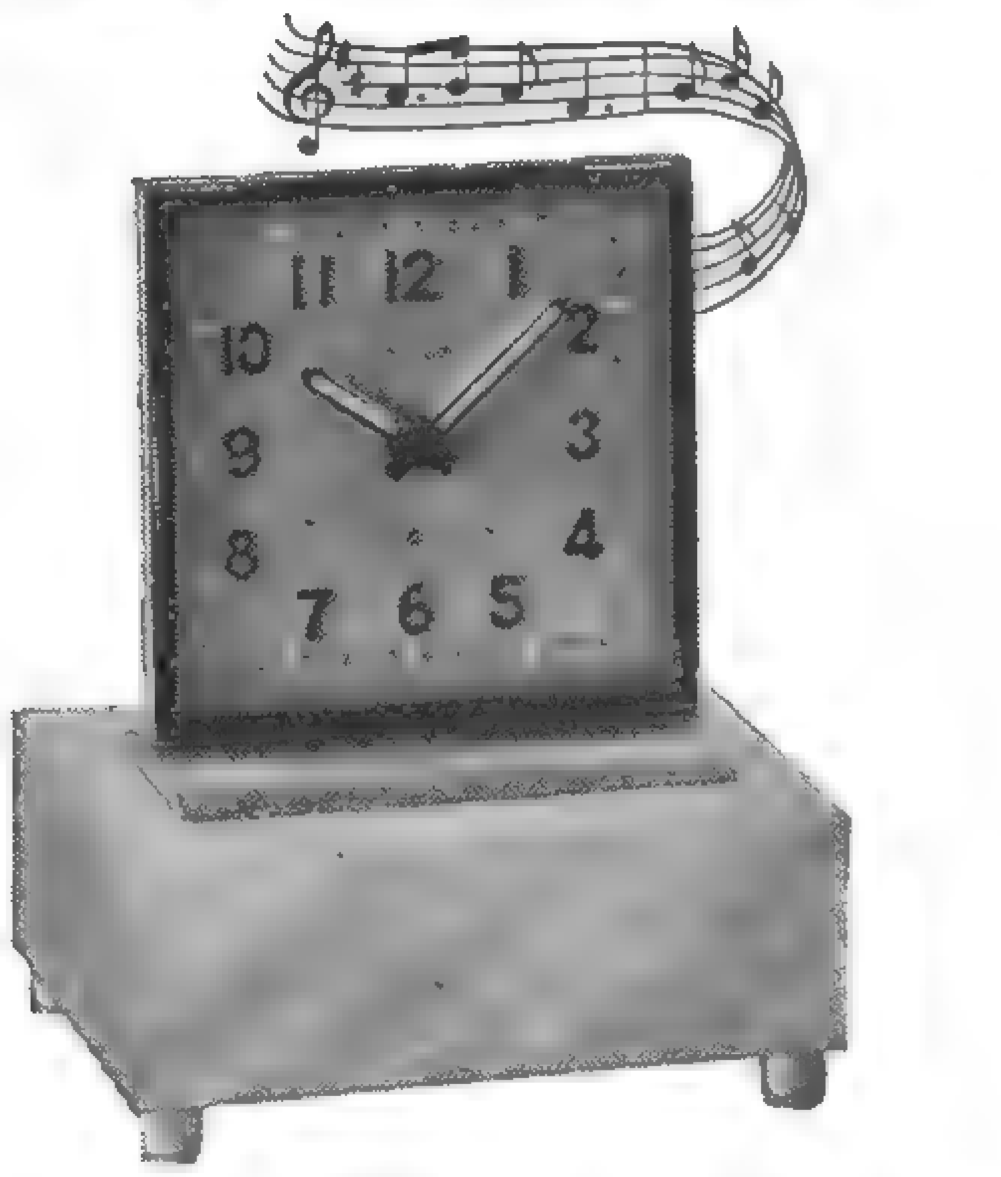
EST. 1846 • PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Musical Alarm Clock



This charming new 28-note tune starts your day off pleasantly. Wind it only once in 8 days. 15 jewels, precision timepiece with applied numerals, radium hands and dots. Solid base. Yellow or rose-gold finish. A masterpiece of Swiss ingenuity.

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Wrist Chronograph, 17 jewels with automatic calendar; 45 minute recorder.

*These modern timepieces are available only at better stores*

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HE WILL BE PLEASED WITH THE TIE HOLDER THAT LOOKS LIKE A TIE . . .
another sensational Manleigh ORIGINAL
Sterling Silver $3.50*
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JEWELRY NECESSITIES
at better stores everywhere
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ParCleat
DETACHABLE METAL SOLE WITH "PHILLIPS" CLEATS
Makes any shoe a GOLF SHOE!

EASY TO LOCK ON—Put on like a skate. Just twist the key. Adjusts to any size.

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Here's a swell new gift idea—the first to hit Golfdom in years! PARCLEAT turns your favorite, comfortable shoes into famous "Phillips" cleated Golf Shoes. Made of heavy gauge steel—with handsome nickel-plated, rust-proof finish. The one piece plate fits and locks on any size man's shoe in a few seconds. It won't come off until released with key. Old shoes, comfortable shoes, any shoes—can be quickly converted into Golf Shoes with PARCLEAT. Keep a pair in your golf bag, in your car, in your traveling bag—you'll never forget, 'cause you'll always be ready to play golf any where—any time.

On Sale at Better Department, Shoe and Sporting Goods Stores Everywhere— $2.75 PR. (Western States, $2.95)

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THE PARCLEAT CO. 3048 Rodman St., N. W. Dept. H, Washington 8, D. C.

*Send postpaid____PAIR(s) PARCLEAT Detachable Golf Soles at $2.75 pr.*

☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED
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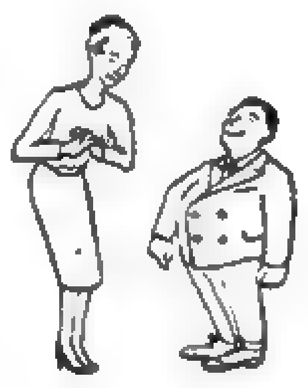
DEALERS! Stock up now. Write for details.

# Talking Shop with Esquire

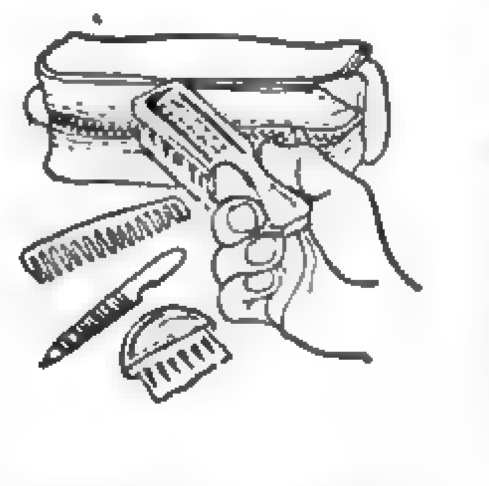
**FROM SMALL TO TALL.** Well known man's shoe shop with a reputation for sound styling, is making shoes which increase the height of little guys almost two inches. To all intents and purposes, the *outside* appearance of the shoes looks the same as regular shoes. The secret sole is the answer with its invisible, built-in construction . . . which not only makes you taller, but improves your posture. You can get business shoes, casual or dress types.



**AIRCOOLED PEDAL EXTREMITIES.** Whether you're pounding the pavements or scuffing along country roads, your feet deserve to be treated with respect. Slip them into a pair of *scandals,* made just like your small son's leather sandals with closed back, ankle strap and vamps of cool, comfy woven leather strips. Rope and rubber cushion soles for further comfort.

**BEACHBAG OR AIR CUSHION.** We're an easy mark for items with dual use. Take this one, for instance. You set forth for the beach with your swim togs packed into a calf grain vinylite bag slung jauntily over your shoulder. After you've donned your suit, simply inflate the ribbed bag, and presto . . . it doubles in brass as a comfy cushion for beach reclining. You can even conjure up a third use . . . as the bag is completely waterproof, could be used by fishermen for their catch.

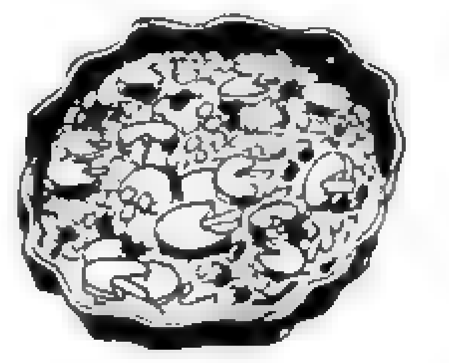
**MALE KIT.** Constantly flitting about as we do, this item took our fancy. It's a small, zipper topped pliable plastic case (so small it can be fitted into a shoe for easy packing). Case holds a sturdy lucite handled hairbrush with a chunky handle that's a dilly for firm gripping. Then there's a half moon clothes brush with nylon bristles, all samee brush. Comb and nail file . . . and plenty of room for razor, etc. Same people make a similar kit for the ladies . . . and are also authors of those nylon hair brushes with bristles which go clear around like a porcupine. These, we understand, are in great favor with the fair sex who believe in those twenty strokes a day.



**PAINT YOUR CANVAS . . .** and you don't have to be an artist to do it. Even a novice can refurbish faded canvas chairs, awnings or fiber rugs with a special paint. It is easy to apply, dries in a few hours, preserves as it decorates and in addition, also contains a mildew killer which helps save canvas from rot and mildew. The paint doesn't stiffen fabric, or crack it.

**LET US SPRAY.** Not enough that your shower should be hot, cold or medium. Now you can purchase a special shower-head through which you can regulate the degree of spray you desire. You want a normal spray for relaxation? A turn of the lever turns the normal into a stinging needle spray for stimulation. Third position, produces a flood spray for a non-splashing rinse. Left in the flood position after you're through, there's no noisy after-drip. The shower head can be screwed onto any plumbing with no change in piping. Head is self-cleaning, and should give a full 48 jet shower pattern under almost any pressure.

**SHORT CUT TO COOKING.** Have you come across those cans of broiled jumbo-sized mushrooms, swimming in butter? They are, as our jive addicts say, "out of this world." One 6 oz. can equals almost a pound of fresh mushrooms. The liquid in the can is pure mushroom juice, swell for making cream soups or sauces.



Ranger

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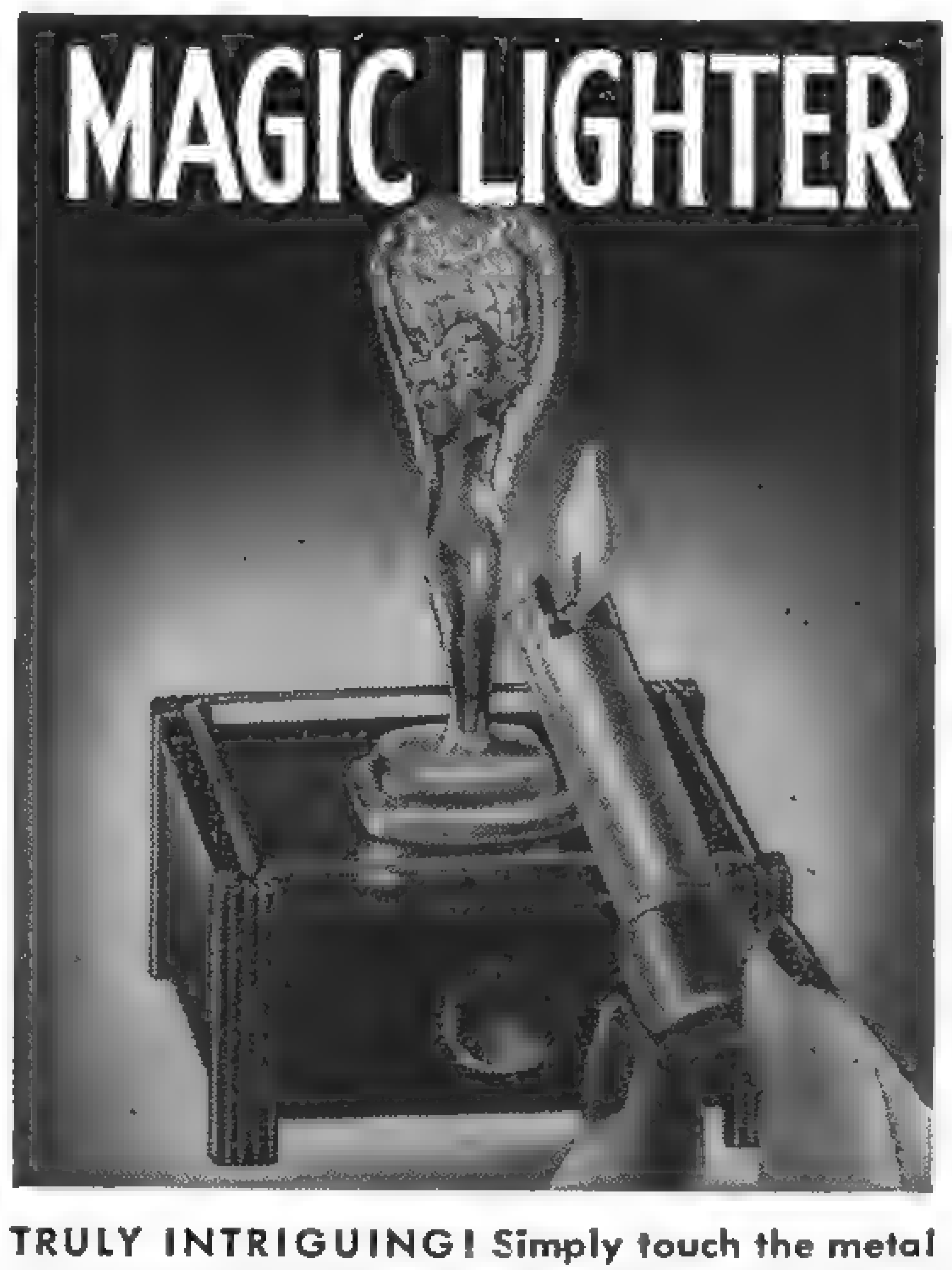
For Home, Office, Club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TRULY INTRIGUING! Simply touch the metal arm to the silver-like figure and *presto,* instant glowing flame. No spark, no flints or wheels. Lifetime service, nothing to wear, beautiful on any desk or table. Size—5" high with 3" square base. **$3.00 Postpaid.**

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1009 West 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

it's the new
SMOKER'S ROBOT
*For Smokers in Bed*

No ashes to worry about in the middle of a mystery thriller—no danger of a fire if the sandman steals a base. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture. At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

Makes a nice gift if you can bring yourself to part with it.

Chrome plated over solid brass and only $2.65 Postage Paid

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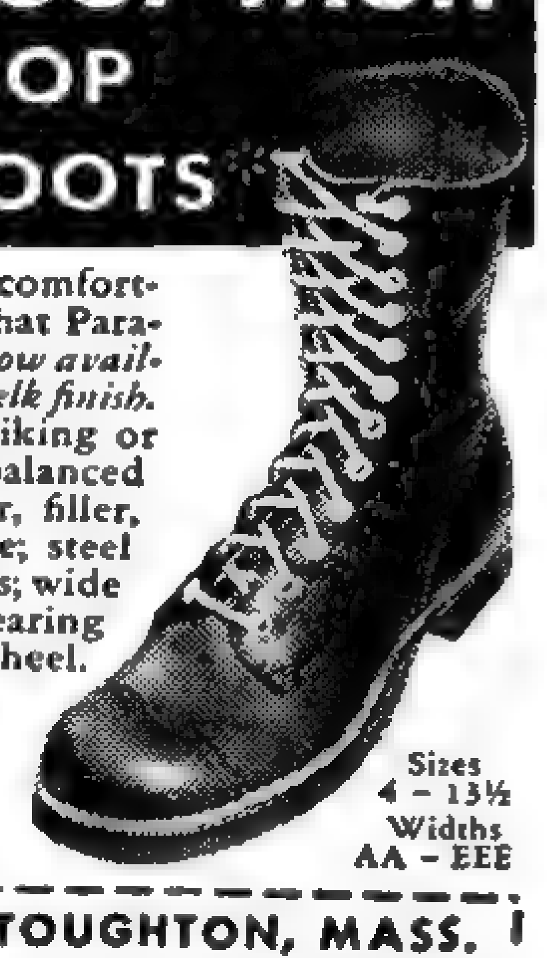
BEST for ALL Fountain Pens!
SANFORD'S Penit INK
Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's—the world's most famous name in inks.


For Outdoor Men
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Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10" height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Only $9.87
plus postage
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Sizes 4 – 13½
Widths AA – EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name____________________
Address____________________
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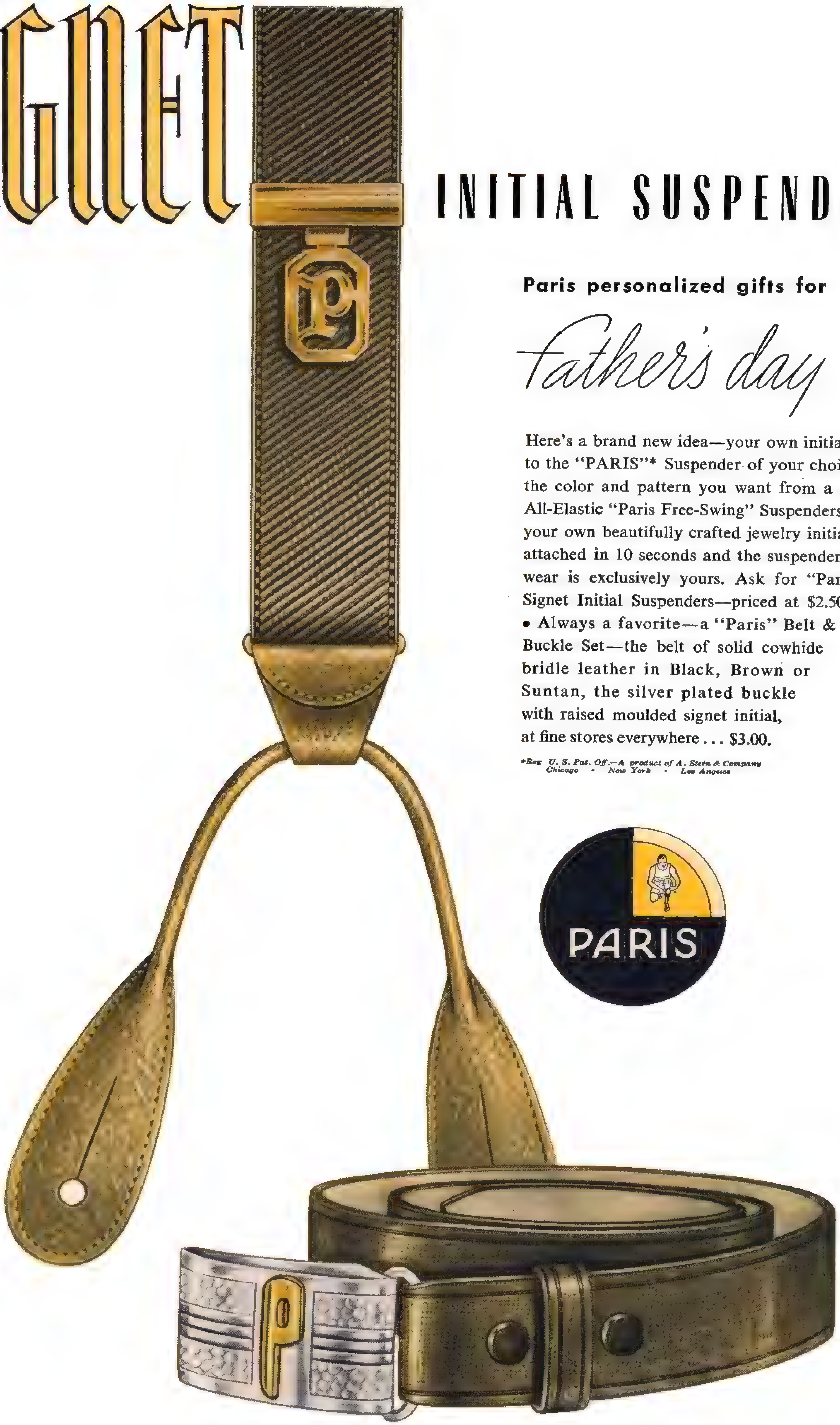
Size and width of Shoe________ E-7



# SIGNET INITIAL SUSPENDERS

**Paris personalized gifts for**

*Father's day*

Here's a brand new idea—your own initial attached to the "PARIS"* Suspender of your choice. Select the color and pattern you want from a variety of All-Elastic "Paris Free-Swing" Suspenders. Select your own beautifully crafted jewelry initial—it's attached in 10 seconds and the suspender you wear is exclusively yours. Ask for "Paris" Signet Initial Suspenders—priced at $2.50.

- Always a favorite—a "Paris" Belt & Buckle Set—the belt of solid cowhide bridle leather in Black, Brown or Suntan, the silver plated buckle with raised moulded signet initial, at fine stores everywhere . . . $3.00.

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PARIS

Be Assured
HE WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS NEW PIPE TIE HOLDER . . .
another sensational Manleigh ORIGINAL
Sterling Silver $3.50*
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Manleigh
JEWELRY NECESSITIES
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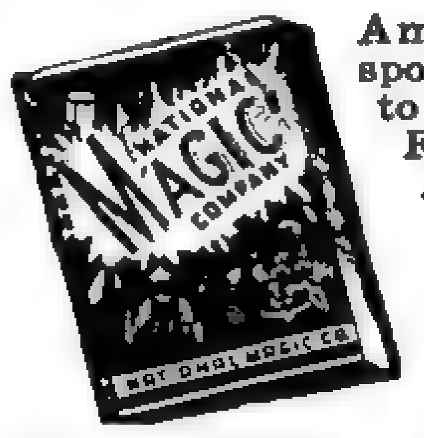
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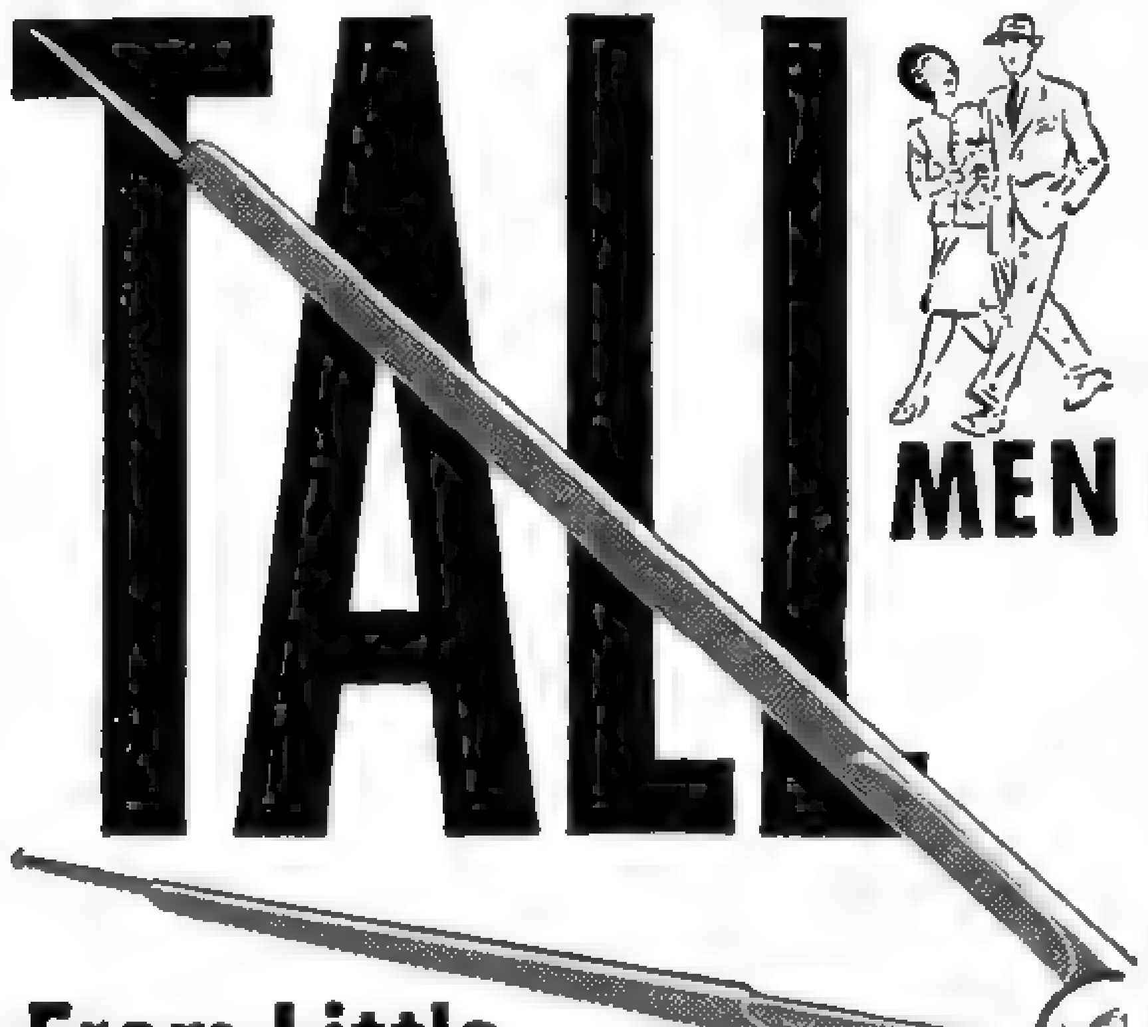
Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

**NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY**
**119 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.**



**From Little Coupons Grow**

It takes just a few seconds to fill in the coupon. But those few seconds may change your entire life! New heights of business and social success open up when you are taller. And it's so easy to be more than 1½ inches taller, secretly . . . in

**ELEVATORS***
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
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MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.

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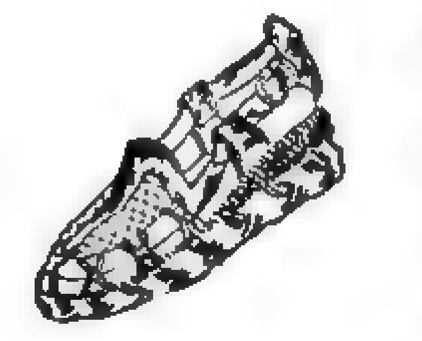
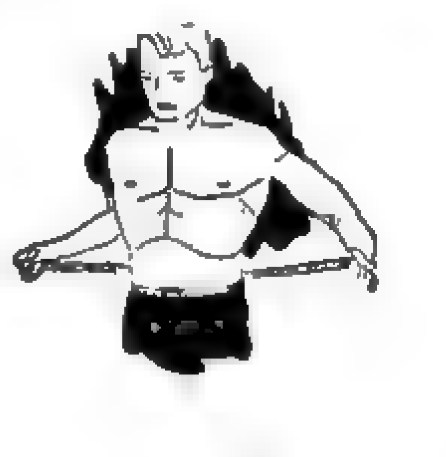
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc

# Talking Shop with Esquire

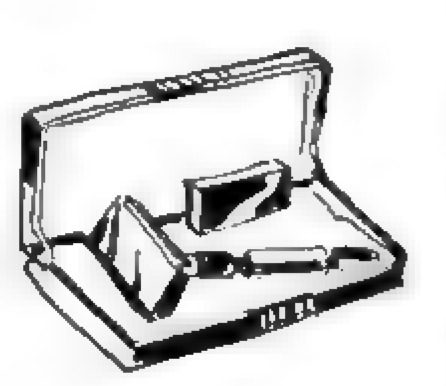
**HAITIAN HAND-MADES.** Skilled native craftsmen in Port-au-Prince, are putting their all into making snappy sandals for your leisure hours. They're made of kidskin, inlaid with hand-braided sugarcane, or with leather uppers in solid kidskin vamps in brown, blue or red. One of the best features of the shoes are the sporty, high platform soles made of hand-woven non-slip sisal. To assure good fit, the casuals are made on American lasts, with springy, cushion innersoles for additional comfort.



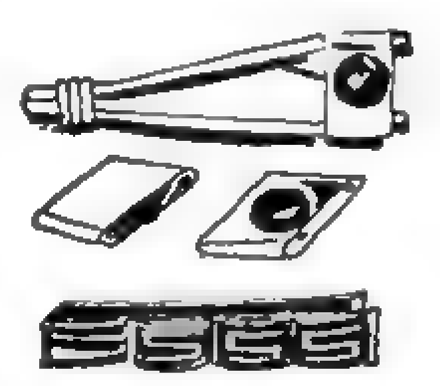
**SLEEP-TESTED AND FORM-SIZED.** Male sex is almost as pampered as the distaff side. Take pajamas, for instance. Certain new ones are based on the idea that *not* all men are created equal. The manufacturer claims that the major difference between men, even of the same weight, is in the size of the waistline . . . hence, waist measurement is his common denominator in form-sizing. Once the waistmeasure is noted, correct size is determined. Add to this a man's height . . . classified into short, medium or six feet and over, and the pajamas should achieve an almost made-to-order fit. They also boast of other scientific features such as a "U" shaped crotch, overhanging shoulder yoke to allow for more twist and turn and an adjustable pressureless waistband.



**THE GUIDING EYE.** Beats all, the way the razor people are always thinking up new angles. Here's a new safety razor, resplendently gold-plated, which has on its head a new device called, so help us, the guiding eye. Said device faithfully follows your facial contours, actually tailors the shave to your face, they say. The razor is streamlined, all parts of the face are reached with ease. The hood clamps down the blade's edge, adding a rigidity that makes for proper blade alignment.

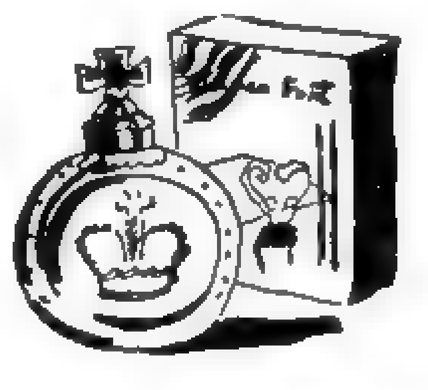


**WHAT'S YOURS, MISTER?** When you get tired of a certain tie, you jolly well change it for another pattern and color. Now you can buy tie slides with three different, easily changeable ornaments. One day you slip in a sapphire colored stone; next day a ruby or a plain signet. The pieces slide in, clicking firmly into place. Same firm makes tie chains, key chains, cuff links and belt buckles with dimensionally modeled, interchangeable initials.



**THAT LIFEGUARD BRONZE.** Fortify yourself with proper sun lotions before you subject your defenseless white body to the sun's blaze. One of the largest makers of knit swim trunks has put out a brace of lotions for all around protection. There's a cream lanolin lotion to condition the skin, and a sun oil with a mineral oil base to help you tan evenly. Also contains lanolin and a sun screen ingredient.

**SUMMER FROST.** That's the name of a new cologne that could be likened to a breath of chilled air on a hot summer day. Smells like fragrant ferns and then some, and is worthy of lavish torso application by ladies and gents alike. Packaged in a frosted crown-topped bottle.



Ranger

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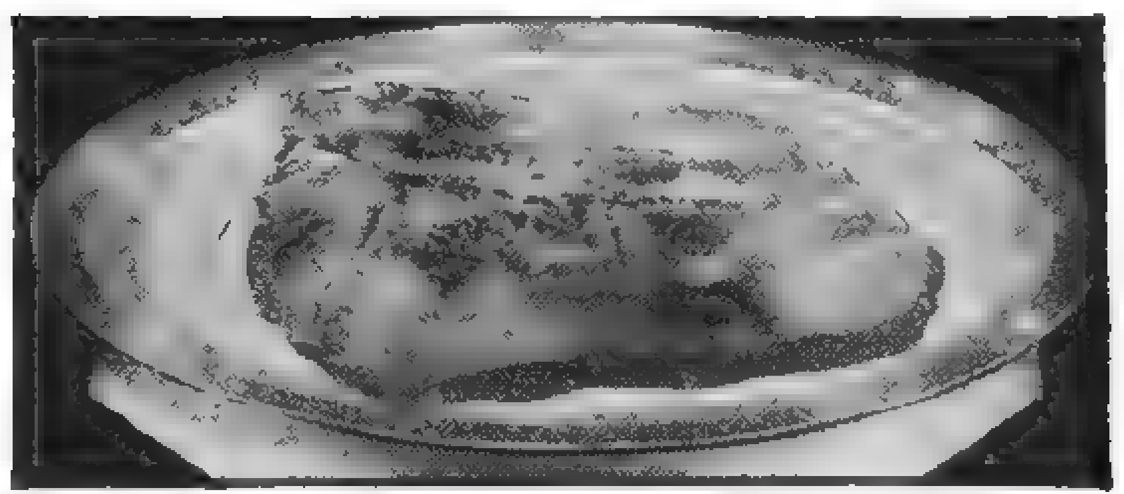
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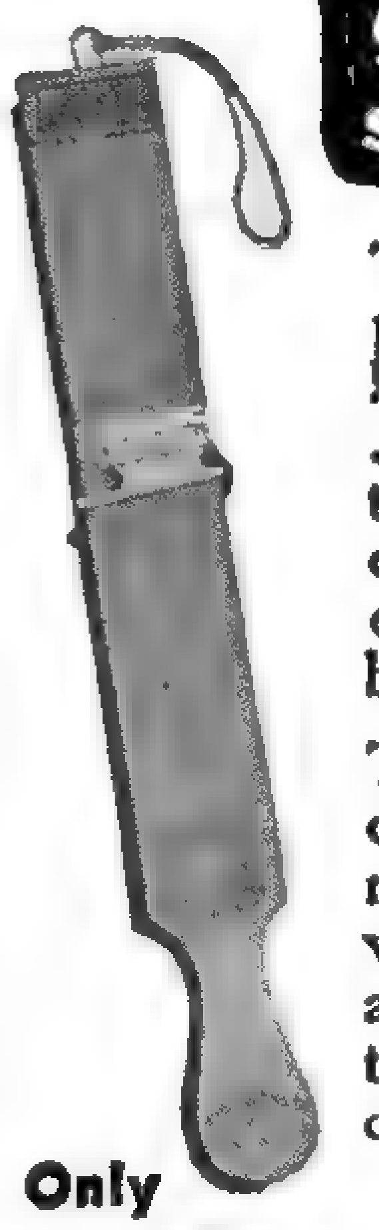
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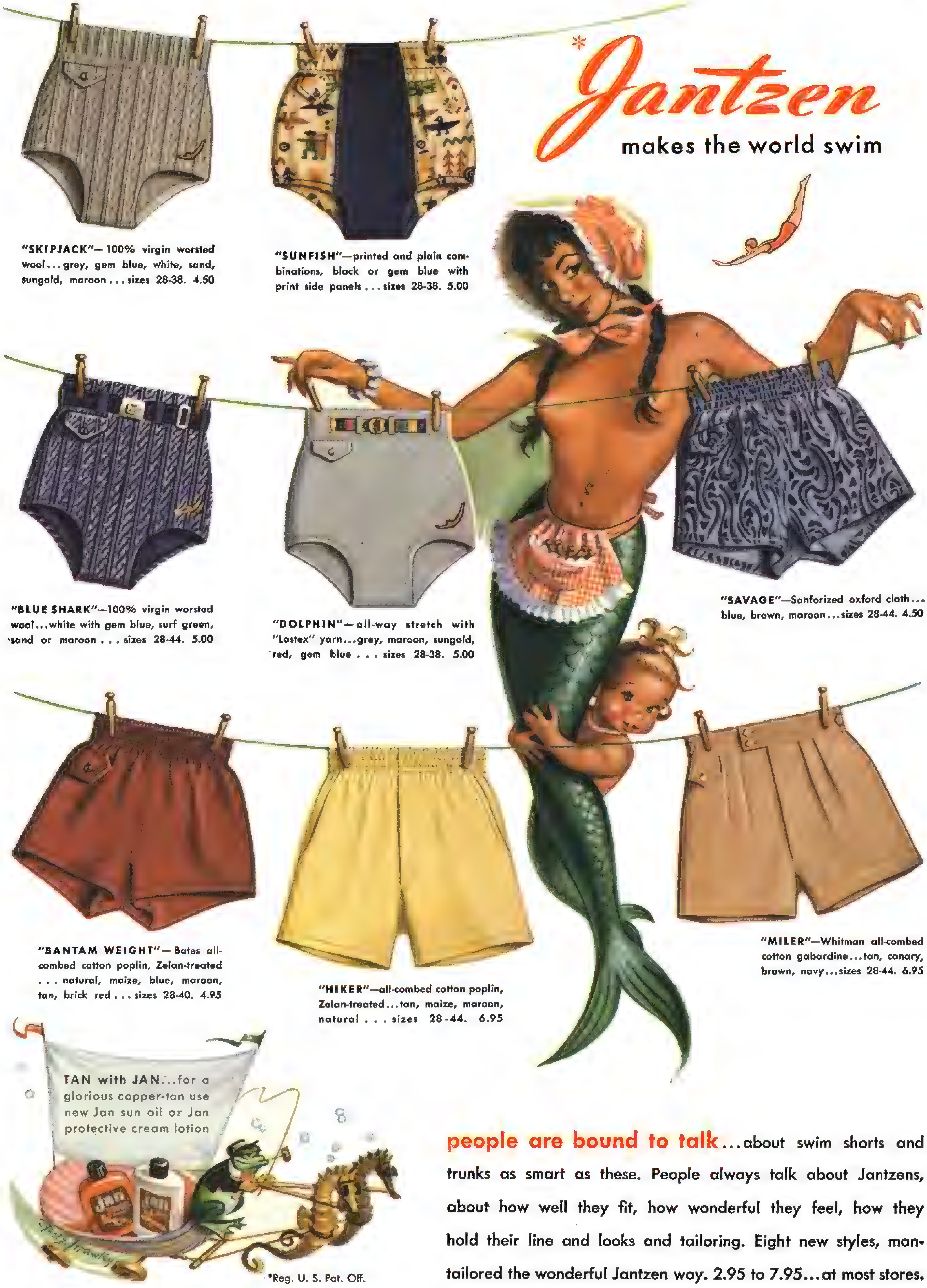

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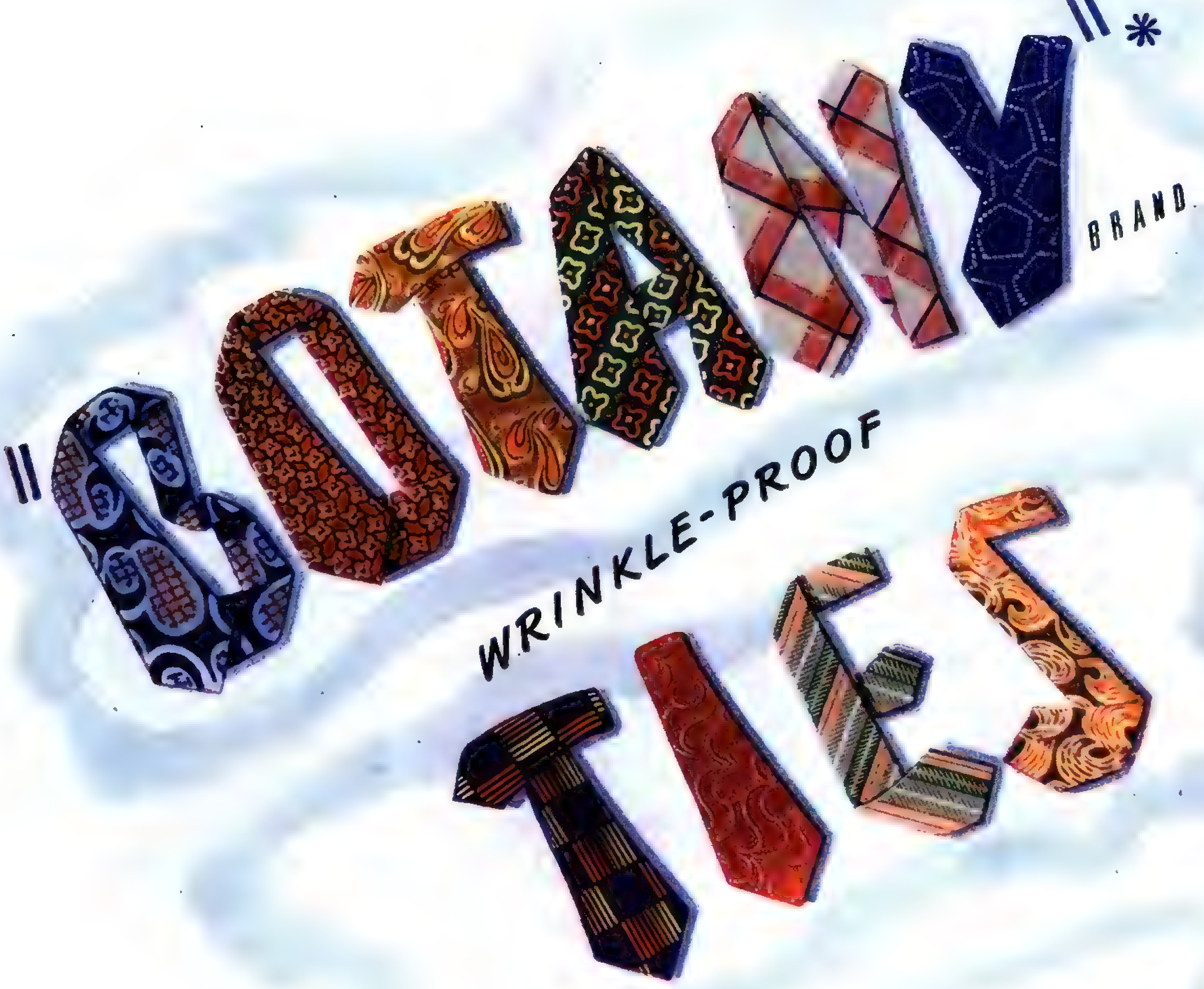

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RECOGNIZED
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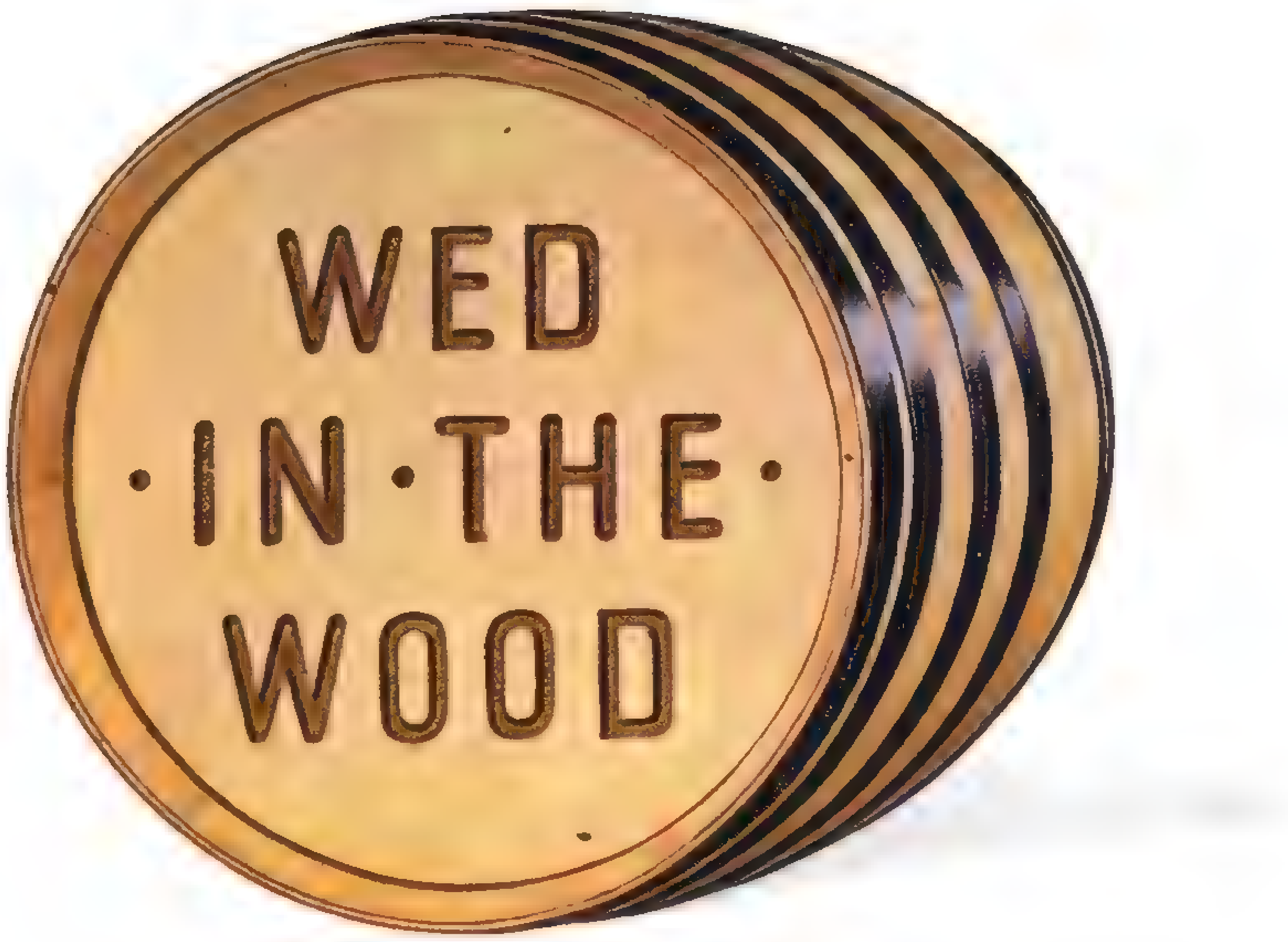
HATTER

*This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter*

**father's day is June 15th . . .**



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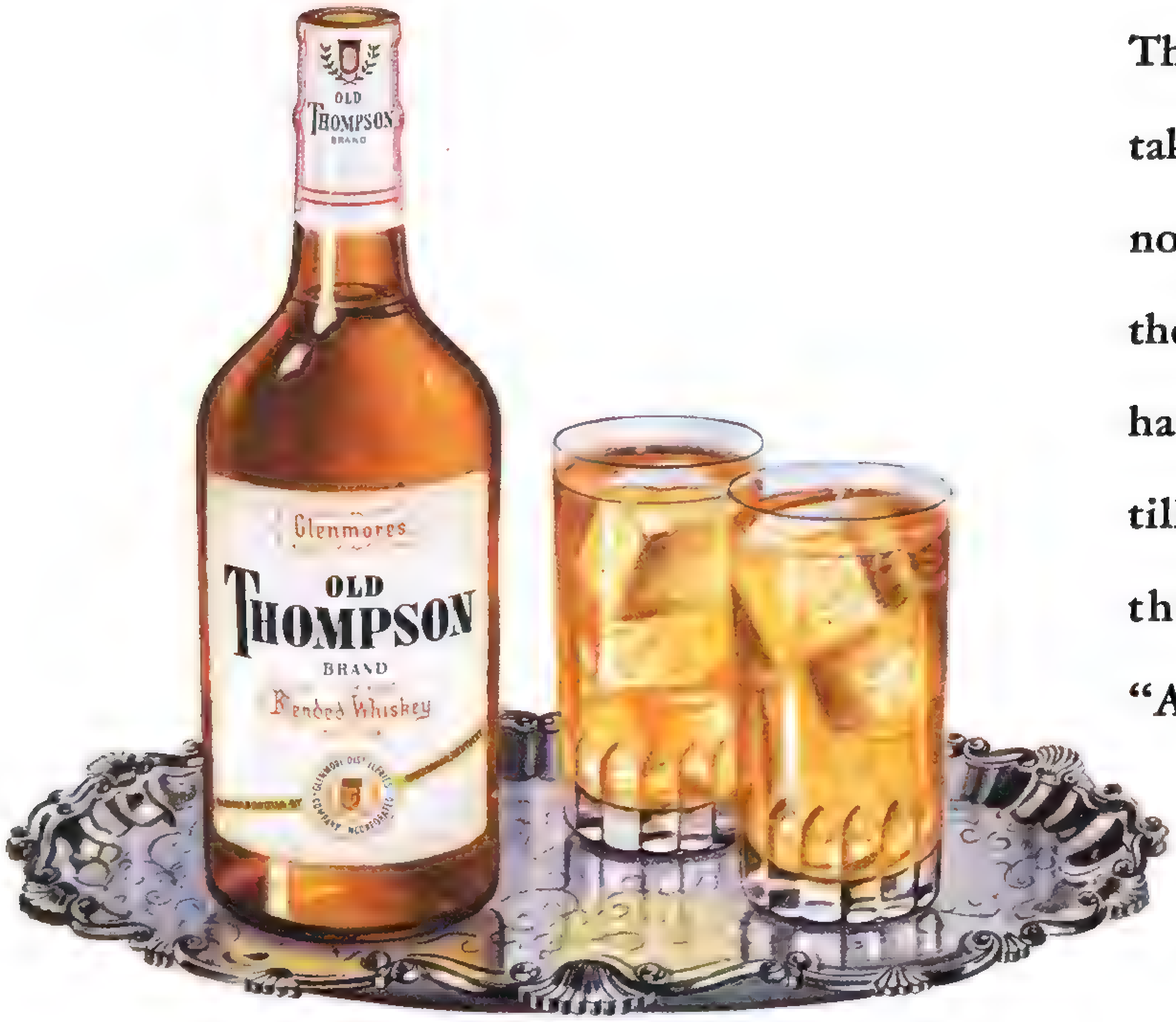

This old-time method of perfecting a blend takes longer and costs more. But there's no rush at Glenmore where the making of the best whiskey, not necessarily the most, has been the goal of this one-family distillery for three generations. . . . Perhaps that's why Old Thompson is called "A Better Blend for Better Drinks."

*Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies —67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.*

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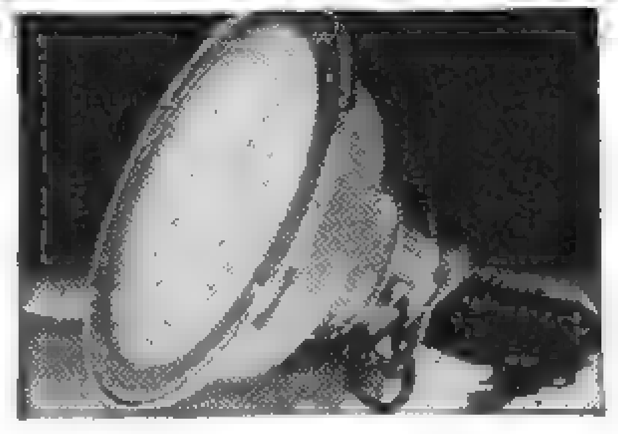

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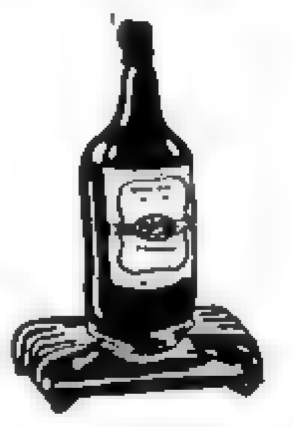
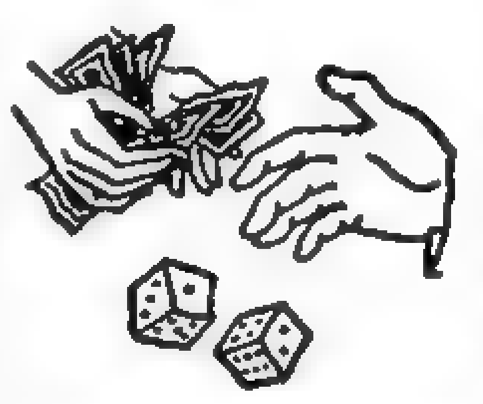
# Talking Shop with Esquire

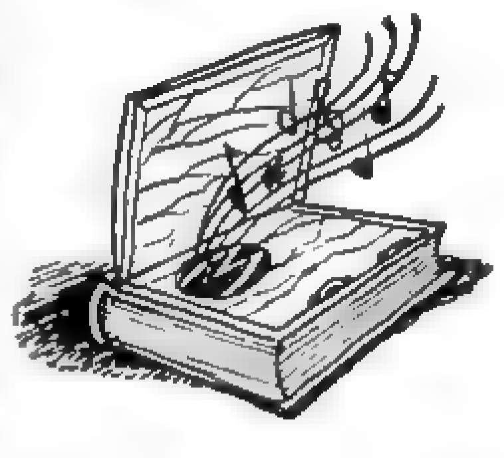
**RADIO IN A BOTTLE.** We've seen radios masquerading in a number of guises, but never set inside a quart liquor bottle. The bottle container, an exact replica of a fifth, is made of plastic, with a phony label on the front for verity. Top of the bottle cap is a switch and volume control; body of the cap is a station selector. Radio weighs 7 lbs. and stands 15" tall.



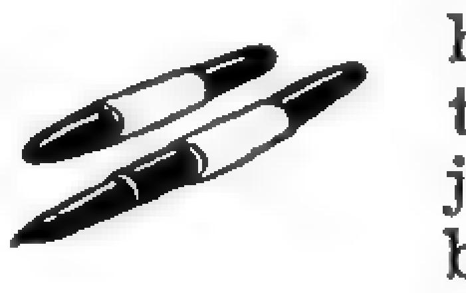
**ALUMINUM DICE.** If you haven't been doing too well with plastic bones, try rollin' 'em with a set made of duralumininum with red spots. Heavier than plastic dice, and come packaged 5 to a leather case. You can buy aluminum dominoes, too, just for laughs. Housed in an aluminum box with a plastic cover.



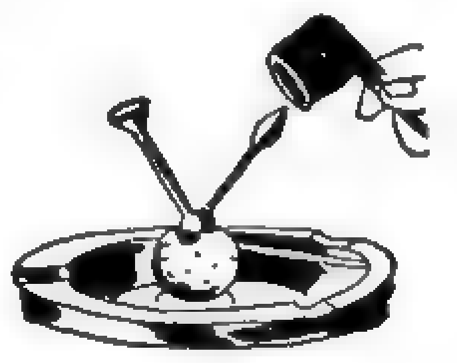
**THE BOOK RADIO.** The portable radio turns up in still another disguise . . . a book. Cover of same is of fabricoid, with the title "On the Air" on its binding, and you may have your own name stamped in gold on the lower right hand corner. Radio is a 4-tube job, operating on 2 batteries guaranteed for 40 hours continuous playing. Will play anywhere. Convenient size to tote around with you to play as you go.



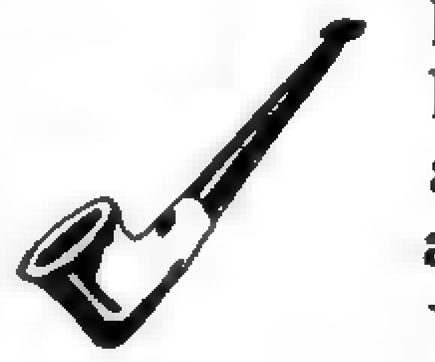
**POCKET PEN.** Here's one gift which should nominate you Mr. Ideal Guest of 1947. The pocket pen is about the size of a lipstick, housed in a beautiful black or jewel colored case banded in silver or gold. Pen is guaranteed to write a year without refilling, is non-leak and requires no blotting. Or you might give her a veri-thin gold pencil . . . a slender, streamlined honey with that sliver-like beauty that women like. It's nicely balanced and its propel-expel lead writes with velvet-like ease.



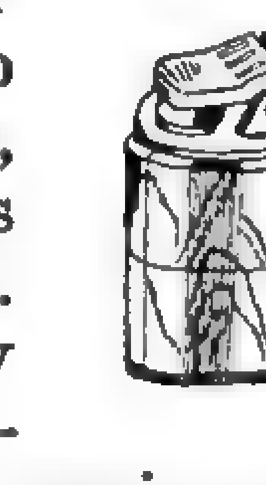
**PIPE VALET . . .** the answer to the pipe-smoker's ash problems. Built-in V-shaped pipe tool and cork knocker packs tobacco snugly in your pipe before you smoke, and empties it as clean as a whistle when you're done. As an added plus, there is an all-metal deep tray, rack for leaning your pipe between puffs, and a felt lined bottom to protect furniture from scratches. No more "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."



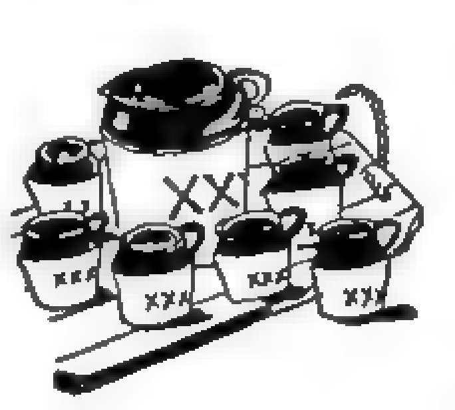
**KEEP IT CLEAN.** Revolutionary pipe has hit the market. It contains a thumb-actuated mechanism to clean the bowl. Also, at base of bowl are a clean-out port and condensation wick. In the bowl is an aluminum heat dissipator. These features are purported to prevent caking, fermentation, wet heel, as well as digging and knocking of the bowl. They keep the stem dry, aid cleaning, making the pipe smoke sweet, and smell sweet.



**KING SIZE TABLE LIGHTER** in handsome inlaid mother of pearl case of iridescent black and white stripes. Lighter is a real jumbo size, 3½" wide, 4" high and holds a half oz. of fluid. Even on heavy weekends, it needn't require refilling for weeks. Each lighter carries a refill of extra long flint stored in a special compartment.



**JIMMY JON JUGS.** Remember those wonderful ginger beer crocks you got in England? Now you can buy a set of mugs or jugs which emulate the ginger beers pretty well. Made of brown and white stoneware and practically unbreakable . . . there's a 2 qt. jug and a flock of 4 oz. drinkin' jugs. Swell for a country house or log cabin.



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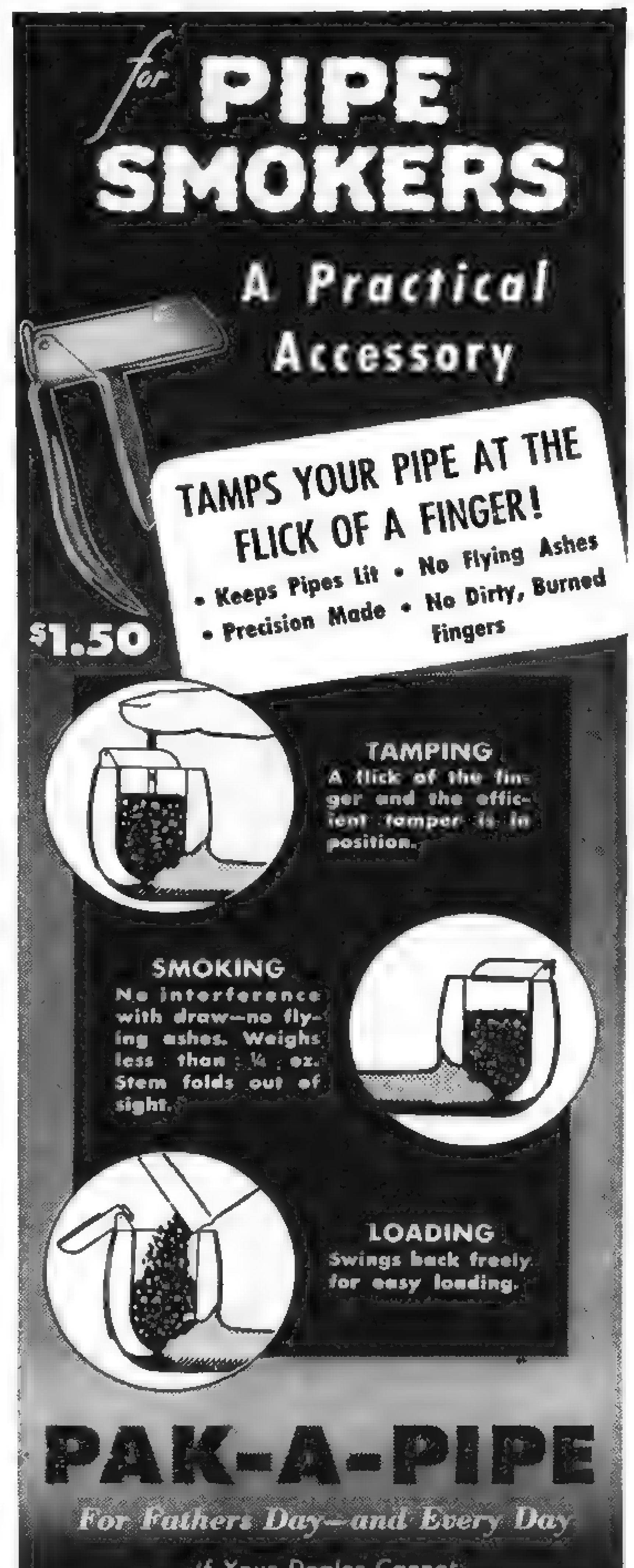
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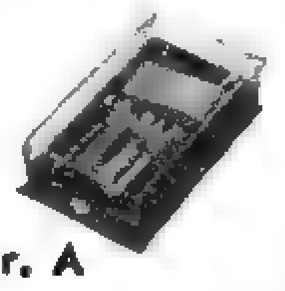

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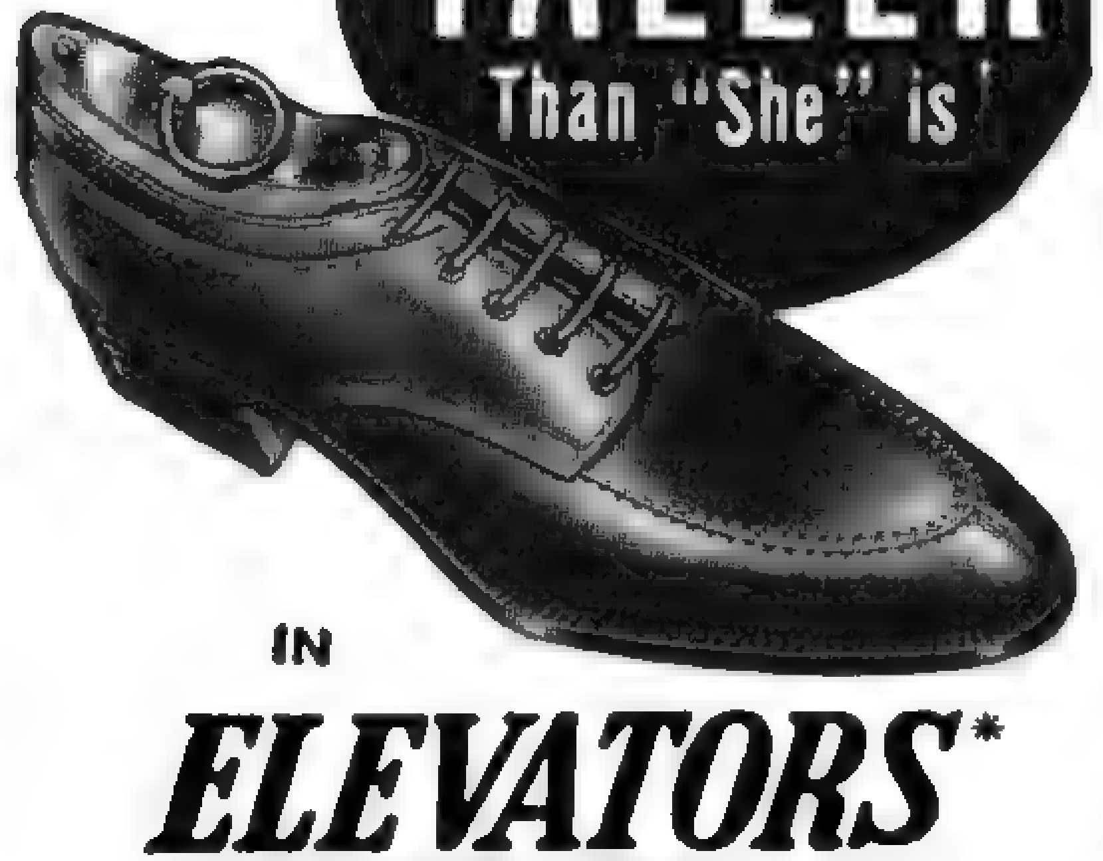

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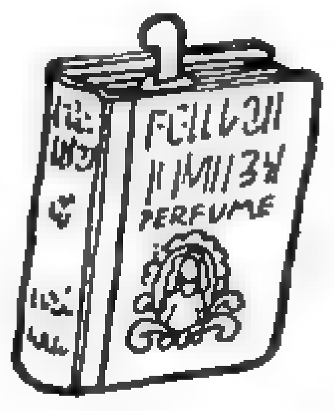
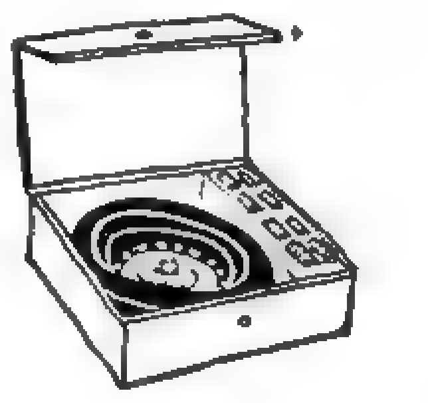
# Talking Shop with Esquire

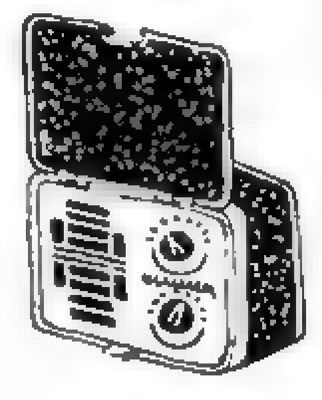
**PERFUME FOR A BRIDE.** A graceful gift from her groom would be a tiny white book with wax orange blossoms on the cover. When opened, it contains six small vials of white bridal perfume . . . English white lilac, white freesia, Russian white violet, white carnation, and, of course, lily of the valley. Other bride stuff: a box of soap in the shape of six fullblown roses exquisitely perfumed. After the honeymoon, when the bride has her man fully ensnared, she can turn from florals to more exotic fragrances. Like "Desert Flower," of which is said . . . and I quote: "Who finds this mystery blooming here, becomes a temptress, alone and rare." Or a scent called "Black Satin," a brew for the worldly woman only. And, getting right down to cases, the audacious perfume called "Forever Amber," dedicated to "the woman who was forever desirable." Ho hum.



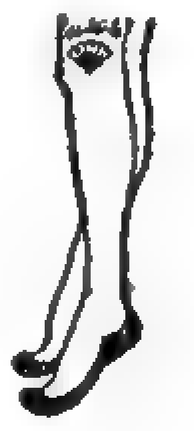
**INDOOR SPORT.** Maybe this is the answer to "what they do in Rio when it rains" . . . a home-roulette set. This compact little honey has an 8-inch wheel of polished bakelite, metal spinner, a 12" x 24" green felt layout, 150 chips in 10 colors, plus ball and instructions (should the intricacies of the game escape you). Comes in an attractive carrying case, and is so inexpensive, it's a good bet for yourself or as a gift.



**PLAYMATE JR.** And we *do* mean *play*. Playmate Jr. is a 3-power, portable radio, "a masterpiece in miniature," as the makers modestly dub it. Anyhow, it weighs only 5½ lbs., is approximately 6" long, 4" high and 3" deep, small enough to be your constant companion on train, plane or ship. A flip of the maroon plastic cover, and the set starts to play automatically. Really packs quite a volume of tone for one its size. Runs on AC, DC or battery.



**SCENTED STOCKINGS.** How about it! Latest bit of lady lure consists of sheer hose which come packed with a tiny sachet blotter of essence Parfum Imperiale which imparts a delicate fragrance to the hose . . . That feminine, chic French touch has now been applied to women's hosiery. The latest features . . . Oo-la-la and a fan design painted in color right over the knee of the stocking. Just the thing to lend that sophisticated Parisian effect every woman wants.



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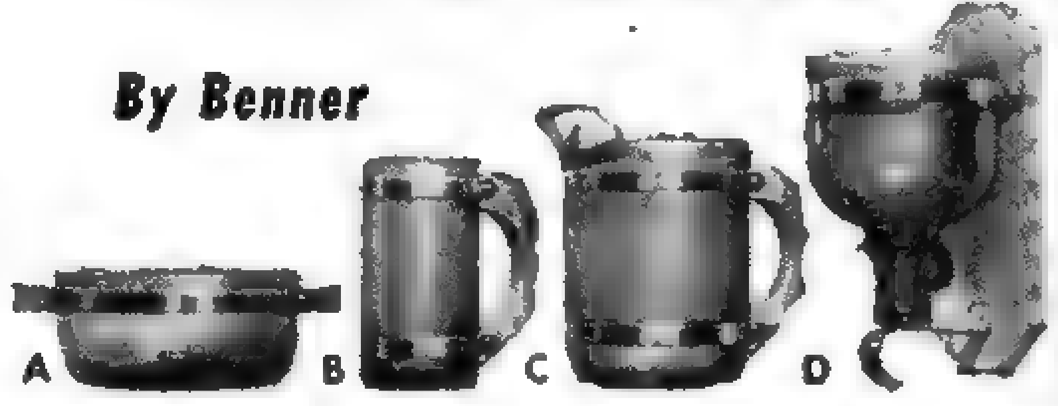
**NO MORE GUESSING** . . . with the Langley Fisherman's **DE-LIAR**. You know in a minute what your "big ones" weigh and measure. Easy to use and carry because it's so lightweight—only 2½ ounces. The hook folds up and fastens to bottom for carrying in your watch pocket. Sturdily built for a lifetime of fishing fun with flexible steel rule, stainless steel scale hook, precision accuracy. Handsome black rustproof case with chrome trim. Praised by expert anglers. An ideal gift. If your dealer cannot supply send your name, address and $2 for each **DE-LIAR** (check or money order, no C.O.D.'s please. Money back if not satisfied. Prompt delivery.) *(In California add 5c tax)*

$2

LANGLEY CORP., Dept. E-1, 652 2nd Ave., San Diego, California

SIESTA WARE

By Benner



DISTINCTIVE, UNDUPLICATED GLASS SERVICE

Mellow Amber, carved-oak handles, ancient-styled brass bands—created by California craftsmen.

| | |
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| A. Potato Chip Bowl 6½" Diam. | $2.50 |
| (Same) Hors D'Oeuvers Dish 5" | 1.85 |
| B. Beer Stein (Set of 6) | 6.00 |
| Beer Stein (Each) | 1.25 |
| C. Pitcher—(Beer, Soft Drinks) ½ Gal. | 4.50 |
| (Same) 1 Gal. | 4.95 |
| D. Wall Vase | 3.50 |
| COMPLETE SET—6 Beer Steins, 1 Gal. Pitcher | 10.95 |
| Same, with each piece monogrammed with 1 letter | 11.95 |
| NOT PICTURED—Ice Tea Glasses (Set of 6 only) | 3.00 |

PERSONALIZED SAND-CARVED MONOGRAMMING:
1 letter . . . 25¢ each 3 letters . . 50¢ each

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BENNER GLASS COMPANY
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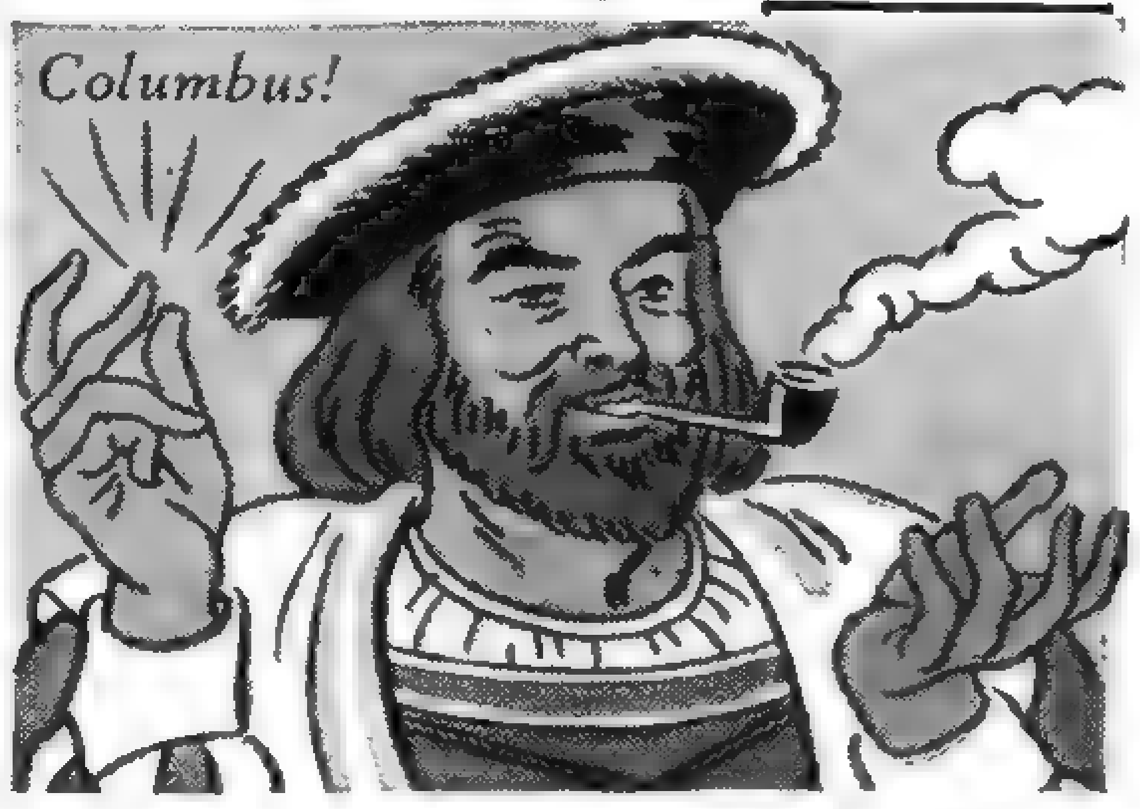

I discovered a new world! So what? For Philip Morris discovered a new world of smoking coolness in—

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The Pipeline to Perfection! Exotic realm in rare tobaccos. A very happy blend of fragrance, mellowness.

The Pipe Smoker's ECONOMY-LUXURY
25 Pleasureful Pipefuls for 25¢

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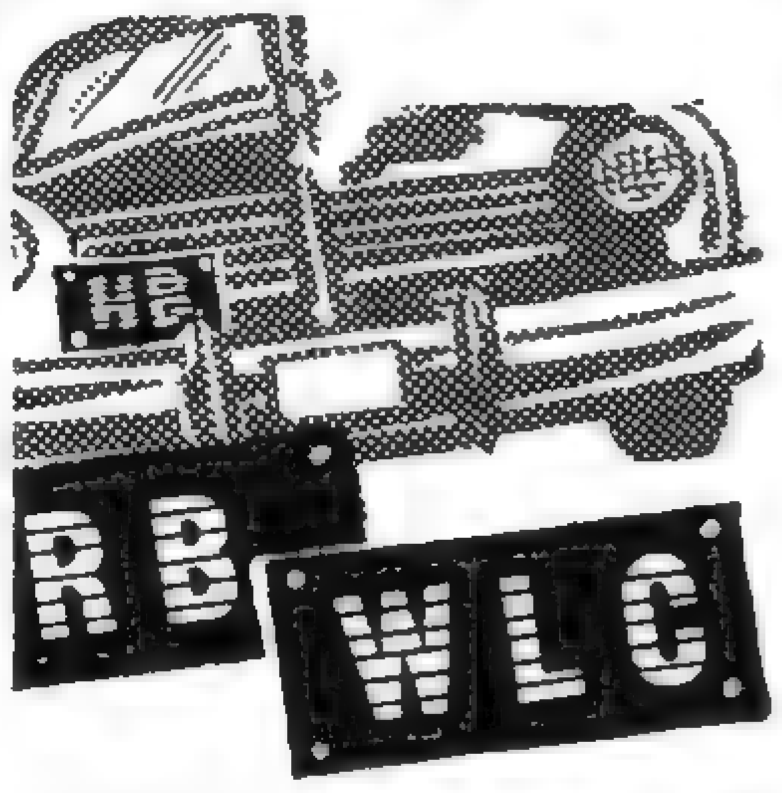
REFLECT-A-NITIALS

Add a New Personal Touch to Your Car



Gleaming, silvery Reflect-A-Nitials make it easy to spot your car at once—day or night, even in crowded parking lots or dim-lit streets. Cast of sturdy aluminum alloy, scientifically designed to reflect light. Mounted on durable black backboard. Letters 4¾ inches tall. Reflect-A-Nitials fit neatly into front license plate holder, or can readily be attached near front or rear lights.

Two initials, $2.95 — Three initials, $3.95
*Adjustable plate bracket (optional)* —80c

Send remittance with order and your initials and we will ship back your Reflect-A-Nitials prepaid. Add 35c for additional shipping charges west of the Mississippi.

*Also on sale at leading stores*

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"Thees Chippewa . . . She is ze real catch!"

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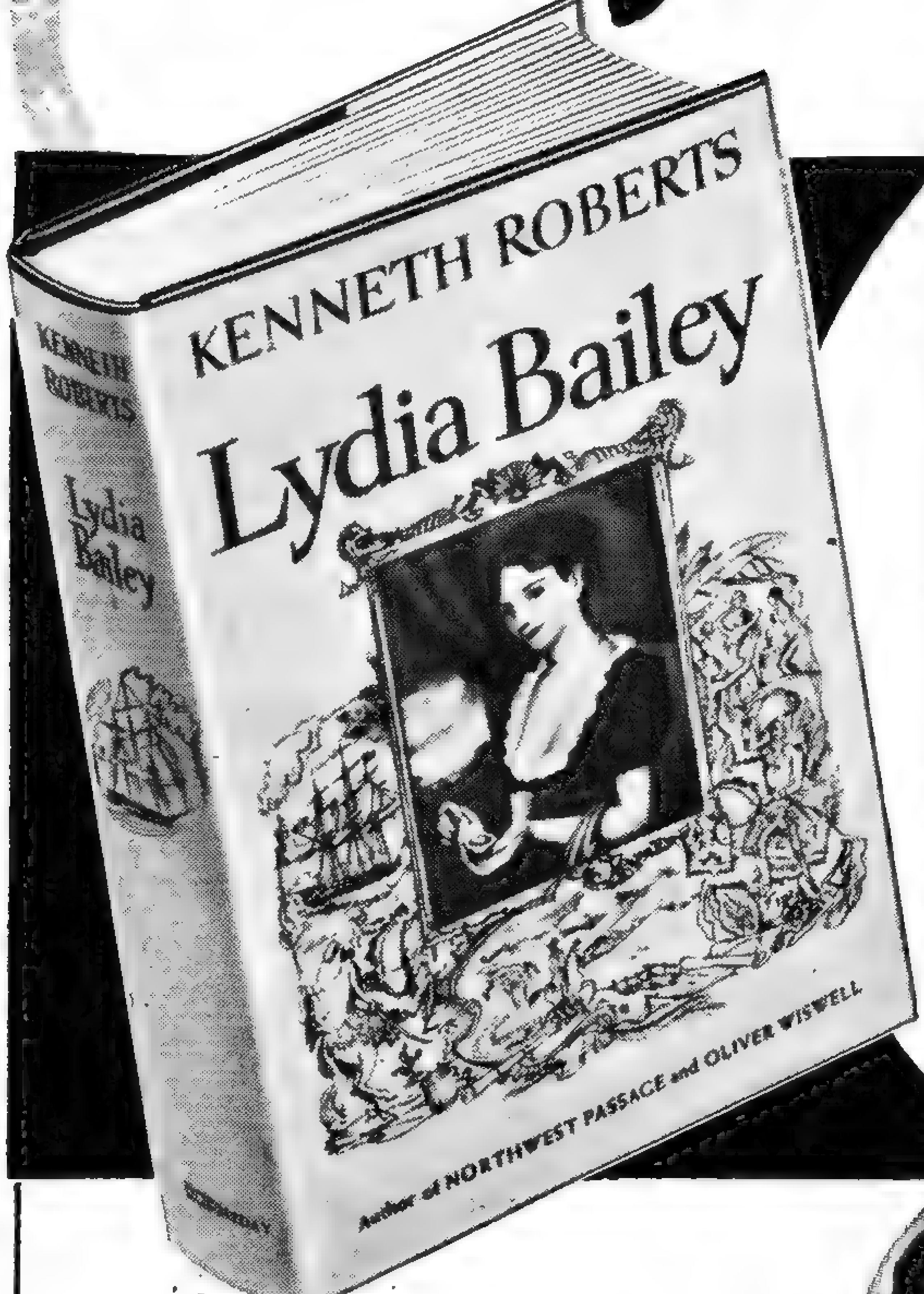
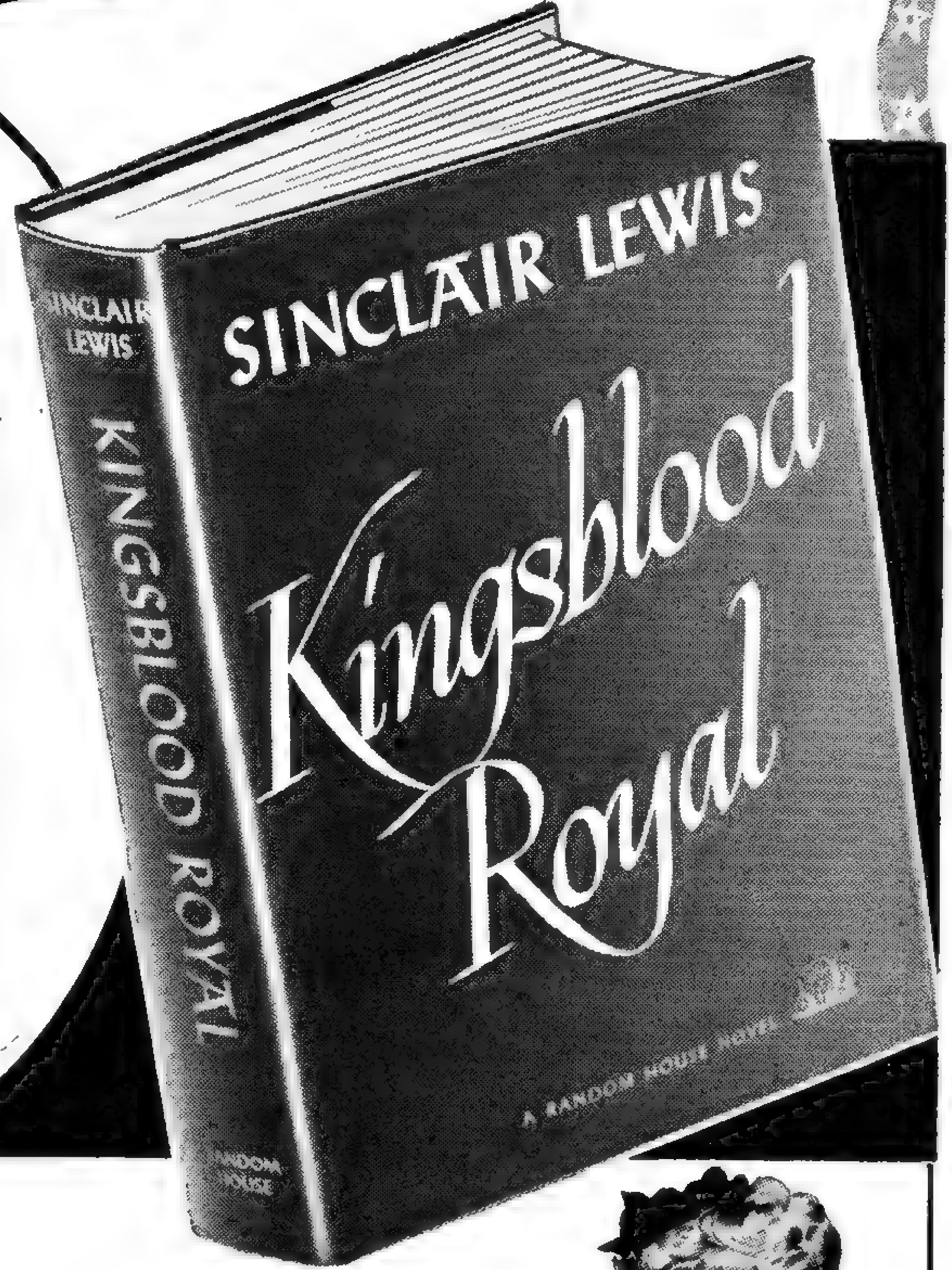
# *Both* OF THESE NEW BEST-SELLERS *for only $2.00*

**TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD**



HERE is the most remarkable offer we have ever made—to induce you to join the Literary Guild Book Club *now!* The two best-sellers shown here would cost $6.00 in the publishers' editions, but as a new member of the Guild you may have a copy of Kenneth Roberts' magnificent "Lydia Bailey" absolutely FREE as our Membership Gift to you—and you pay only the Guild price of $2.00 for Sinclair Lewis' sensational "Kingsblood Royal." Thus you get two smash hits for $2.00—and as a new Guild member you will *continue to save money on the new books you buy,* receive *bonus books* free, and enjoy the many other advantages membership offers. Read, below, how the Guild operates; then mail coupon for your two books!

**SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON**



## LYDIA BAILEY

**BY KENNETH ROBERTS**

Seldom has literary history seen such thrilling reading as "Lydia Bailey"—such an exciting blend of romance and history, action and intrigue, high humor and fascinating experience! This great novel by the famous author of "Oliver Wiswell" and "Northwest Passage" is so full of vital meat, so passionate with the vibrancy of life, so crammed with violence and tender love and fantastic adventure that reading it is almost *living* its action! It is one book you will cherish a whole lifetime.... Publisher's price, $3.00.

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**BY SINCLAIR LEWIS**

If *you* discovered that you were *not what you thought you were*... would you lock your secret away—or tell it to your shocked neighbors at the risk of terrible misery to your family? One of the world's great writers—author of "Main Street," "Arrowsmith," "Babbitt"—now tells the amazing story of red-haired young Capt. Kingsblood Royal, and the sudden cloud which menaced his tiny daughter, his wife and himself. It is the story of an unthinkable thing which *couldn't* happen—but did! Publisher's price, $3.00.

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In spite of greatly increased cost of book manufacture, by joining the Guild now your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase in price on Guild selections for a year. Send no money—but mail the coupon NOW.

**LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.**

*Mail This Coupon*

**FREE: "LYDIA BAILEY" and "KINGSBLOOD ROYAL" for only $2.00**

**Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers**
**Dept. 7EM, Garden City, N. Y.**

Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Lydia Bailey" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection "Kingsblood Royal," for which you will bill me $2.00 plus postage.

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 (plus shipping charge) to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

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Expertly tailored in the custom manner, of lustrous white broadcloth or white, soft oxford. The distinctive soft collar — with stays — is our own new creation of the popular Windsor design. Spaced correctly for the large Windsor knot. French cuffs, of course. $6.50, PLUS 25c POSTAGE.

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- Quality assured by 45 years of fine shoe making

Order Model E14 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available NOW in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. Add 25c for mailing. $12.50

*Also send for illustrated literature on other fine dress shoes.*

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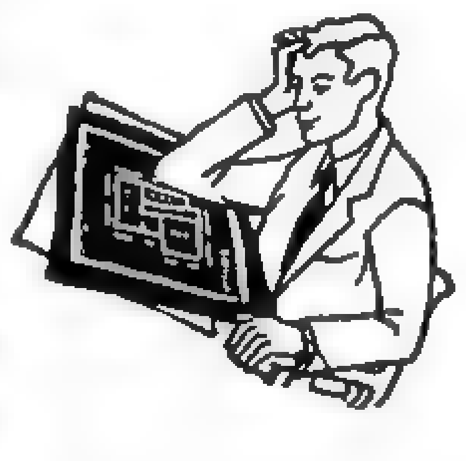
# Talking Shop with Esquire

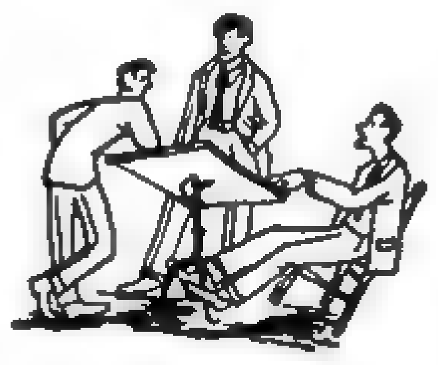
**BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.** Hobbyists who like to tinker around constructing things, are naturals for the new plastic building sets. Basic components consist of tiny plastic bricks and little sticks of wood or dowels. Dowels are inserted in a perforated base board, the plastic bricks are slipped on over the dowels, a roof is added, and presto! the home of your dreams takes shape in miniature.



**TEN DIFFERENT SIZES.** The building sets range from 400 to 3000 pieces per set. All building parts are scaled a quarter inch to the foot... each plastic brick represents one foot in height and three feet in length in its real life counterpart. Thus a true to life model can be built from architect's plans or vice versa. There are miniature windows, doors, panels, roofing, shutters, flower boxes, all designed to fit perfectly.

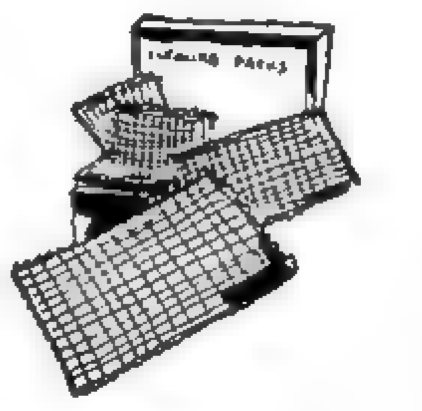
**COMPLETE FARM UNIT.** One of the sets builds a complete farm unit with house, barn and silo, a 3-pump gas station, airline hangar, fire station or factory. Another set builds a Cape Cod house with garage or a modern two story house with one or two porches. A set of blue prints of various structures comes with each set.

**ENGINEERS AND MANUFACTURERS** will find practical use for the plastic miniatures. An entire factory may be built, and provisions for machine locations and working space could be determined and tested in advance of actual building. Model railroaders, too, should be intrigued with the use of the bricks to construct train sheds, platforms, railway stations, etc.



**BROTHER YOU CAN SAVE A DIME.** Just set up a nifty, neat shoeshine parlor in your own home by means of a sturdy steel contrivance which holds your shoes firmly in place while you polish and clean them. The holder can be adjusted to fit the shoes of Mama and the kiddies, as well as your own. Easily installed by attaching, at a convenient height, to the wall. Can be stored away when not in use.

**COME CLEAN.** If your skin is prone to blemishes and a general grey pallor, you might try giving it a good cleansing with a medicated, herbal pack. Dip the pack in hot water to soften, then use the bag like a washcloth with a brisk, rotary motion. Out of the pack a protein content oozes, a milky wash that absorbs the grime and excess secretions. Won't cure blackheads, mind you, but its poultice action does a good job in softening clogged matter in the pores.



Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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$5.95 Express Collect

**FOR PRESSING PROBLEMS**

Collapsible iron comes up with the quick solution. Tuck it into any odd corner of your suitcase... handle folds down for compact packing. Has its own case. AC and DC. Dept. E-7

*$5.95 express collect. No C.O.D.'s, please.*

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"BALLMARK" stamps name indelibly INTO golf balls!. Avoid mixups, stolen balls! Lost balls returned to you! Attractive, strong, 2-tone plastic...with name in metal type...self-contained ink supply. Attractively packaged. Buy for self and gifts.

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**Treat yourself to real comfort**
Custom-made
**HALF-WELLINGTON BOOTS**

During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now we can make them for everyone who wants to enjoy their comfort and good looks. Many former Army and Navy men are now re-ordering. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

JOHN A. FRYE SHOE CO., Marlboro, Mass.
*Manufacturers of Boots & Shoes since 1863*

**CUSTOM SALON ENLARGING**

Send your own favorite negative to the laboratories of a famous portrait photographer for fine prints individually made by hand and tested—Handsomely mounted.

*Prices, $1.50, 5x7 — $2, 8x10 — $3, 11x14*
Your check plus 35c cents postage should accompany your order.

MERRILL CHASE PALMER HOUSE CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW! Pocket Size
ALL PURPOSE CLEAVER

$1.50 WITH LEATHER SHEATH

**Here's An Ideal Father's Day Gift for Sportsmen!**

First *practical* fish-scaling and all 'round camp and kitchen aid! Notched back quickly scales fish ... stainless steel blade and keen point opens, cleans and bones fish in a jiffy. Blade set in hardwood handle with just enough weight for perfect balance. Measures 8¼ inches from tip to tip. Also for home use ... cutting cold cuts, roasts ... slicing vegetables, fruits ... opening cartons, bottles ... boning, tenderizing meats. *Genuine leather sheath* with snap closure given FREE with each Cleaver. Fits snugly over the blade for your protection.

ORDER YOUR ALL PURPOSE CLEAVER FOR DAD TODAY! Only $1.50 each, complete with *Free* leather sheath. Send cash, check or money order ... your Cleaver will be mailed postpaid, immediately. C.O.D. orders accepted. Money back if not satisfied.

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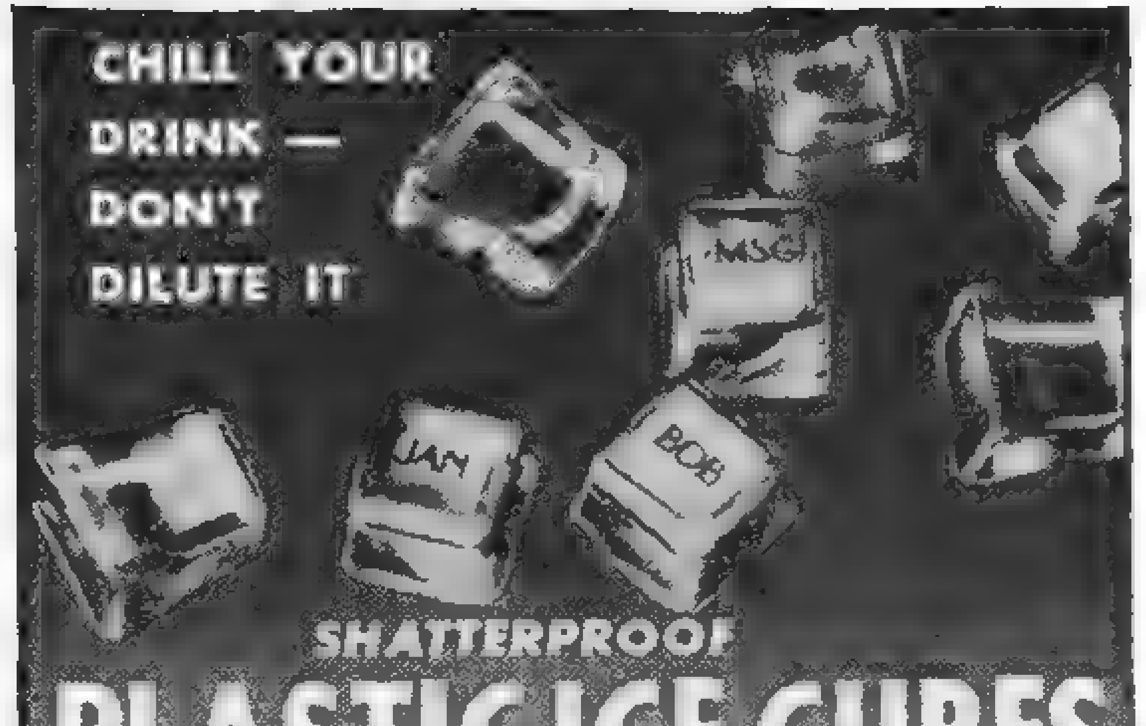

CHILL YOUR DRINK — DON'T DILUTE IT

SHATTERPROOF
**PLASTIC ICE CUBES**

Drop "NICE-CUBES" in your drink...keep highballs, cocktails, soft drinks, fruit juices, wine, beer, etc., cold **without dilution.** Ice-like plastic "NICE-CUBES", with mineralized water permanently sealed in, freeze solid in refrigerator...tasteless—odorless...easy to remove, no ice-tray mess. Use again and again—LAST FOREVER. Box of 8 Rainbow Assorted Colors or Crystal Clear: $2.95 delivered in U. S. A.

**MONOGRAMMED "NICE-CUBES"**
**BOX OF EIGHT (Crystal Clear Only) $3.95**
(Limit 3 letters per monogram. Only 1 set of monograms per box)

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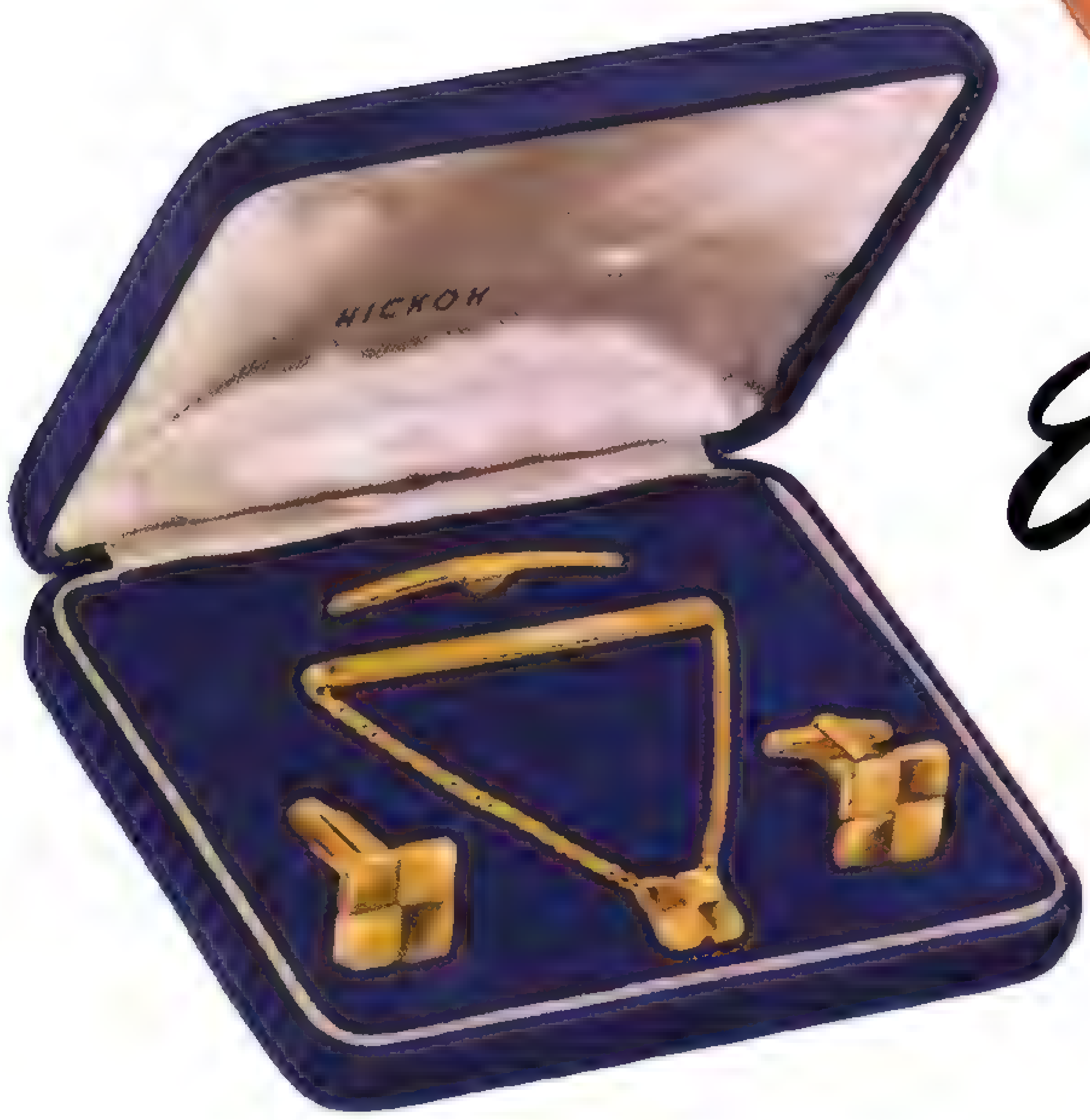
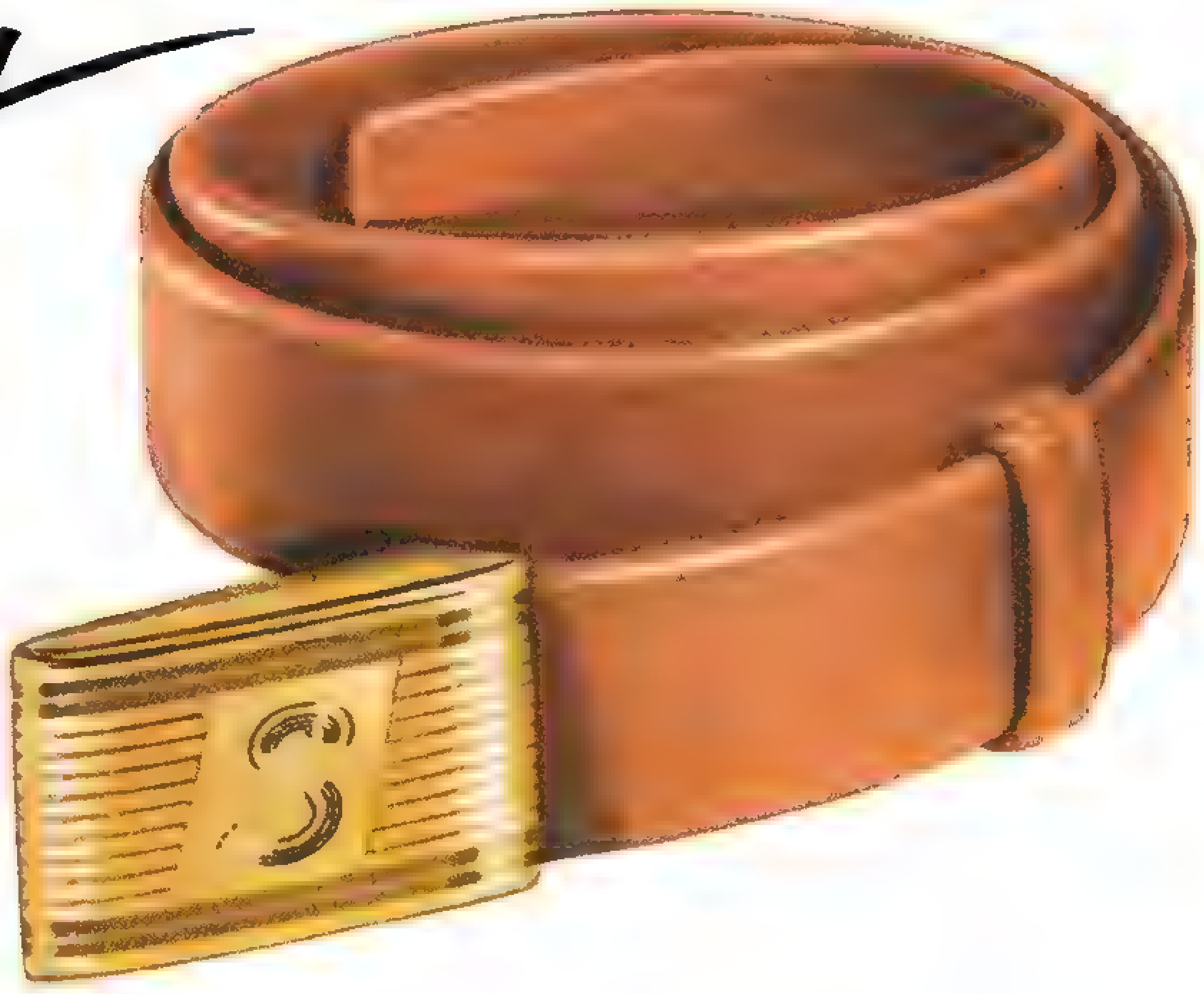


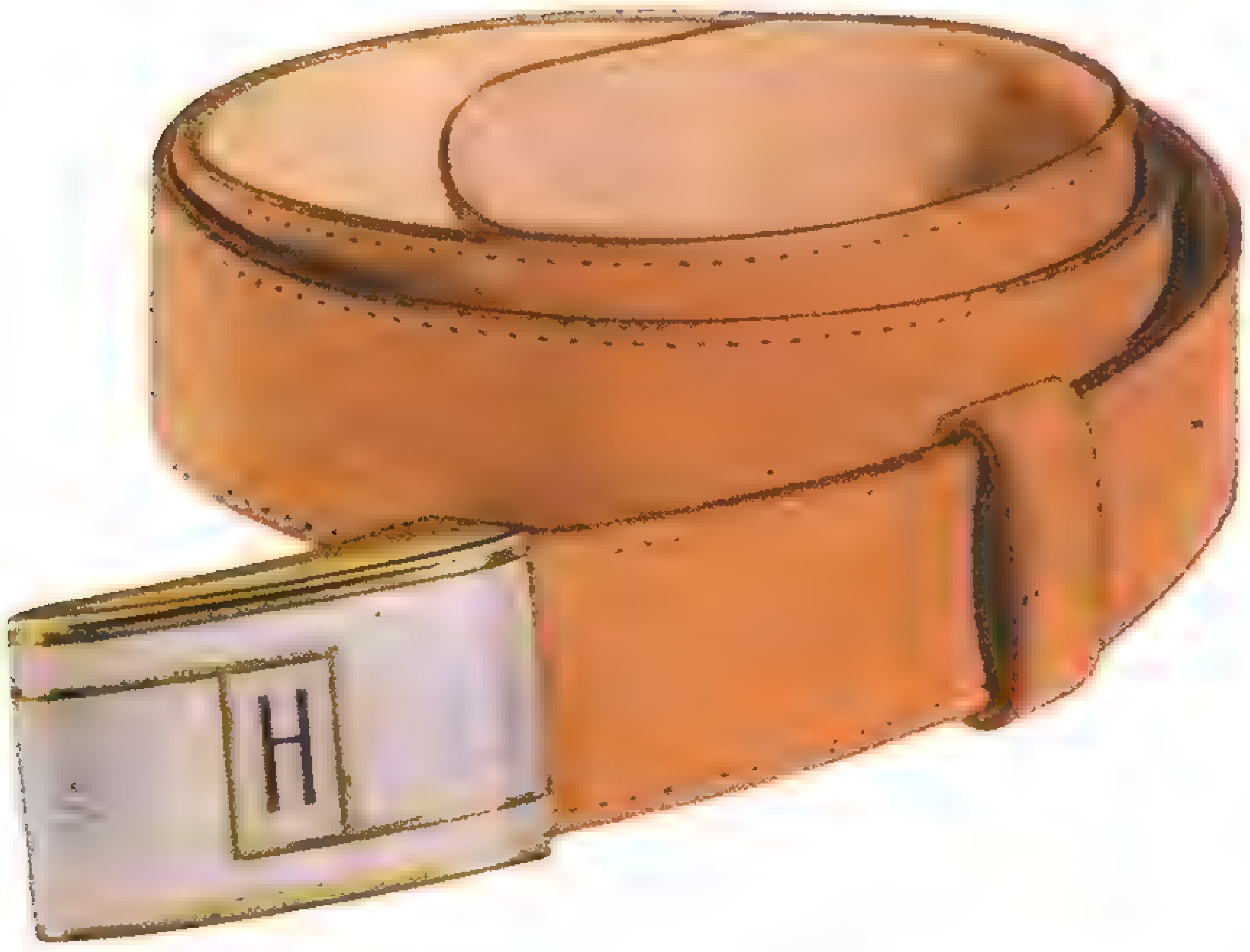
# *Eye Openers*

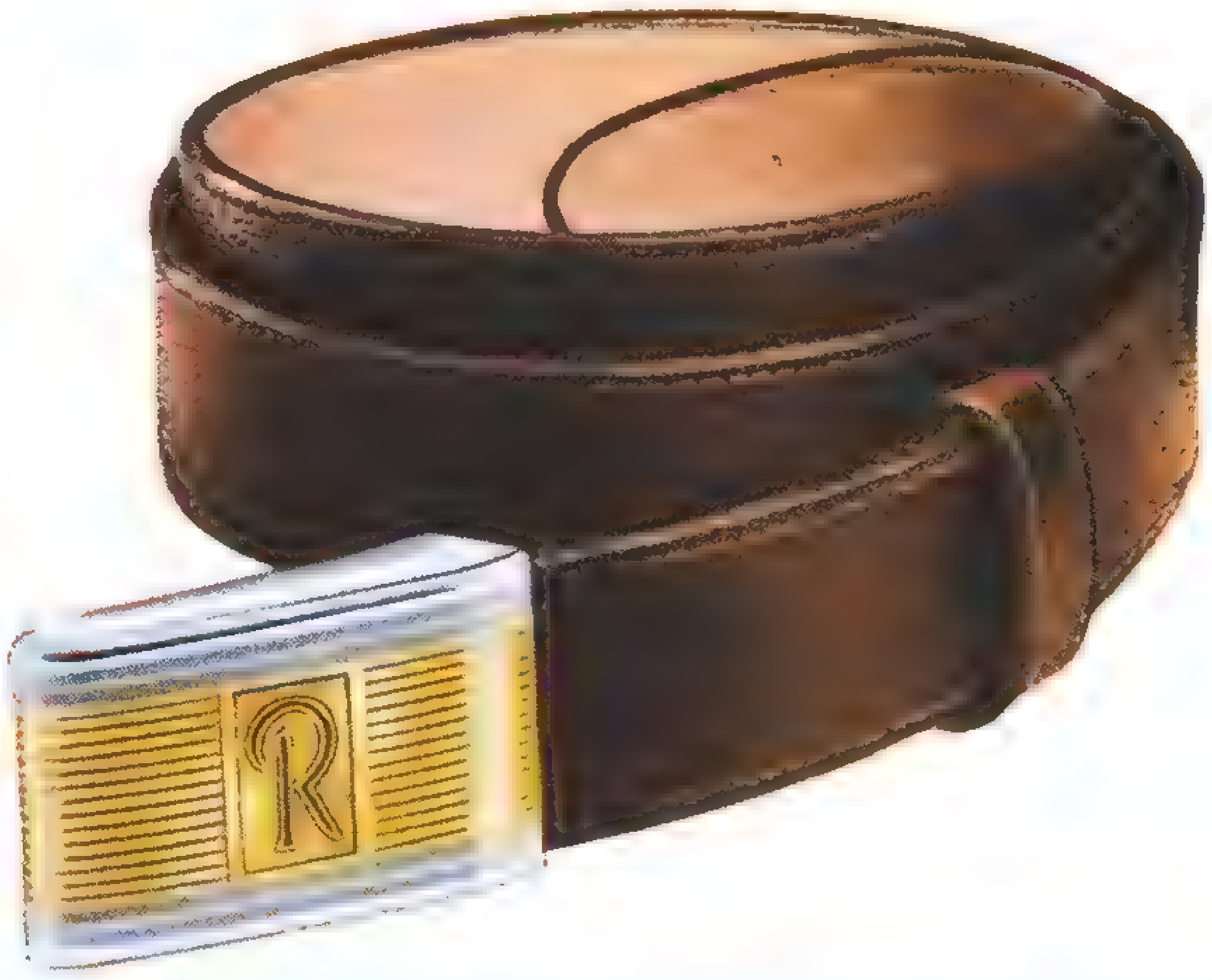
## FOR FATHER'S DAY (JUNE 15th)

Dad's eyes are sure to open wide at the welcome sight of any one of these smartly-styled and handsomely-crafted gifts for Father's Day by Hickok—the master style originator of them all.

Rolled gold plate Cuff Links, Tie Chain and Collar Bar; set...$9.00. Gold front Initial Buckle with tubular calfskin Belt, welt seam . . . $10.00. Masterplate Initial Buckle on imported pigskin Belt...$3.50. Two-tone Initial Buckle on imported African Camel Belt . . . $7. (Below) Modern Tie Bar and Collar Bar, set...$2.50. Saint Christopher KoiNife . . . $5. Horsehead Tie Bar and Collar Bar; set . . . $3.



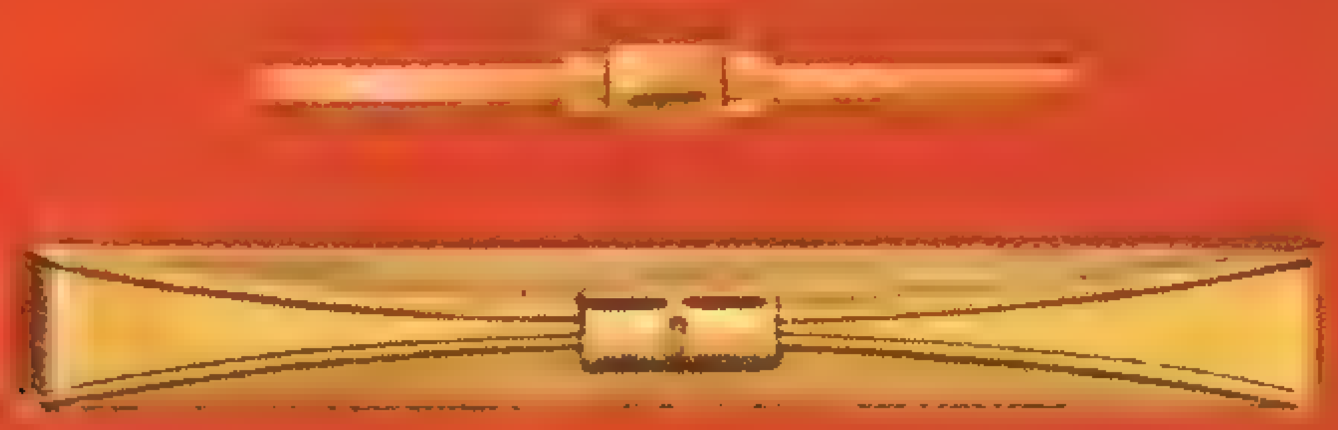


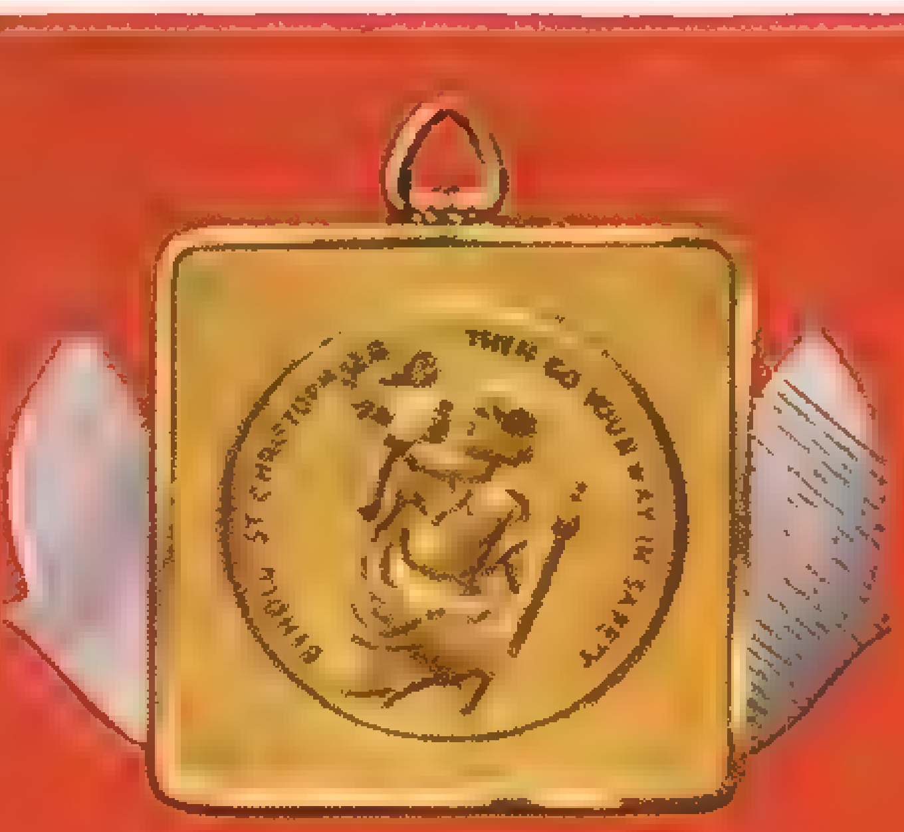


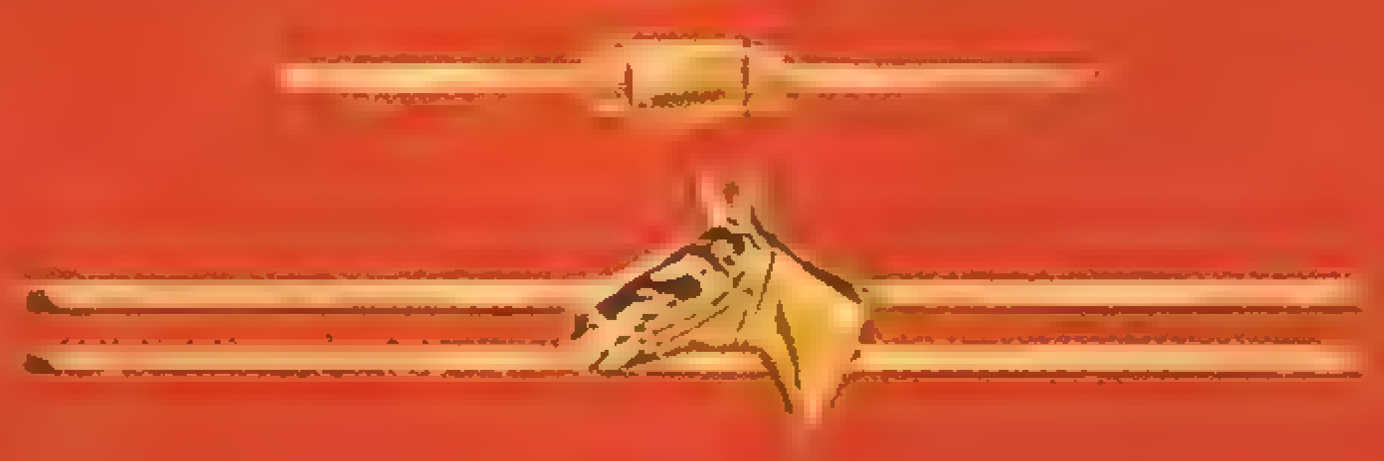
HICKOK

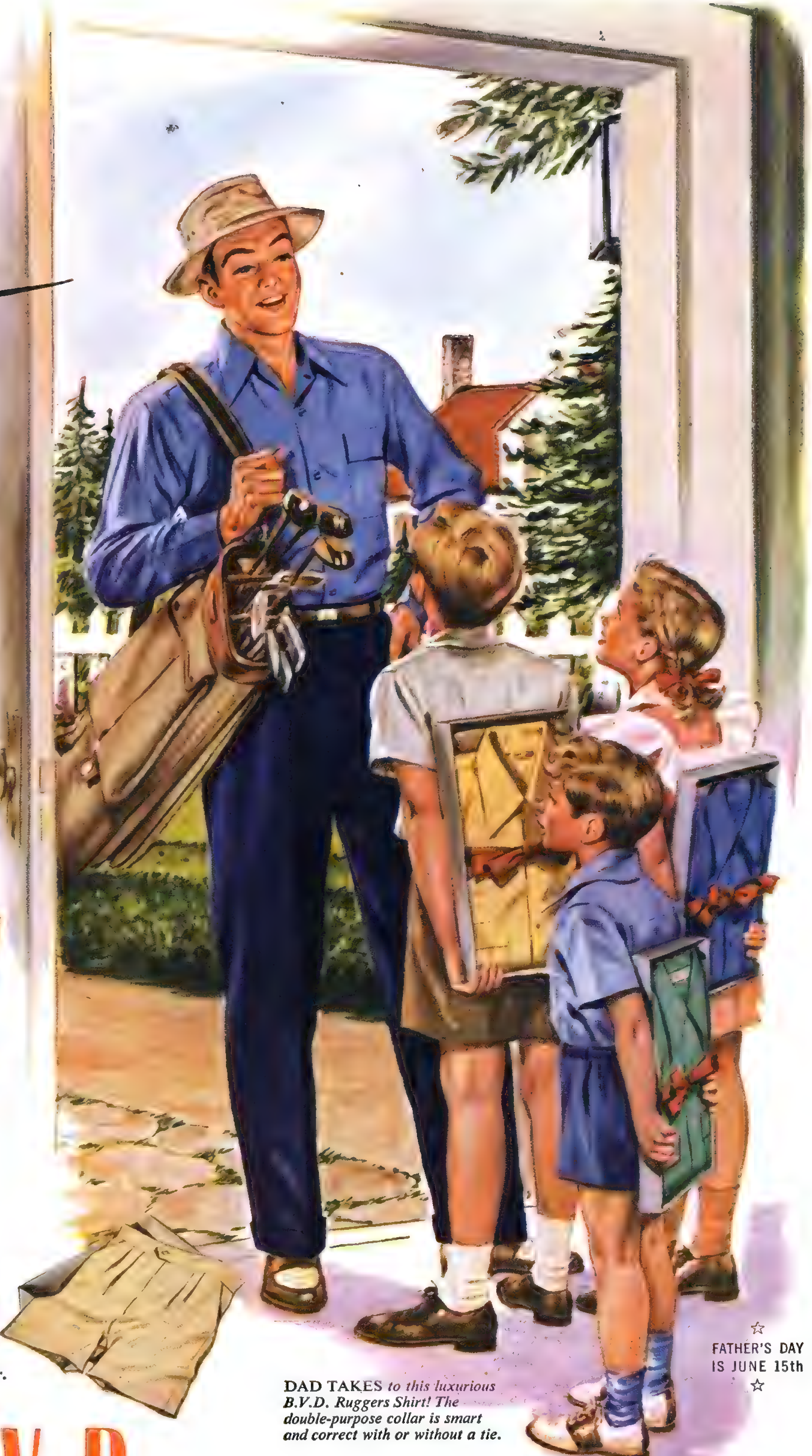
*Quality Style Leadership*

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • GARTERS









You've got to hand it to DAD!

Dad deserves comfort! Dad loves style! Dad is a keen sportsman who appreciates freedom-of-action! Naturally, the right gifts for Dad are *action*-tailored by B.V.D. He knows about B.V.D. style and comfort from 'way back—and the way it lets him go places and do things *smartly!* Ask your dealer to hand over these swell gifts for Dad *today!*

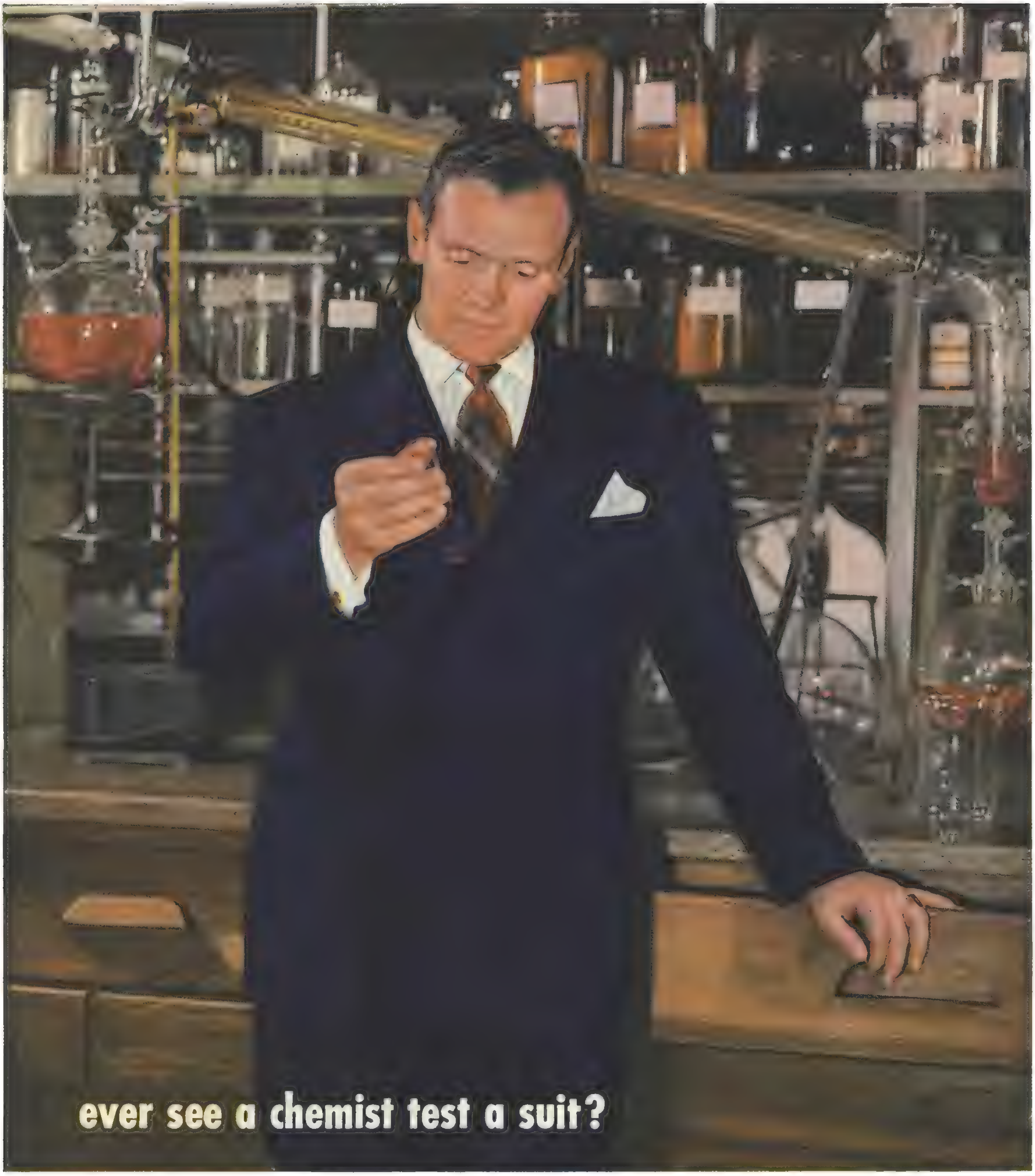
DAD TAKES *to the casual, stylish informality of the Hollywood Rogue Shirt by B.V.D. No fuss, no bother—no buttons! He just slips it over his head to get set for action or relaxation.*

DAD TAKES *long, care-free walks in these masculine walk-shorts. Correct for country lanes, vacation cruises or backyard barbecues. Cut like your trousers, three pockets, zipper.*

DAD TAKES *to this luxurious B.V.D. Ruggers Shirt! The double-purpose collar is smart and correct with or without a tie.*

B.V.D.
BRAND

"B. V. D.", "RUGGERS" AND "ROGUE" TRADE MARKS ARE REG. U. S PAT OFF.


ever see a chemist test a suit?

LABORATORIES OF RALPH L. EVANS ASSOCIATES. PHOTO BY H. LOWNDS

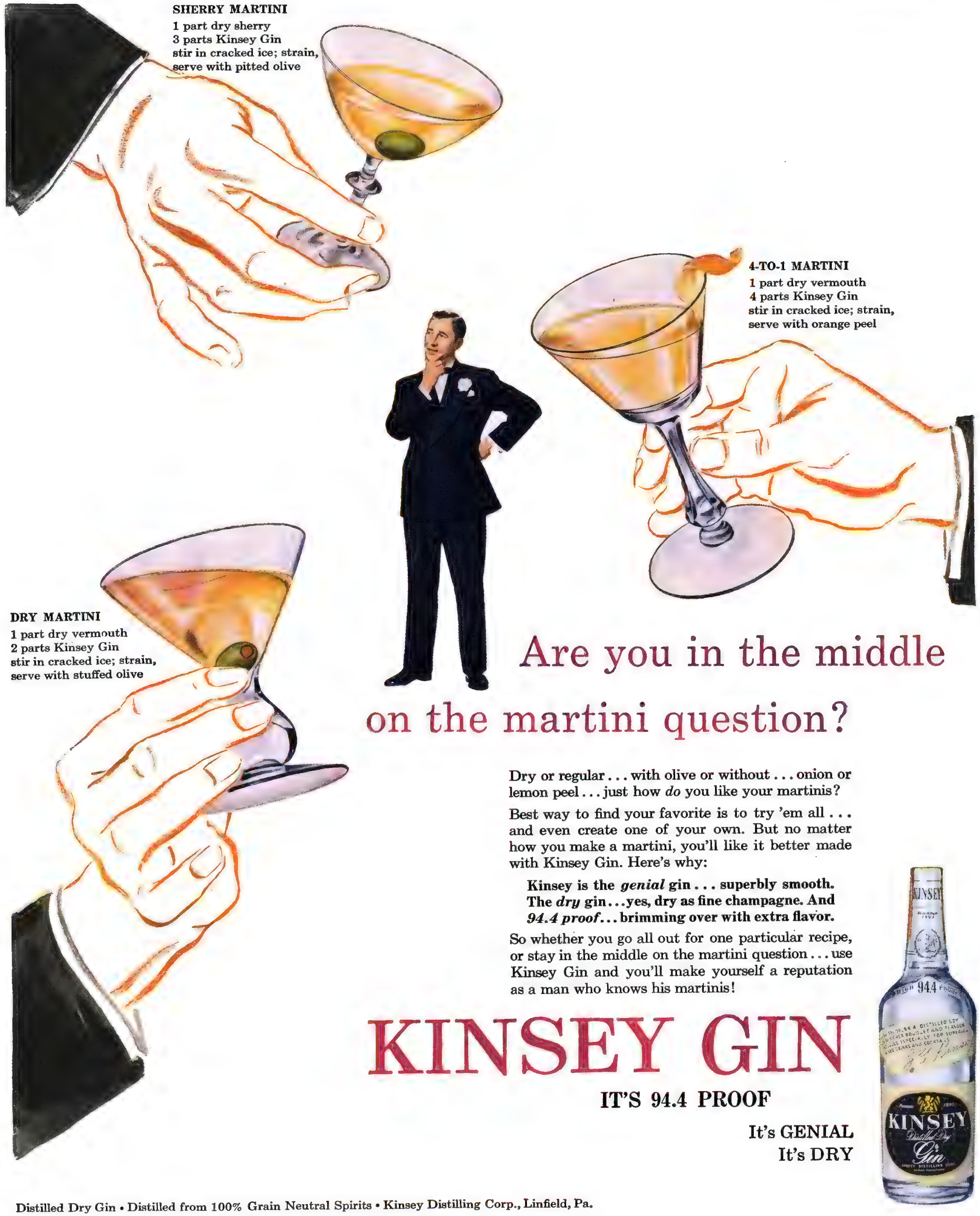
Whether he is juggling test-tubes or just sitting down, getting up and moving about, it all adds up to constant hard wear on his clothes. And like all men, chemists want clothes that stay smart. That's why so many wear Timely Clothes, made with Balanced Tailoring . . . a tested formula that combines lots of hand tailoring for soft shapeliness with machine sewing for extra strength. Moderately priced, too.

For the name of the store nearest you, write:
**TIMELY CLOTHES**, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Be sure to see Plateau*—"The Suit With the Weightless Feel"—exclusive fabric by Pacific Mills.*

**Balanced Tailoring makes**
**TIMELY CLOTHES**
**look better . . . longer**



**SHERRY MARTINI**
1 part dry sherry
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pitted olive

**4-TO-1 MARTINI**
1 part dry vermouth
4 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with orange peel

**DRY MARTINI**
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

# Are you in the middle on the martini question?

Dry or regular . . . with olive or without . . . onion or lemon peel . . . just how *do* you like your martinis?

Best way to find your favorite is to try 'em all . . . and even create one of your own. But no matter how you make a martini, you'll like it better made with Kinsey Gin. Here's why:

**Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.**

So whether you go all out for one particular recipe, or stay in the middle on the martini question . . . use Kinsey Gin and you'll make yourself a reputation as a man who knows his martinis!

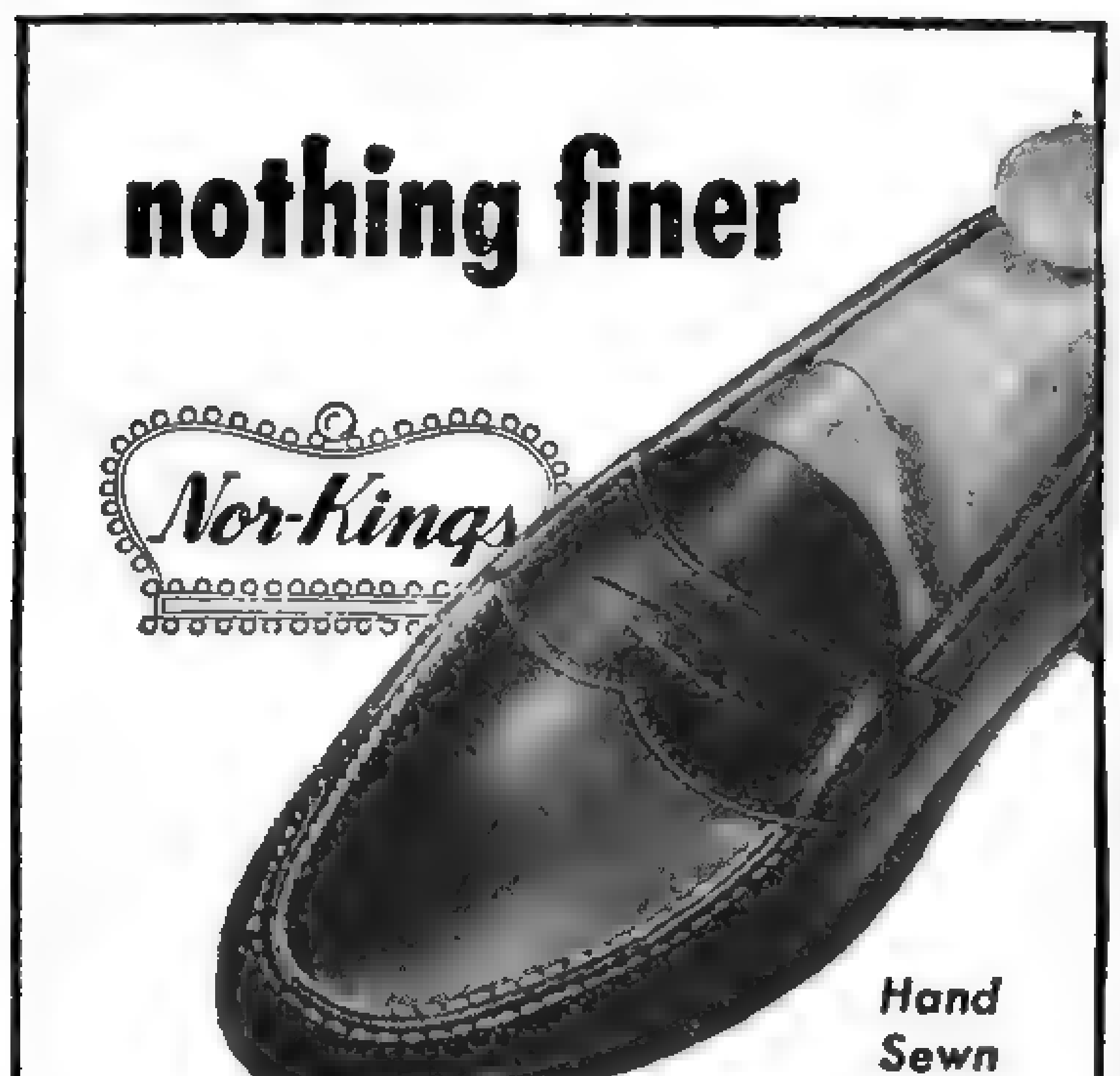
# KINSEY GIN

**IT'S 94.4 PROOF**

It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

**nothing finer**



Nor-Kings are so handsome, so flexible, so comfortable, you'll never want to take them off! These classic Norwegian moccasins fit like fine shoes — cradle the whole foot snugly, perfectly. They're *all-leather — hand-sewn* from one piece of the choice center hide — with solid leather soles and heels. In rich, golden brown. On mail orders — just send exact shoe size. Add 25¢ for shipping. $10^45

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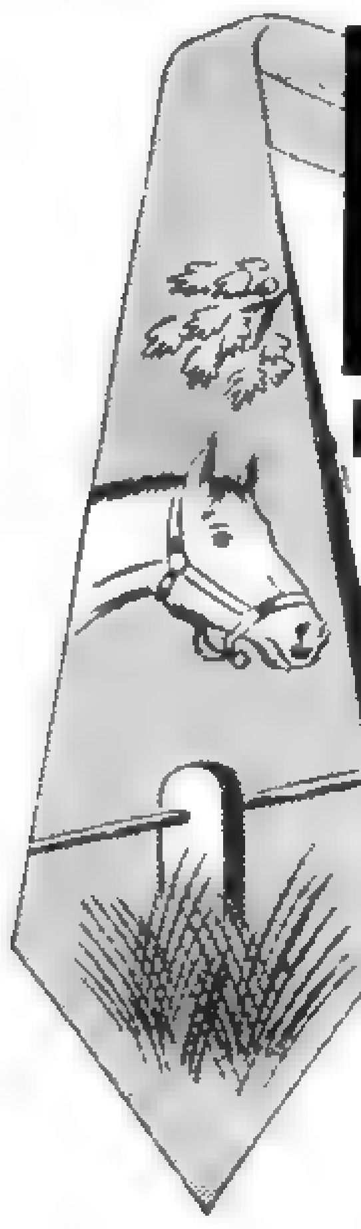

unique
distinctive
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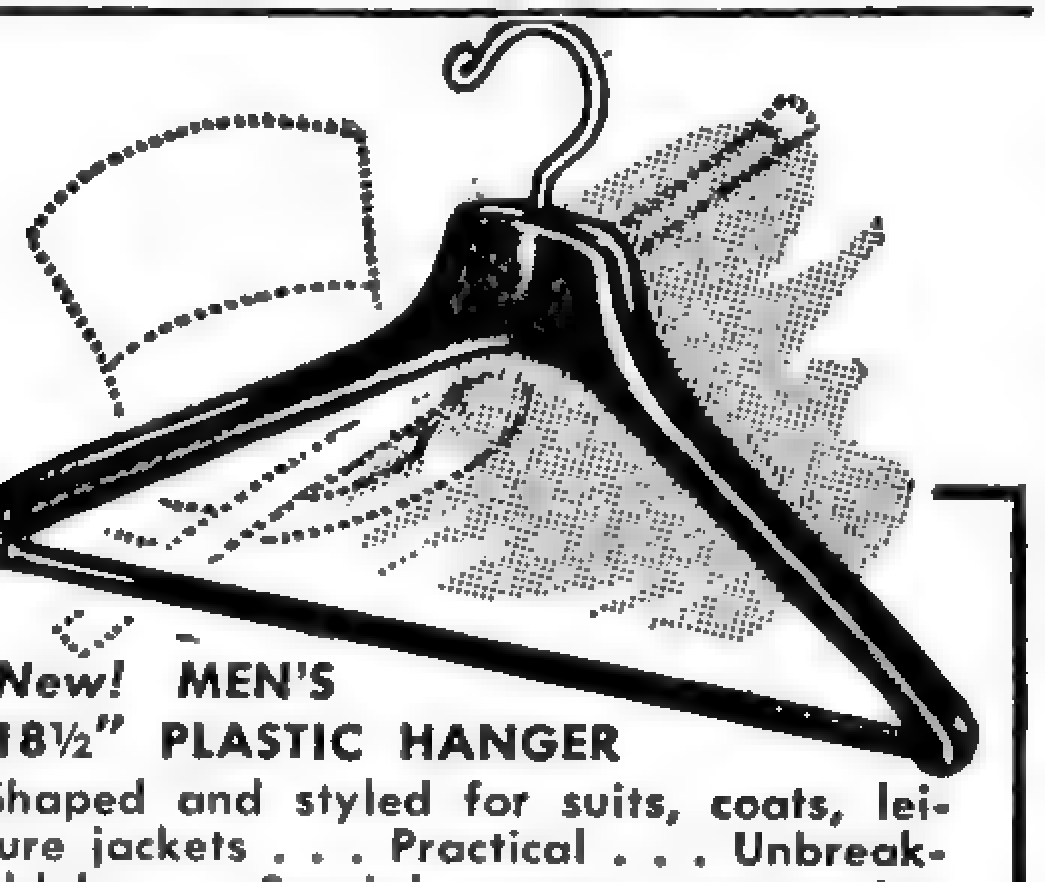

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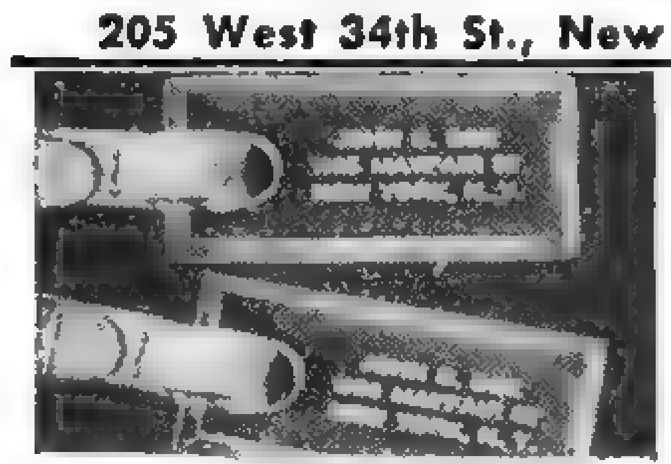

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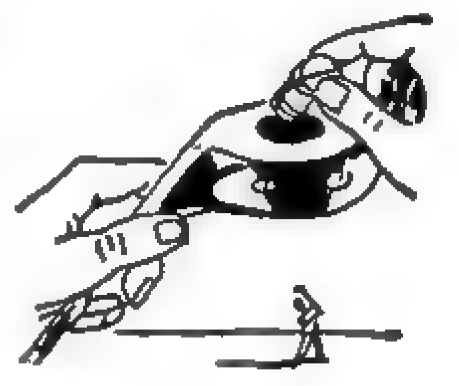

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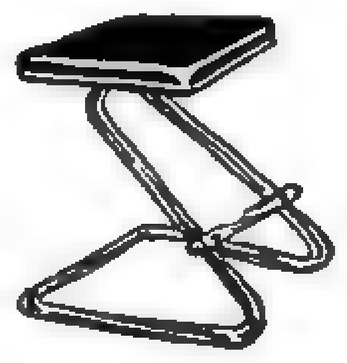

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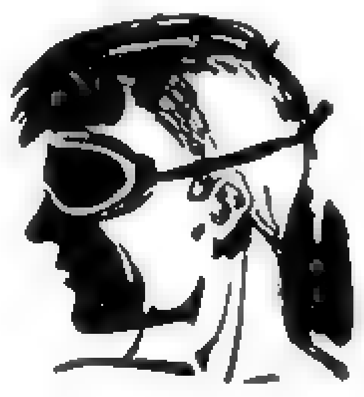

You can also buy stow-away goggles which fold up into a cigarette size box because the rimless frames fold at the bridge, and the temple side pieces, in stainless steel, telescope to about 2½" in length.

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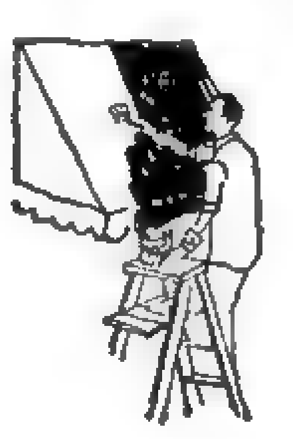

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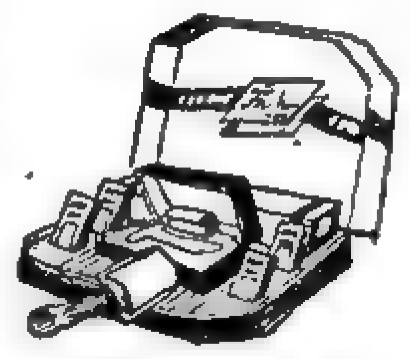

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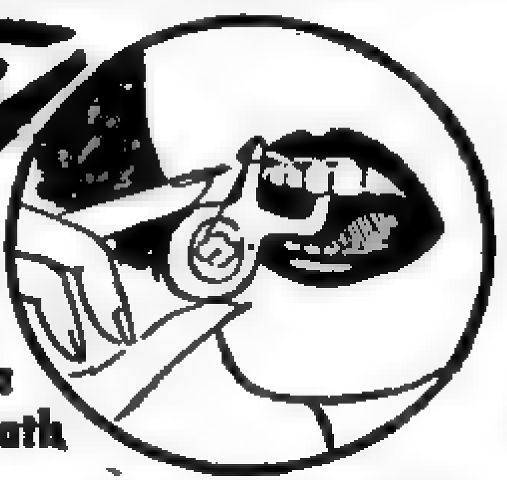

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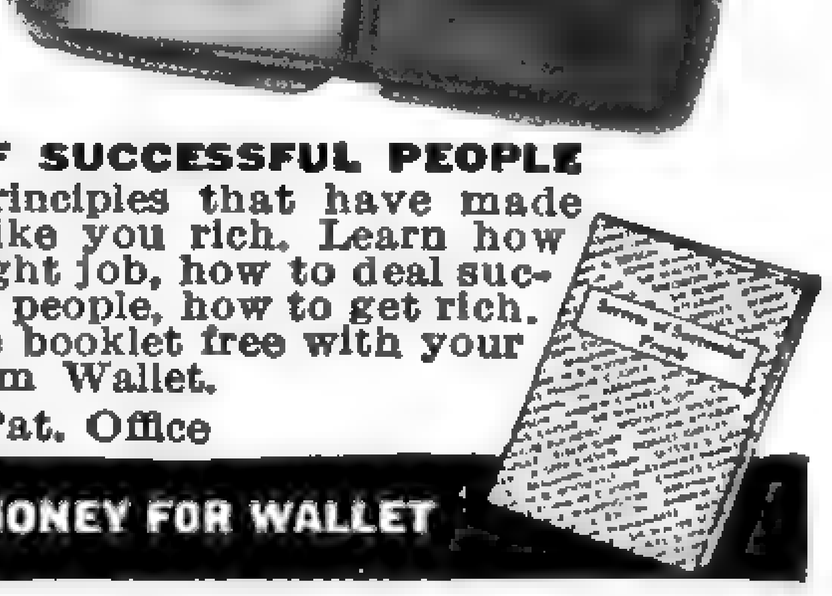

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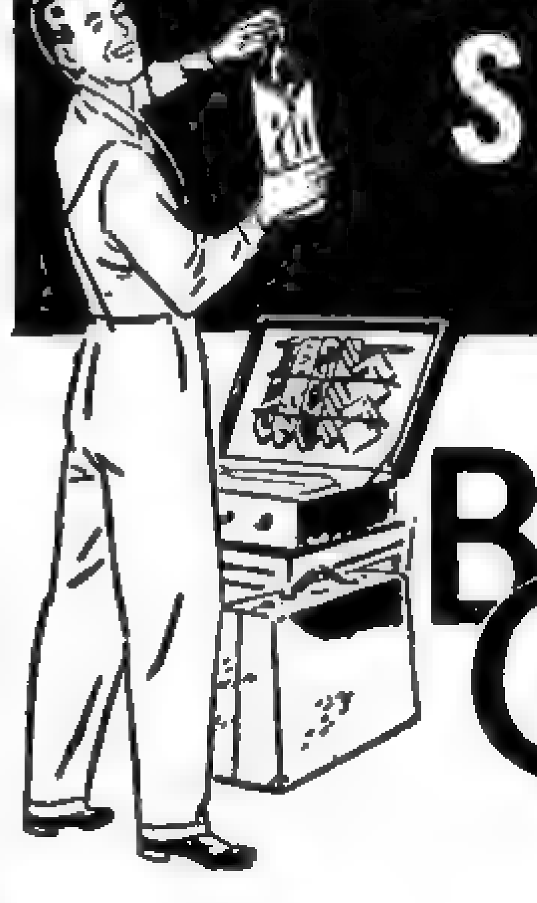
# Painting the Town with Esquire

AS FAR as palate interests are concerned the New York World's Fair is still here. Those skills from many sources weren't snuffed out when the gates shut in 1940; they scattered and the entire metropolitan area has been their beneficiary, with Manhattan the greatest gainer. The French Pavilion's famous restaurant flourishes anew at 5 East 55th as Le Pavillon, private enterprise headed by Henri Soulé. Monsieur Soulé was maître d'hôtel of the Fair establishment, and his chefs, waiters, and wine-waiters are of the most authentic. In like manner Belgium's courtly emissary of gastronomy André Pagani burst out with the elegant Brussels Restaurant in East 63rd, now at 111 East 56th. (An assistant, Maurice de Bergh, became headwaiter to, and presently married daughter Aïda of Emil Perona whose swimming-pooled, silver-serving-wagoned Perona Farm at Andover, N. J., caters to the same crowd that Emil's brother John has at El Morocco; Maurice and Aïda operate the Moresque in West Orange.) Sweden's renowned revolving smorgasbord table, Swedish American Line proposition, much stood in line for, rotates nowadays at the Three Crowns, 12 East 56th, with no slowup in seductiveness. Similarly, Switzerland's bait for taste-buds — hot cheese creations, etc. —migrated under manager Paul Burger to 38 East 50th where they thrive as Swiss Pavilion Restaurant. Out of Icelandish tidbit exhibits evolved the gargantuan Iceland — beltbuster, with bands and everything — basemented at 1680 Broadway. Brazil, with a beautiful restaurant on its hands, drafted New York's Anthony Mele, your host at Theodore's, 4 East 56th, and impresario of the Ruban Bleu boite above. Larue's Peter Oglietti was entrusted with the exclusive little restaurant, for oil kings only, in the Petroleum Building. All-round Latinist Benito Collada of El Chico (80 Grove St., Greenwich Village) was a natural pick for supervision of Argentina's dietetic department, versed as he is in the correct stoking for tangoing, rumbaing, or sambaing. Various leading beers operated suds pavilions featuring their brews in case any visitor needed to learn to like beer. Those edifices have finished but bottoms are upped increasingly. The cellar hoard of the French Pavilion was bought outright by downtown restaurateur J. D. Massoletti, since when his Tower Restaurant, 70 Pine St., has functioned as an academy of wine lore. The ill-starred but ably staffed Italian Pavilion restaurant was pounced on for personnel by many establishments, notably the Colony, El Borracho, and the Blue Angel. True restaurant careerists bow to only one liege lord, the Customer.

GLOVE business fugitives Maxie Baer and Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom are a priceless pair at the Vanity Fair, with donkey serenader Allen Jones, borrowed from Hollywood, making it a gleesome threesome. Surrounding them on the uprisen stage is an elaborate production in the Broadway musical extravaganza manner, running 90 minutes, for which host-producer Joe Howard had the forethought to pick a peck of pippins, but forgot to provide them with adequate clothing. It's a wonder there aren't goosepimple outbreaks . . . Sterling lining: Sundry humpty dumps along the jazz trail, in which sepian artists were offered as customer-catchers, have folded. But jazz lovers needn't grieve. For these same artists are appearing at the new Zanzibar (1580 Broadway, opposite the Strand Theatre)—attractive, spacious place with edible eats and non-surly service.

ANY CONNECTION between sanity and the Olsen & Johnson doings at Nicky Blair's Carnival is purely unintentional. Fortunately the kitchen and bar operate on a different basis . . . With apologies to the Yosemite, the Hotel Biltmore has opened the canary-twittered Biltmore Cascades, less noisy than Niagara. On the succulence side it's Royal Gorge . . . Acceding to the desire of its esteemed patrons that they be afforded opportunity to display their parlezvoo prowess, Le Café Chambord, 803 Third Ave., lists on its bill of fare "Le Shad Roe du Delaware Gratiné des Connoisseurs." Give up?

*For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.*



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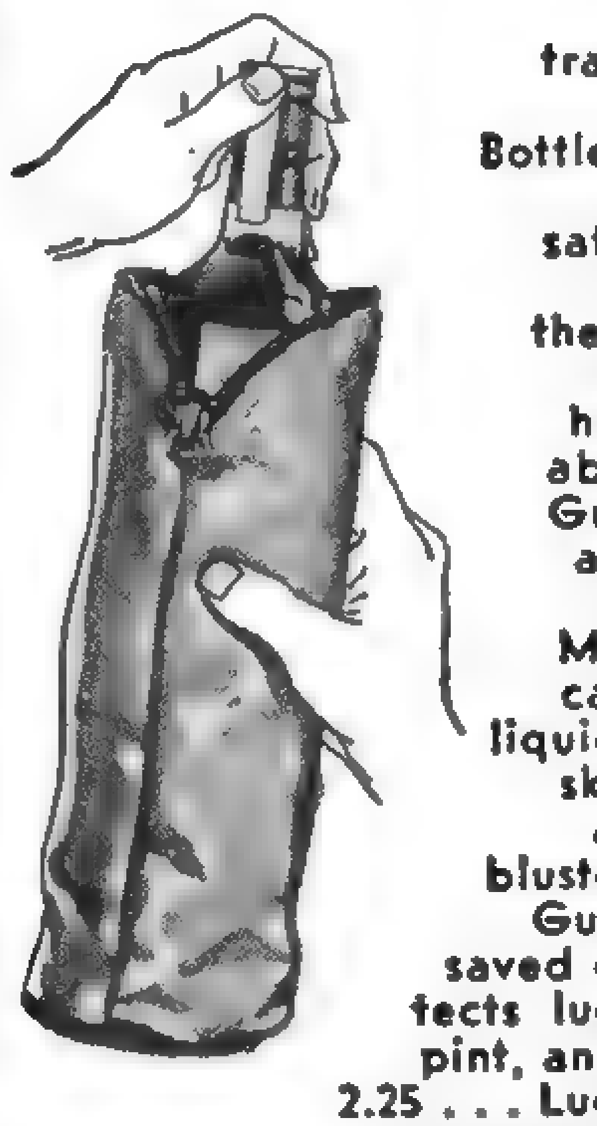

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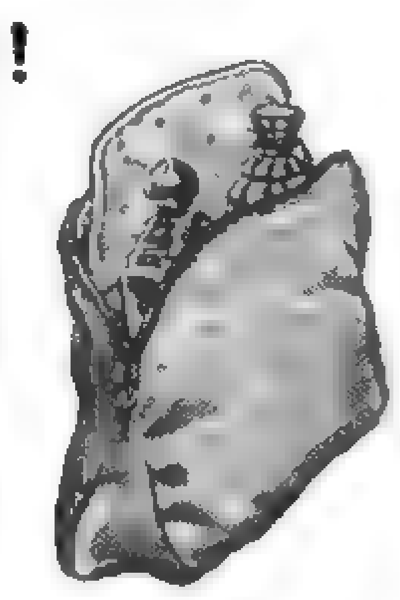

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# Painting the Town with Esquire

VOCAL chords are minor items in the Carl Brisson bag of tricks. When he does a number at the Versailles, he really builds it from footwork up, giving it everything that drama, Viennese operetta, the prize ring, and out-and-out ballet have to offer. One minute he's a gay boulevardier, the next a clumping codger lighting lamps, and then a lusty ringer of St. Mary's bells—making you not only hear the bells but see them. So though he is the Versailles sole performer (begging your pardon, Mr. Accompanist), the floor seems almost as packed with people as the Versailles is.

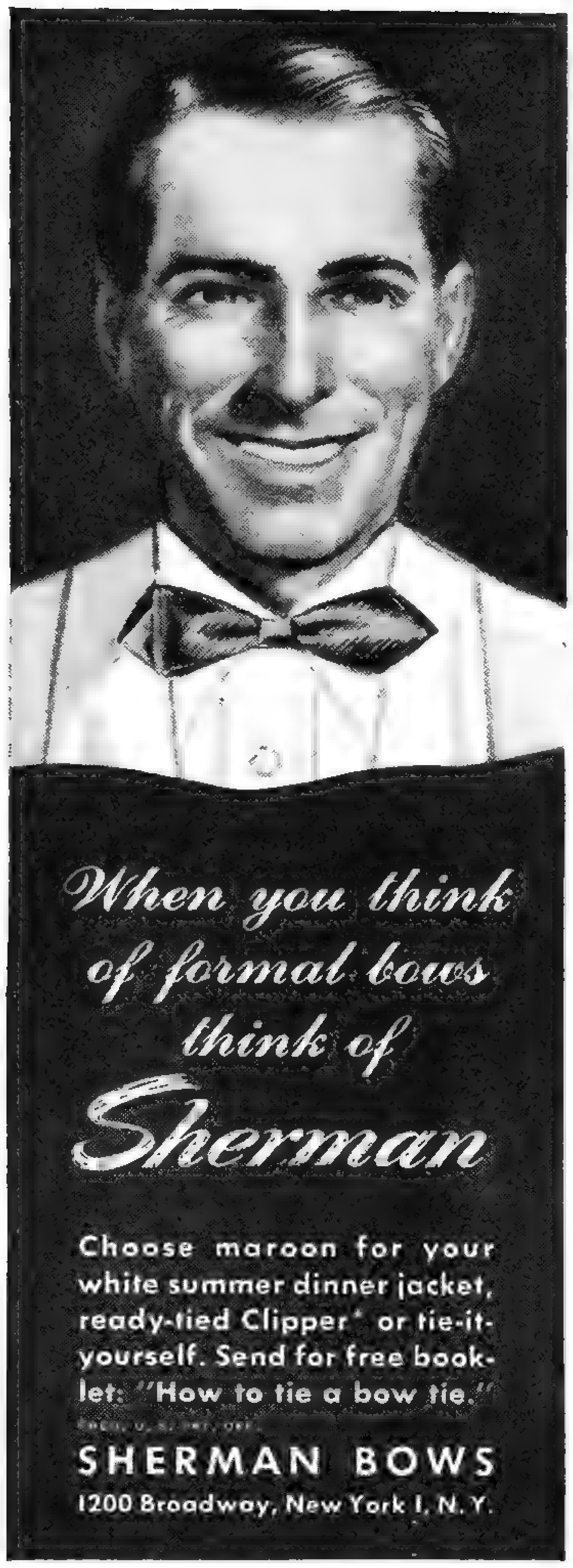
VICHYSSOISE spooners breathe freely at the Chatham Walk, al fresco department of Hotel Chatham, located where East 48th gives Vanderbilt Ave. the pinch-off . . . Salubrious are the fresh scallops à la Vouvray (but clamorous for Vouvray wine) at Le Vouvray, 132 East 61st. And grandiose the bosom of guinea hen with wild rice. But why bother with the menu? Just say, "Good evening, John" or, "Well, here I am again, Henri" as do the habitues of this small, intimate place, and John or Henri will accommodate with a meal that rebuilds the cosmos the way it ought to be.

RATHER than retrench as some bonifaces are doing, cheery Messrs. Leon & Eddie of 33 West 52nd deal out doubles. To perennial Art Waner (such a pianist!) and his outfit, they've added the orchestra of rhumba rustler Ralph Melendez, fronted by emotion-shaker Señorita Carmen — clickers this past winter at the opulent new Palm Beach Leon & Eddie's. And Eddie's story telling and selection rendering are now fraught with two-ply implications at no extra charge . . . At Monte (Hollywood Trocadero) Proser's East 60th St. palm spa, the Copocabana, where Samba Sirens play slinkaboo in bunches, there's a rib-joy over the return of comical Peter Lind Hayes. We've a hunch that this won't be the last time Peter will be a repeater.

DO YOU LIKE garlic but feel diffident about actively divulging that you've partaken of it? Then hie to the Studio Restaurant, 900 Seventh Ave., opposite Carnegie Hall, and have yourself a steak à la Provençal, which tastes of garlic yet doesn't tell the world. Host Louis K. Grief (pronounced Grife) is also justifiably chesty about his Russian-style shashlik, his chicken in pot à la Mom, his cake of the cheese, and his barbecued spareribs—hot sauced before they go on the fire, not after. Cornered, Mr. Grief confesses that concert goers and performers are gluttons for his eatin's, and he waves his hand around the room to prove it . . . No change in the entertainment climate at the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker — continued ice with flurries of lovelies, backed by a warmly breezy band.

PATIENCE pays off at the Headquarters Restaurant, 108 West 49th, operated by ex-sergeants John Schwarz and Marty Snyder who were in charge of chow at SHAEF. If you can't get a table at the moment, you can get a cocktail—same price as in dining room, but vastly bigger. Some thirsters cheat by stringing out the waiting game indefinately . . . Chiropractors must get a lot of jobs from La Martinique (57 West 57th), judging by the crick-in-the-neck we acquired there craning and contorting to gander those seven shapely Martiniqueens, each an eye-banquet, with blonde singer and dancer Chris Kerrigan a dessert item. The fleet feet of agile Allen Knoles are there with the taps, romancer Brett Morrison with the pipes, and maestros Ernie Stewart and Marcelino Guerra with tempos for customer use . . . Fish without frills: The Fisherman's Net, 3rd Ave. just below 34th, has worthwhile hauls of scaly and shelly creatures, soft and hard—live broiled, baked in bag, deep fried, Newburghed, seasoned as per French and Italian traditions, wine sauced, etc. Host Chroneon evidently believes the way to get along with fish is to flatter them.

*For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.*



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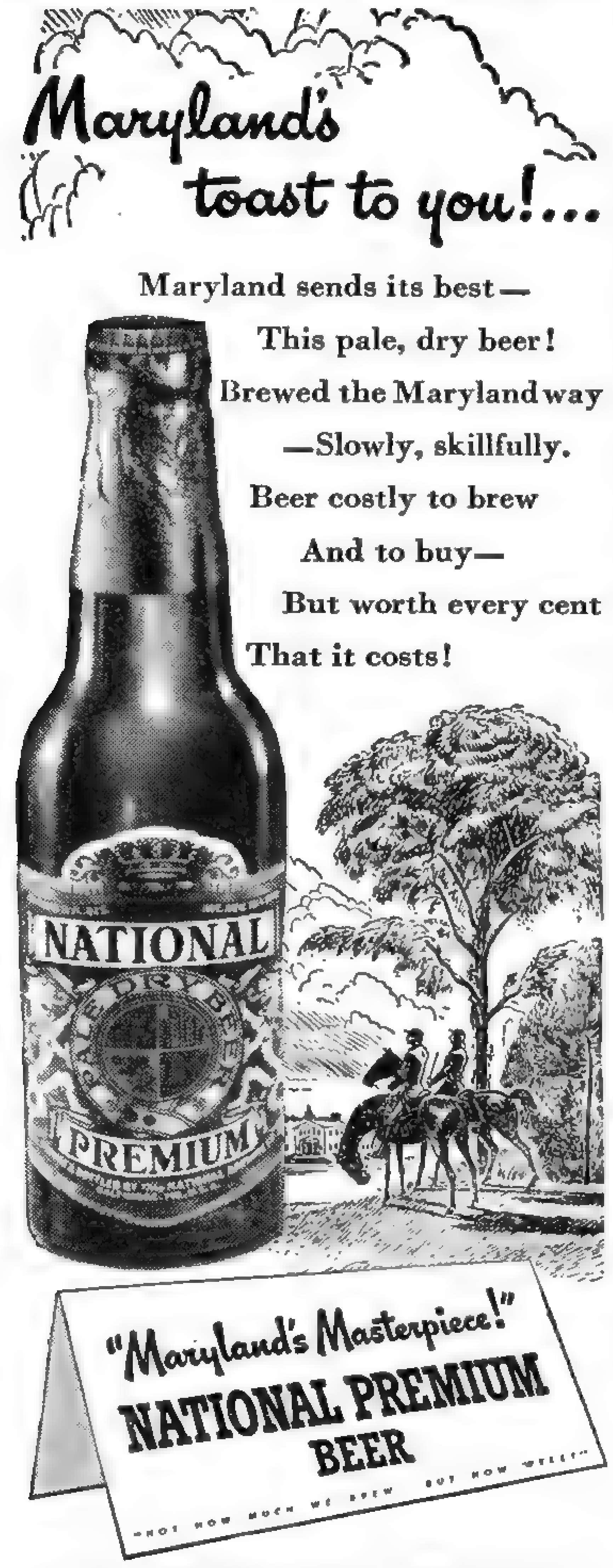

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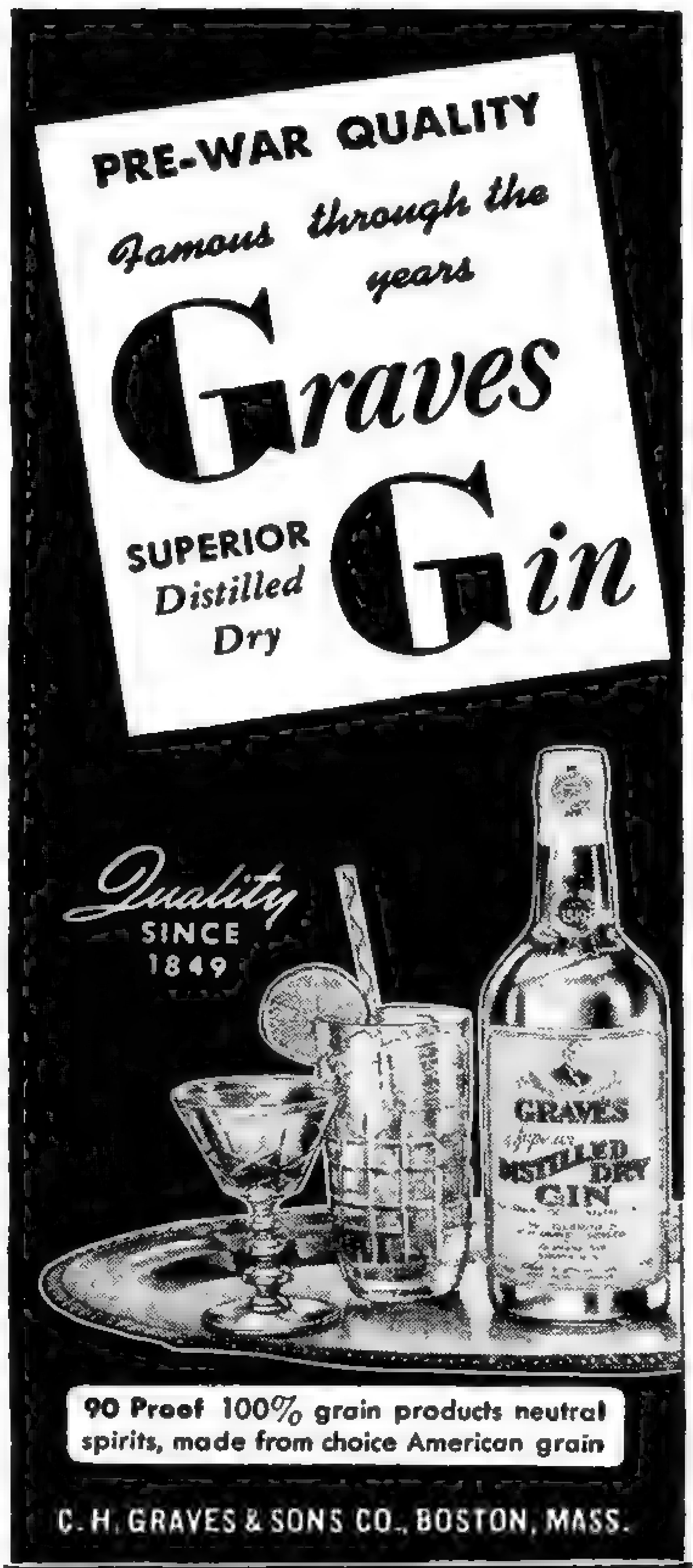

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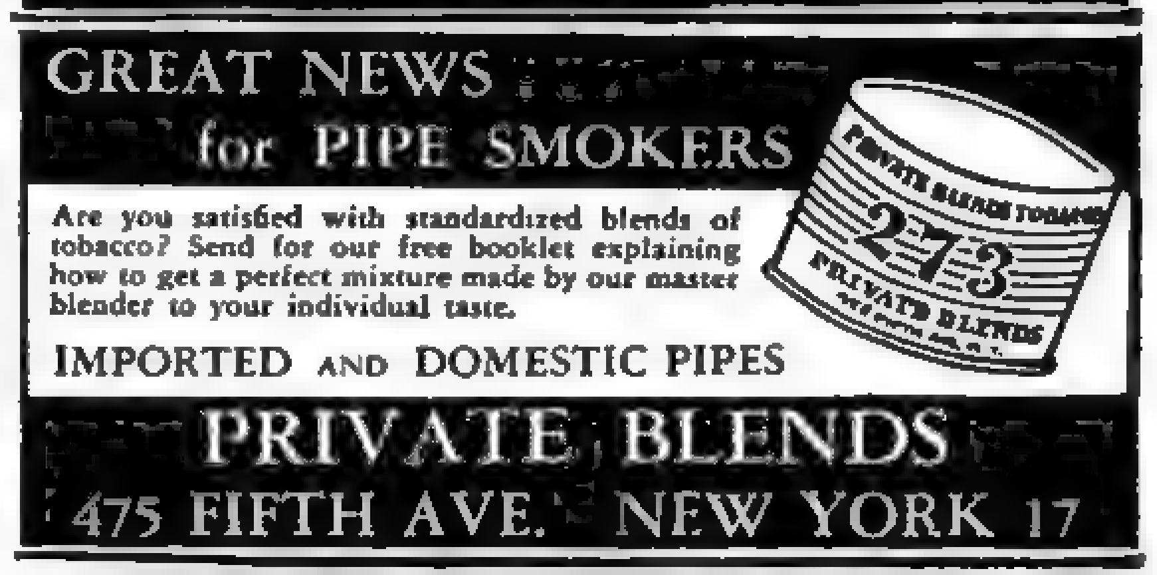

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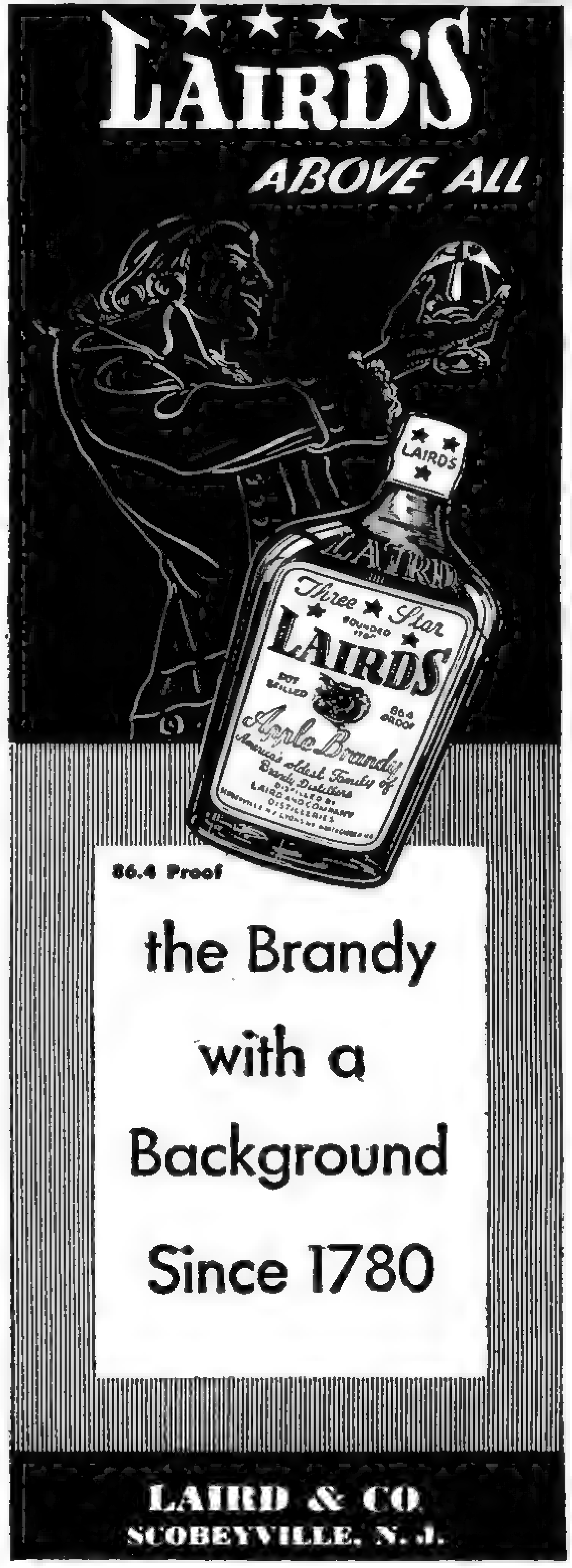

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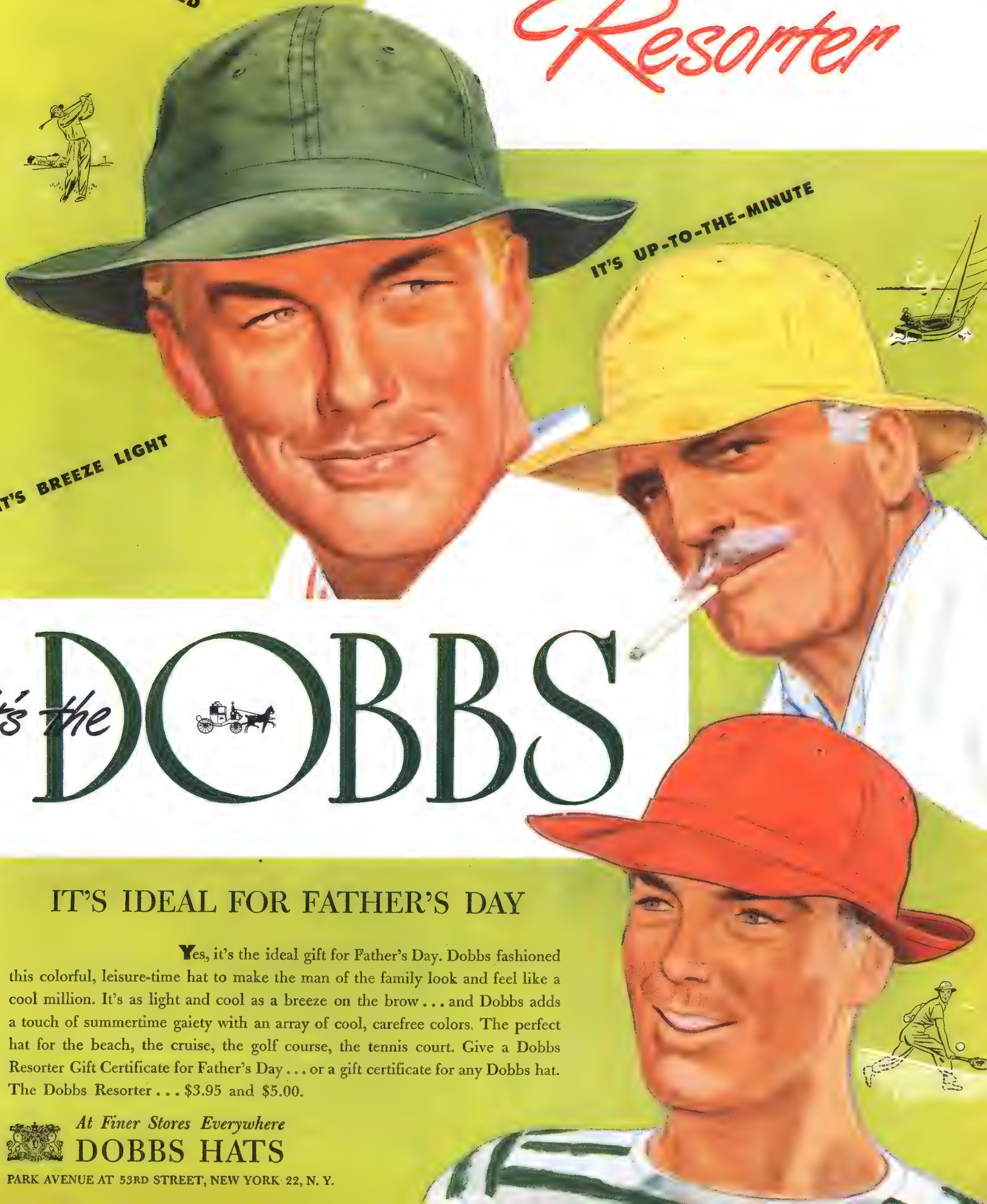

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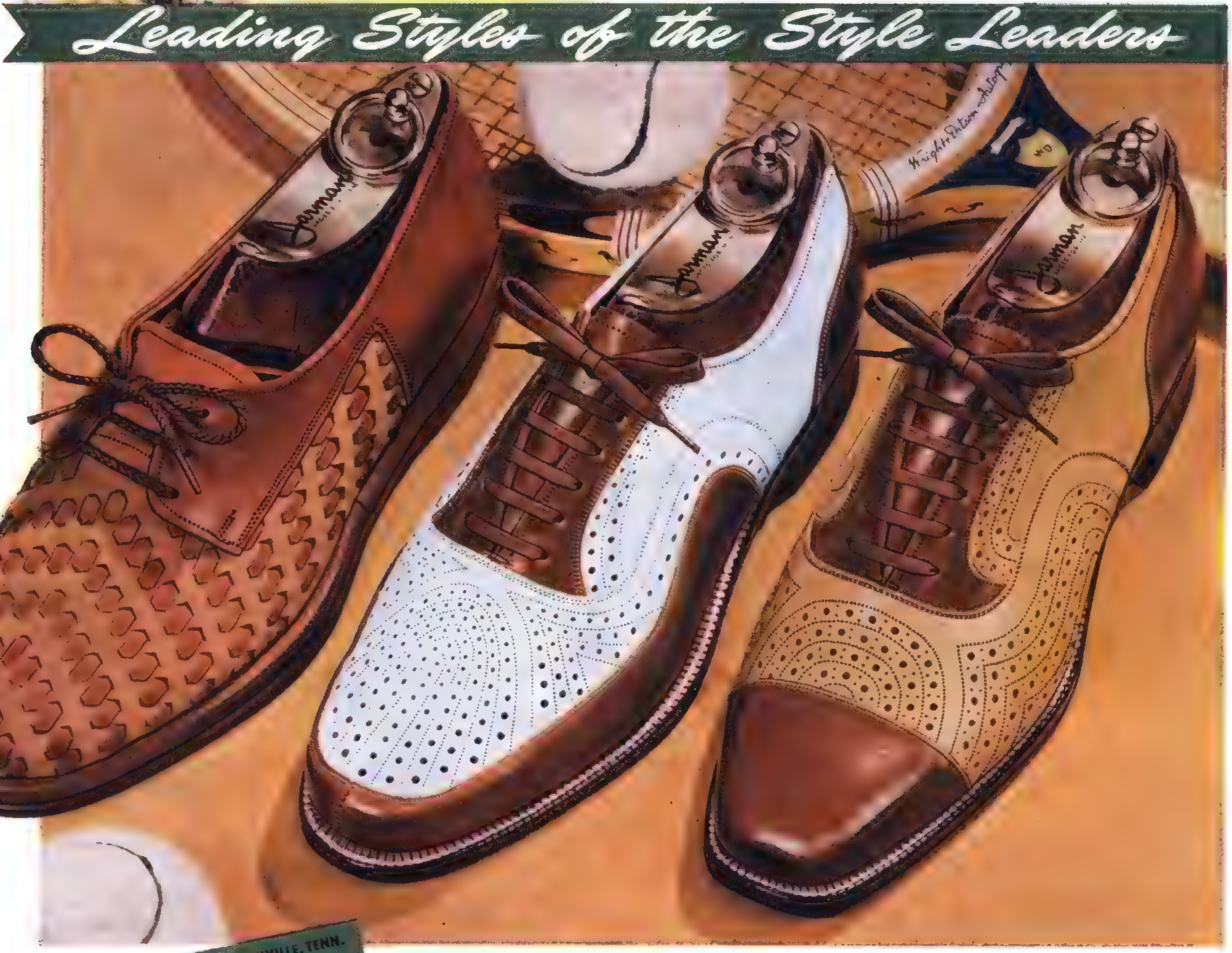
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**LEFT:** Style 5531. Hand-woven. Buck with smart "turf tan" trim.

**CENTER:** Style 5533. Cooling breezes flow in with every step.

**RIGHT:** Style 5536. French toe, ventilated for summer comfort.

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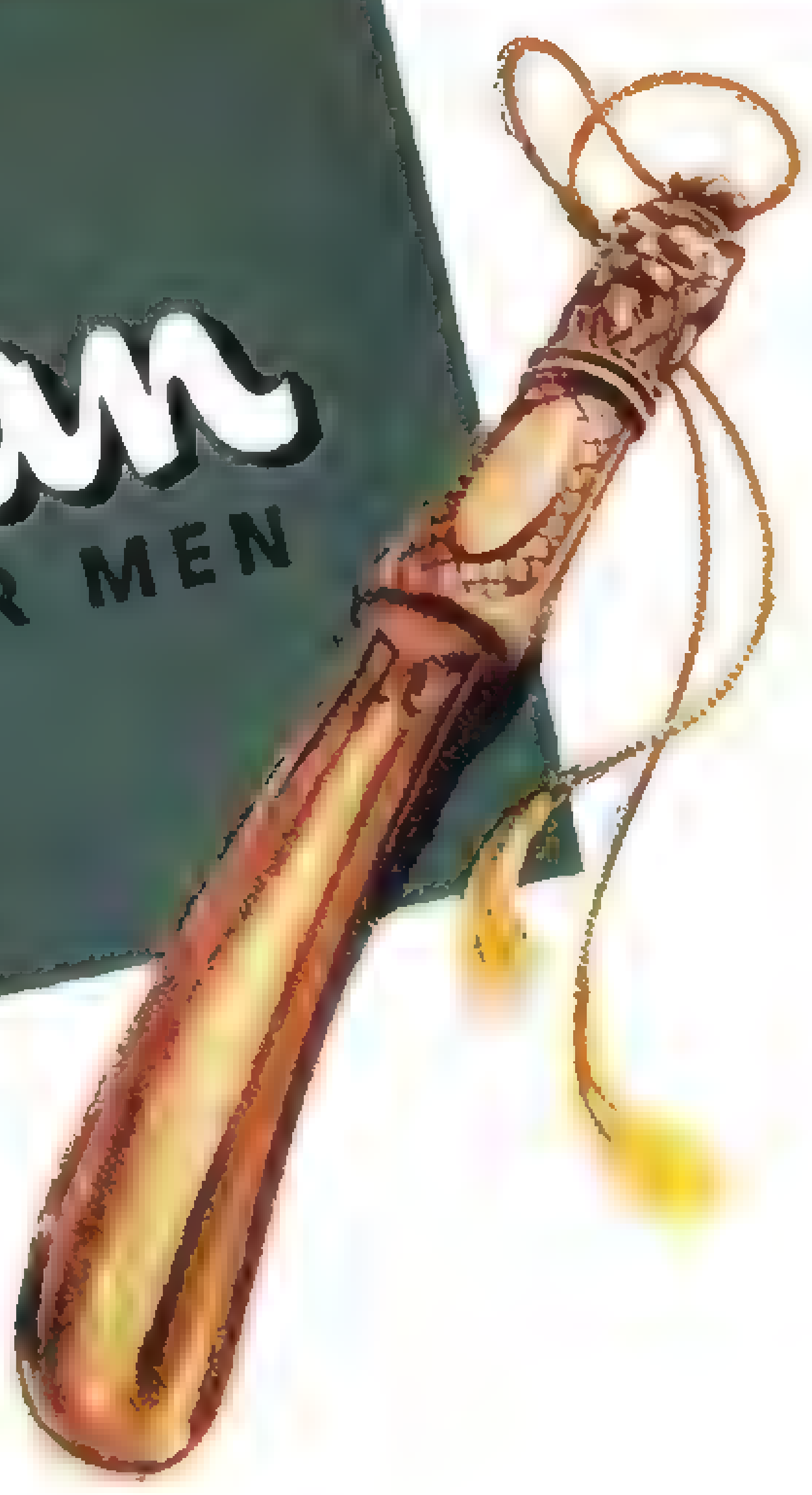
Jarman SHOES FOR MEN



**Symbol of "friendliness of fit," this distinctive shoe horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer. Ten inches in length, finished in gleaming 24-karat gold, with plastic handle and golden cord.**

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# Painting the Town with Esquire

BIG CHIEF Vincent Astor's starchy tepee, the Hotel St. Regis, is affording evening air the privilege of mingling with social aura in the hand-painted cupola known as St. Regis Roof. Preliminary whetments are partaken of in the adjoining Penthouse swig suite, whence one treks to resplendently appointed table in the main pavilion, where huge crystal candelabra flank the bandstand, effectively occupied by snazzy-rhythmed Paul Sparr and associates, who alternate with the Maisonette Quintet. Provender fetched and flourished by the minions of maître John Kroll is such as your gullet can go for without fear of demeaning itself. Ditto the wines stashed deep down in the St. Regis cellars, ordered by remote control.

TOMATOES with French dressing are a floor show dish at the Bal Tabarin, 225 West 46th, American outpost of the Montmartre can-canning industry . . . Splice possibilities are broached, and knotty problems sounded out, in cabin corners of the Whaler Bar, Madison Ave. & 38th. Daily sailings . . . Maestro Bill Cooper, who sings at his work, is dispensing after-dinner dansapation at the Essex House's magnoolious Casino-on-the-Park. Earlier, he furnishes music to eat to. But weekends you're up and dancing from the time you sit down.

SCOOPING the Museum of Natural History, zoologist Nicky Quattrociocchi of El Borracho (51 East 55th) has enriched his bar embellishments with a "genuine" stuffed unicorn, alleged to be the only unicorn ever bagged in Central Park. The Siamese Fish, headed at both ends (its mother was frightened by a Staten Island ferry is Nicky's theory) couldn't ask for better company, nor El Borracho barstool perchers a sounder excuse for a repeat order — whistlingly cut in on by Tom the scampish mynah-bird, Nicky's feathered cahooter.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S pet monster, the Empire State Building, wasn't even a hole in the ground when, across the way at 18 West 33rd, there opened up a seafood stube and pig's knuckle salon entitled George's — dark wooded, thick chinawared, dedicated to heaping portions at painless prices. In the course of its suds-sluiced career this establishment has had plenty of chances to expand or go grand on its friends, but still refuses to. Fodder favorites range from fresh-shipped brook trout sauté, broiled scrod (cod, jr.), swordfish, shad roe, and broiled live lobster to roast beef, steaks, sugar-cured ham, Irish spring lamb stew, schnitzel à la Holstein, and corned beef à la cabbage. To the best of our knowledge and experience, no tumtum has ever been two-timed at George's.

MANLY palm enfolds lissome date to the music of Sammy "Swing and Sway" Kaye at that handy spot to land your helicopter, the Roof of the Hotel Astor, Broadway's official flattop, most of it enclosed against weather hazards. As per success pattern of previous years, swaysive Sammy's follower, June 16, is keyboard sensationalist Carmen Cavallaro and the able gang gathered around his piano. Thirty-nine banquet halls, booked practically solid for months to come but bypassed by rushers to the Roof, are additional reasons why this strategic caravanserai is in for a busy summer.

ADDING up his score with the aid of his abacus, chow mein mandarin Lum Fong finds he has been on West 52nd Street seven years, and thrice that long at his other headquarters, down on Canal Street, where motorists about to hit the bridge for Brooklyn stop in for a bite and succumb to the charms of his egg rolls, spice-sauced butterfly shrimps with bacon, braised duck, sweet and pungent spareribs, and suchlike mantraps — duplicated at Lum Fong's uptown. Wags will kindly refrain from the greeting, "Lum Fong no see." Mr. Lum's ears have had 21 years of it . . . Greenwich Village host-impressario Jimmy Kelly remains unruffled over the arrival of warm weather, with the prospect of warmer. His place is air-conditioned and its revues are ostrich-fan-cooled.

*For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.*

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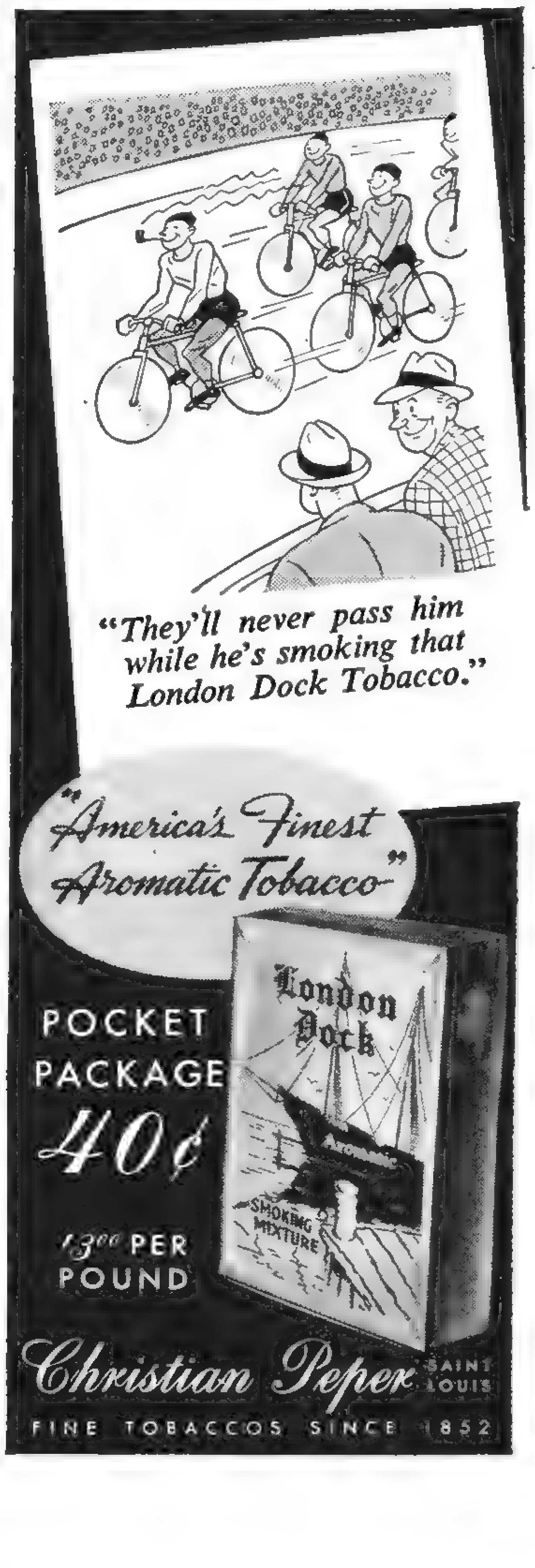

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# Painting the Town with Esquire

FACED with a dough disposal problem brought on by its small Monkey Bar's huge popularity, the Hotel Elysée—select residential hostelry at 60 East 54th—has splurged on a new Elysian Room, serviced by de luxe kitchen schemed and supervised by goateed culinary classicist Vass. U. De Lo-Padua, erstwhile assistant to the great Escoffier at London's Hotel Savoy and subsequently marshal of pots and pans at New York's old Knickerbocker of flavorful memory. Monsieur De Lo-Padua, who has kept young by eating what he preaches, came to the Elysée from a downtown luncheon club of high-tension Wall Streeters, whose hasty bolting of fastidiously prepared dishes gave him the shudders. To enjoy good food one must relax and take time, says he. Which is what the gracious mooded, mahogany paneled Elysian Room is geared for, with solicitous maître Lars Nordvik as suggester of dishes and recommender of wines. Digestion couldn't ask sweller cooperation. As for the Monkey Bar, crammed from cocktail time on with sipping listeners to droll ditties, their favorite entertainers continue to crop up at the piano. Five o'clock caroler Linda Sage is also heard later in the evening along with leer luminary Jack Arnold, minxie Virginia Mason, and sassy Justine Wayne. Topics kidded melodiously, with the audience joining in the choruses, would bowl over your Aunt Beula.

MUCH regarded Griff Williams and hoof blandisher Mischa Borr are manning the music at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, enabling expansive diners to work off calories taken on, and keeping supperers supple . . . Hip hypnotist Noro Morales and his crew at the Havana-Madrid (Broadway at 51st) have got that exotic-atmosphered oasis well oscillated. For the famished, there's paella like grandmother used to make in Valencia out of chicken, sea food, and Hispanic rice . . . Nutriment isn't puny at the Tiger Lily (141 East 45th), tidy spot chatelained by Mrs. Barbara Kelly with amiable Eddie Ebler as her Man Friday. Gentry of commerce who lunch here stroll back for dinner under pretext of having forgotten something, even if it's only a drink.

EARS ATHIRST for jazz of the Dixieland, or two-beat, style gather their fill of same in the antlered chumminess of Nick's, 170 West 10th at 7th Ave. On the loose in this history-making hangout are the treasured talents of Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, et al., giving the rafters a lift. Anyone who happens to recall a need of sustenance may obtain hamburger, chops, or steak to sink a happy tooth into. And there's a bar so ample it's located on the bias.

BEING practical men, not dabblers, mealtime inmates of the Grotta Azzura Inn, 387 Broome St., tuck carefully spread napkins under their chins before attacking ruddy-sauced Lobster Fra Diavolo — a house specialty as glorious as it is messy. Other eminently devourables that lure depleted people to this trig basement in the heart of Manhattan's Little Italy are steamed clams with olive oil and garlic, veal kidneys with mushrooms, linguine with mussel sauce, chicken Cacciatore ("hunter style"), Pizzaiola steak, stuffed artichoke, and spaghetti à la Grotta Azzura—truly a treat to tangle with. Since nothing on the menu, from antipasto to rum cake, would associate with ice water, recourse is had to wines, Italian and American, both red and white. On many tables you'll see gala pitchers of wine with sliced fruit in them, an idea which an unscrupulous stranger might crib.

OZONE à la Champagne: Dick Flanagan's Monte Carlo (Madison Ave. at 54th), ideal summer resort unless you crave sand in your shoes, provides wholesome exercise to the invigorating rhythms of Dick Gasparre and rumba bestirrer Maya. Knife and fork activities, always a pleasure in this sumptuous place, now have the special inspiration imparted by the artistry of chef de cuisine Gaston Chevalier, copped from a rival establishment with loud boastings and crowings.

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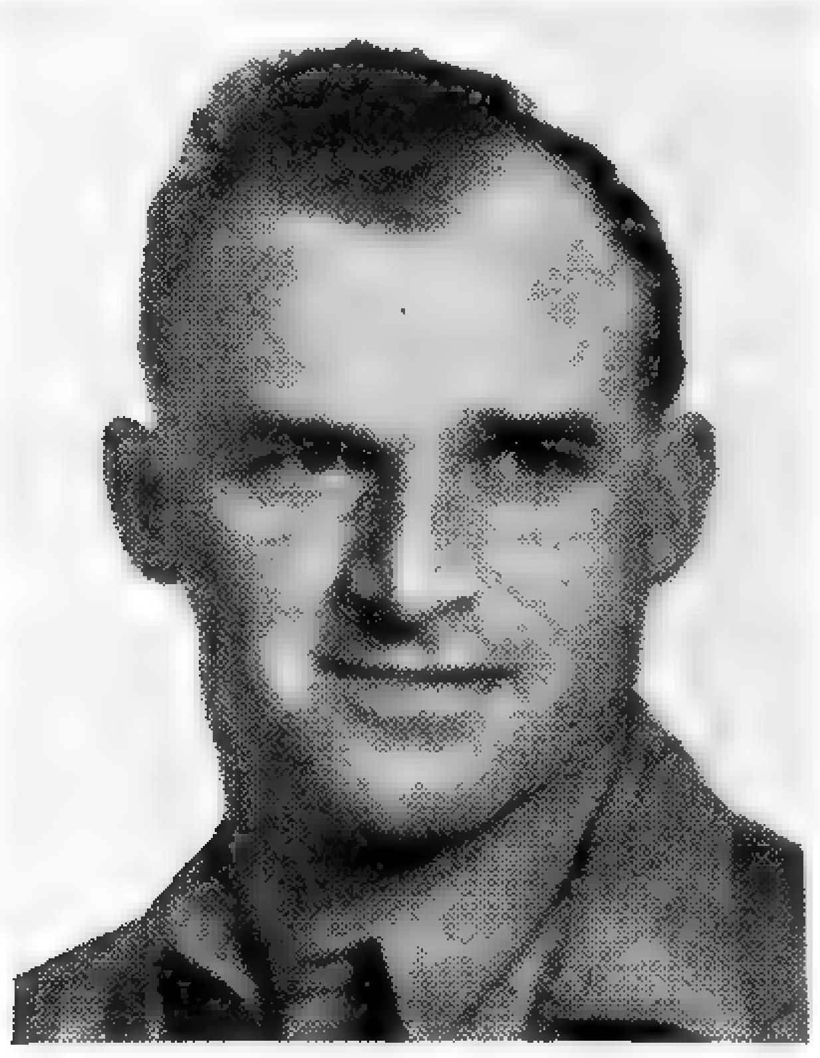
# Backstage with Esquire

Emidio Angelo

**EMIDIO ANGELO**, whose cartoons appear in most issues of Esquire, studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (he's a Philadelphian) where he won two prized European scholarships. Like the clown who wanted to play Hamlet, Angelo yearned to do serious art, but popular demand for his cartoons derailed that line of thought before the ink on his European diplomas had dried. Aside from his irrepressible drawings in this magazine, done mostly in pen and ink, he has a syndicated newspaper cartoon panel called *Funny Angles*. A home-movie enthusiast, Angelo's favorite actresses are his wife and two daughters, aged seven and three. While vacationing with his friend Burt Lancaster last summer, he made a movie titled *Kidnap*, written, produced and photographed by Angelo. The film departs from Hollywood methods, including the fact that it has no love interest. A collection of his cartoons will be published in the fall. (Angelo cartoons start on page 55.)


D. N. Knight

**D. N. KNIGHT**, author of *All in Two Seconds* (page 89), confesses that as an ex-horse artilleryman, Navy man, steelworker and rigger, heavy-equipment mechanic, shovel runner and dragline operator, and lumberjack, his great ambition is to avoid becoming an ex-writer. Now attending Humboldt State College in Eureka, California, he remarks: "When I first registered here the children accepted me on the assumption that I was the last living member of the class of '09, returned for a spree before passing on. Now some of them are beginning to think I was merely a backward child."

**A. E. HOTCHNER** writes: "The only memorable event of my childhood was that at the age of five I was starred in a one-reel comedy, *The Itching Hour*, which, so far as I know, was never shown anywhere. I was graduated from the Washington University College of Liberal Arts, where I had been editor of the campus literary magazine and had terrorized the faculty into regarding me as a radical. In 1940 I was graduated from the same university's School of Law, which I considered a great bore. I practiced law for a couple of years, then entered the Army Air Forces. During service I collaborated on a musical comedy which toured the Southwest, attended officer candidate school and after an assignment with the AAF Antisubmarine Command, spent the rest of my time on the staff of *Air Force*. I got to see a lot of the ETO and was discharged in August, 1946, with the rank of major. On my first day as a civilian I returned to France, intent on doing some serious writing. I found it was considerably easier and more interesting to exist among the French without a uniform, but living conditions are meager and exasperating. I think the pleasure-bent Americans who are jamming the boats to Europe this summer are going to get a terrible jolt; most of them need it."

Paul Corey

**PAUL COREY** worked his way through the University of Iowa at Iowa City, waiting tables in a boardinghouse and wangling a job in the university library, with the imposing title of Geology Librarian. After graduation he tried various kinds of writing, first in Chicago, for a community newspaper, and later in New York, for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In 1928 he married Ruth Lechlitner, poet and critic, and they sailed for Europe to spend the winter on the Riviera and travel in Spain and England. Mr. Corey's first stories were published in the "little" magazines; his first novel, *Three Miles Square*, appeared in 1939. Something of the pioneer enterprise of his ancestors who came to this country around 1640 inspired him to build his own house, a nine-room fieldstone structure, situated on a mountaintop on his New York farm. That was a decade ago and he is now building another home in California. Incidentally his books include *Buy an Acre* and *Build a Home*.

Earl Coleman

**EARL COLEMAN**, a thirty-one-year-old New Yorker, says: "I wrote off and on, through college, through a nation-wide ghost-writing business and through five years in the Air Force, during which I piled up enough backlog playing poker to permit some leisure when I got home. On discharge, we parked our son with my parents-in-law, and my wife and I set out for a hitchhike tour of Mexico and Guatemala. When we got back she said: 'As of now you're a professional writer.' Since then I have put in an average of five hours a day at the typewriter; I learned that if I were going to wait for inspiration I would wait my life around—and learned also that everyday people are rich in material. I am contemplating doing a novel on the characters in *A Time to Every Purpose*."

While nursing an ambition to become a newspaper reporter, **JOSEPH HARRINGTON** (*The Tenth Edition*, page 66) ran a freight elevator, worked in a machine shop assembling an electric gadget by the thousands (without ever finding out what they were), and assisted the assistant electrician in a great hotel. He was fourteen when he got into the profession of journalism, "not exactly as a reporter right away, but I was rubbing elbows with some of the most famous, being privileged to bring them ham sandwiches, illegal gin rickeys, loan them money and lie to their wives over the phone. After a staff cut decimated the reporters a police card was shoved into my hand and I was told to go down to Wall Street where a bomb had just killed a great many people. When I telephoned my story, a harried editor said he'd never heard of anybody named Harrington and hung up. For the next twenty years I chased news and pictures, covered murders, fires and scandals. Once I wrote a daily column—oh, boy, a columnist at last!—until the managing editor came back from a vacation and read it. I eventually quit newspaper work to write fiction. I am married, have two children, live in Connecticut."

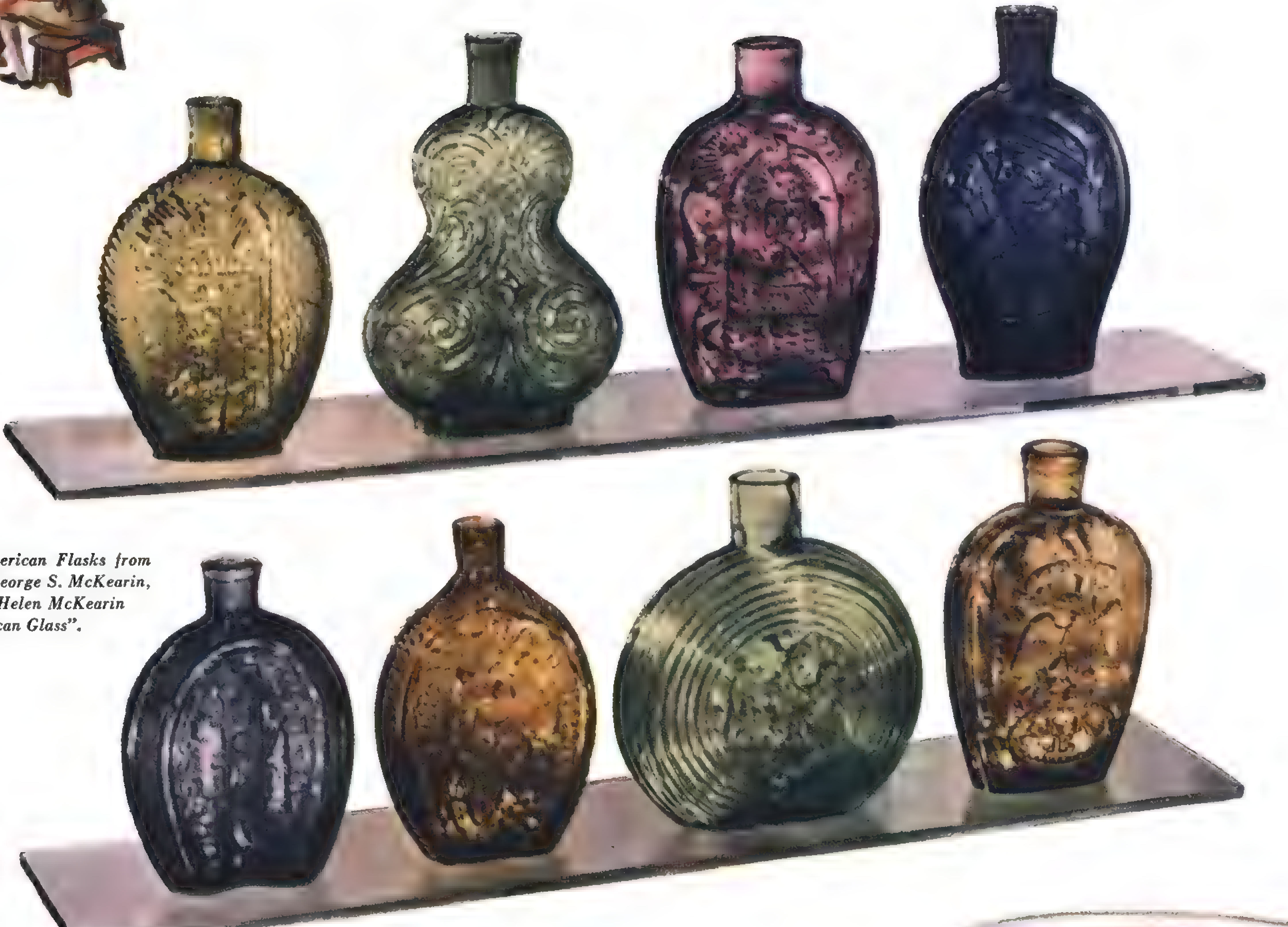
Waverley Root

**WAVERLEY ROOT**, journalist, author and radio commentator, specializes on international politics as a result of thirteen years as a foreign commentator in Europe. During that time he was news editor of the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*, then worked successively for the United Press, *Time*, the Mutual Broadcasting System. Concurrently he was staff correspondent for the *Politiken* of Copenhagen until 1940, when the Germans invaded Denmark, and his job for the Mutual network terminated with equal abruptness two months later with the signing of the Armistice in France. His books include a two-volume *Secret History of the War* and *Casablanca to Katyn*. He was decorated by the French for his work in interpreting France to the American public.

Booth Mooney

Upon his release from the U. S. Army Air Corps in '45 as a captain, **BOOTH MOONEY** returned to Dallas, Texas, with a New York wife and a San Francisco business partner, both acquired in the Army. He is presently engaged in public relations, handling political campaigns. He says: "My Army service was spent principally in upstate New York which was about as foreign to me as New Guinea could possibly be. Before that I attended officer candidate school at Miami Beach, an experience I wouldn't care to repeat. Before that I was an Army private at Sheppard Field, Texas. And before *that* I had been born (1912) in Wise County, Texas, the county seat of which is a town called Decatur, famous as the origin of the dice players' ejaculation, 'Eighter from Decatur, County Seat of Wise.' I began working on the home-town paper when I saw seventeen, and eventually became associate editor of a regional magazine in Dallas which featured heavy pieces on economics and social problems."

American Originals



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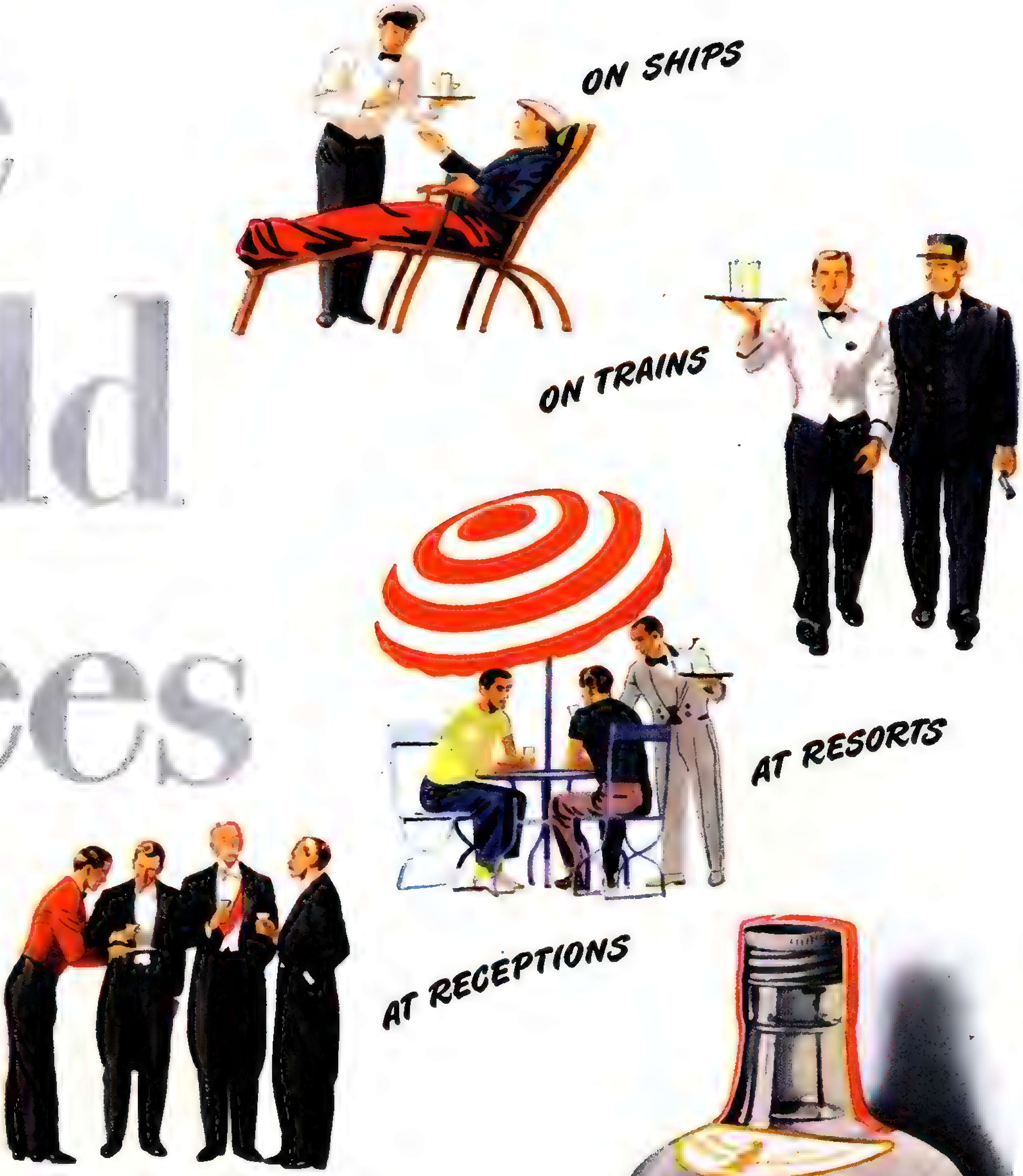
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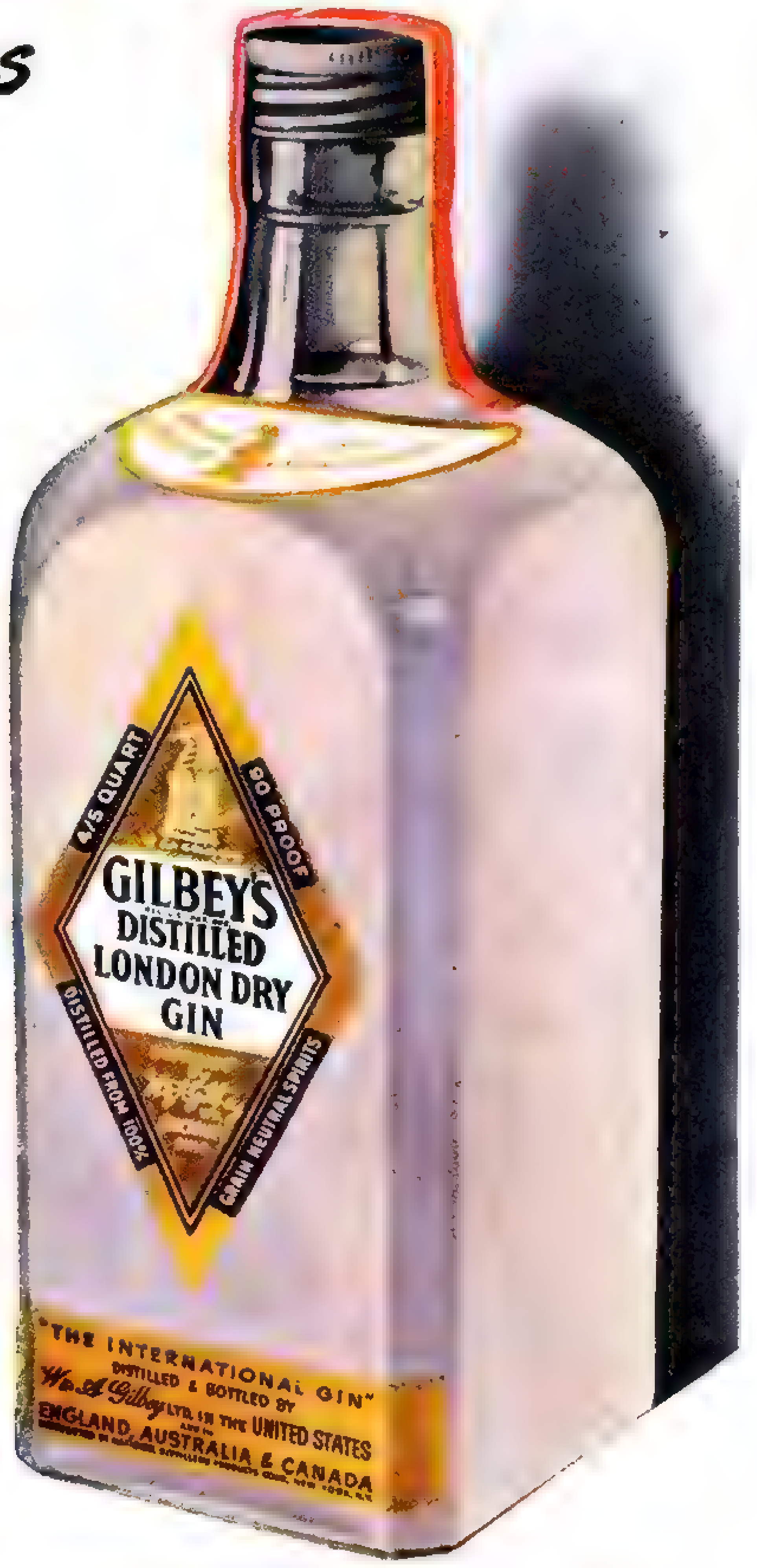
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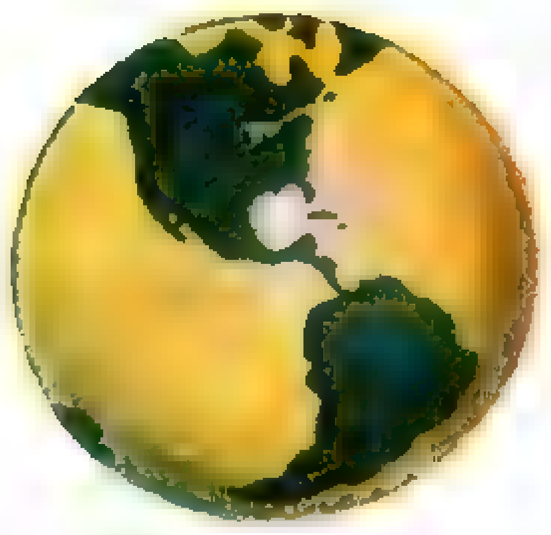

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**"Clean It Up, Girls" is our man's exhortation to those pornographic female authors who are lousing up the campaign for literary freedom**

# This Man's World

### by PAUL GALLICO

It has been my misfortune in the last couple of months to be exposed to some modern novels in the line of duty, and having taken a bath after plowing through them, I will now state the theme of this overture, namely that the female of the species is not only more deadly, but likewise a good deal dirtier than the male, and I am wishing out loud that the little ladies with the literary libidos would cut it out, because they are lousing up the business for everybody.

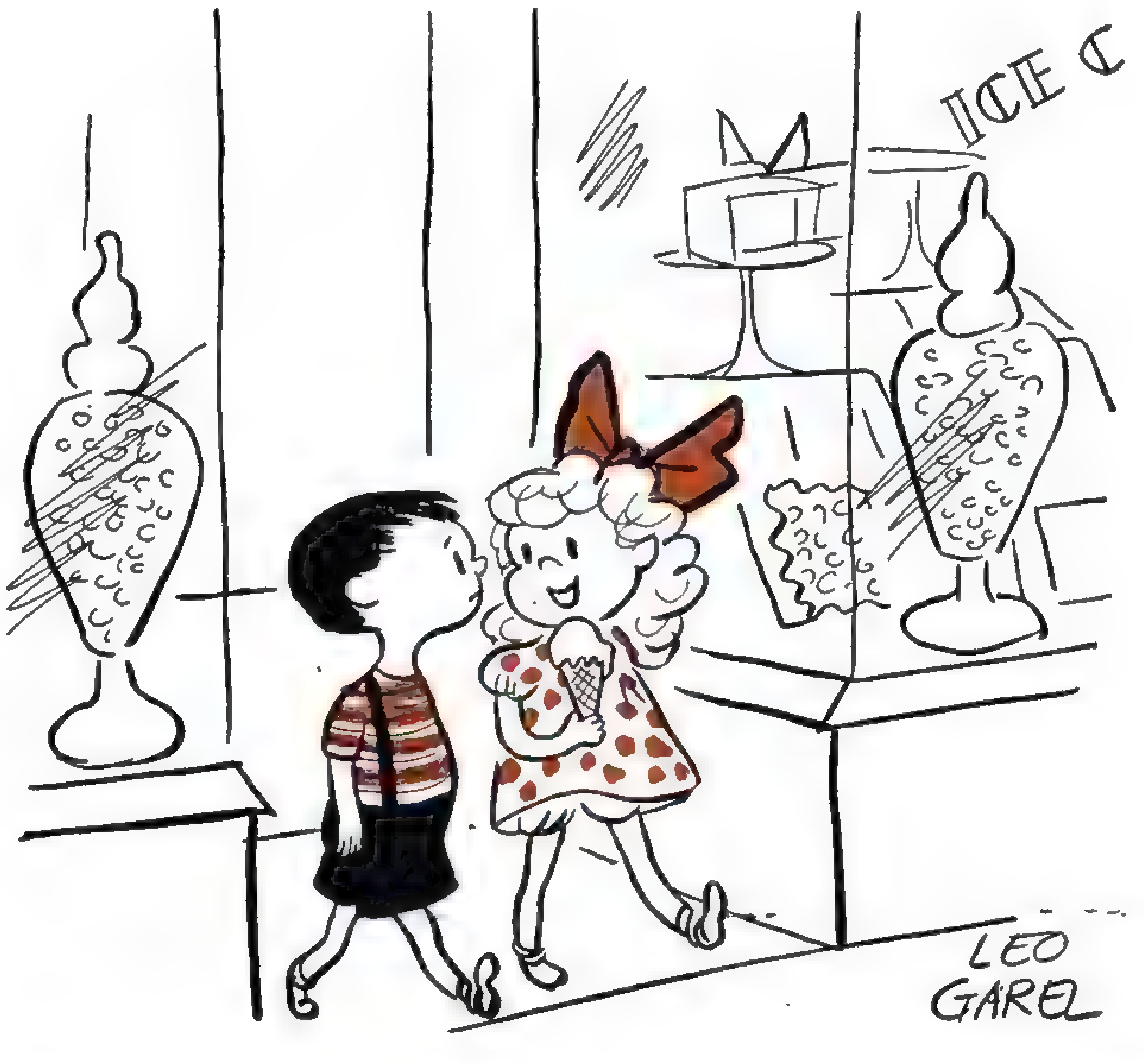
You need not shift your eyes on the page and go seeking the titles of these books or the names of the babes that perpetrated them, since this would come under the head of free advertising and would defeat the purpose of this complaint. And in this I am doing you a great favor, for actually this type of sexual-psychopathic stinker can be no more than a waste of money and a crashing bore to anyone who has progressed mentally past the age of the privy mural. The gals haven't discovered anything new or interesting in copulatory lore. They just like to rehearse the same old details and see the words on paper.

When the lady authors have something serious or moving to say, I am all for them abandoning their inhibitions and giving the old portable what-for. But when a manuscript demonstrates little more than a case of arrested development coupled with a desire to experience a cheap thrill *and* get paid for it, my devout suggestion is that they find release by going out to Coney Island and getting picked up, and stay away from typewriters and nice, clean, unsullied white paper.

There is an idea behind these oblique fulminations and it grows out of the fact that I am in the author business myself, though I have not yet found it necessary to peddle watered-down pornography to make a living. But someday I may feel the need of writing a piece in which human functions and the complex emotions resulting therefrom are a legitimate part of the tale, and I will wish to tell it without prudish or hypocritical reserve, and honestly hold the mirror up to life.

Now there have been many such books and many such stories and they have not had an easy row to hoe in our puritanical community. It has taken years of struggle, striving and battling to confine the wowsers and self-appointed guardians of the public morals to the reservation of the private mental cesspools they inhabit, and keep genuine literary endeavor and the honest poetry of expression out of their slimy clutches.

We have made progress, and today it is possible to write books designed for other than the Elsie Dinsmore trade without the writer being clamped into the pokey for nudging the repressions of some psychoneurotic capon with police powers. But I maintain every time one of those female literary drabs outs with a tuppenny paraphrase of *Moll Flanders*, or a deckle-edged version of *Only a Boy*, dressed up with a plot and dialogue and aimed at the supreme commercial and market triumph—interdiction in the city of Boston—the cause of *belles-lettres* gets set back 25 years.



*"I hope you realize it isn't every girl who would rather have an ice cream cone than a mink coat"*

Not that men aren't likewise guilty of emptying these folio-numbered slop jars in public, but as one looks over the publishers' lists and culls the reviews, it is obvious that this is a game for Jill rather than Jack, and that she is the worst offender and has much the filthier mind, for which perhaps she is not totally to blame. A gent plagued by a nubile itch can always tiptoe down to the local rookery and request the company of Nell.

Literary freedom is a beautiful and precious thing and should be jealously guarded, and that is really all I have in mind when I respectfully but firmly request the little ladies who have discovered that a dramatization of the one about the farmer's daughter and the traveling salesman can be whooped into a sale of 130,000 with the aid of an equally avid publisher, to cut it out and quit fouling the nest. Beyond a naïve and awe-stricken approach to the everyday phases of bedroom acrobatics, most of them cannot write a hoot and even if their novels find their way into the hands of an habitual lip-licking pornographist, the long, tedious interludes between the passages dishing up the dirt are just too tough for him, or anyone else, to take.

One little wench, who recently hit the lending libraries and the Knowing Leer Circuit with a new opus, served up a half-dozen or so al fresco or extramarital affairs, the seduction and deflowering of a toothsome virgin, the failure of a similarly proposed seduction due to the lamentable impotence of the seducer, a passage devoted to a description of self-abuse, the priapal boasting of a series of incredibly concupiscent and dirty-minded gentlemen characters and a fond but tedious dwelling upon the details and establishment of a private bagnio.

All of these supposedly titillating shenanigans were sandwiched about a set of dull and quite incredible characters and a tale that was *schmoos* of purest ray serene and, if anything, more tedious than the one which caused the judge who was forced to read a copy of *Forever Amber* in order to render a decision as to its lubricity, to fall asleep after ten minutes of tangling with La Winsor's prose.

Open the window, girls, and let in some fresh air.

### Oh, My America

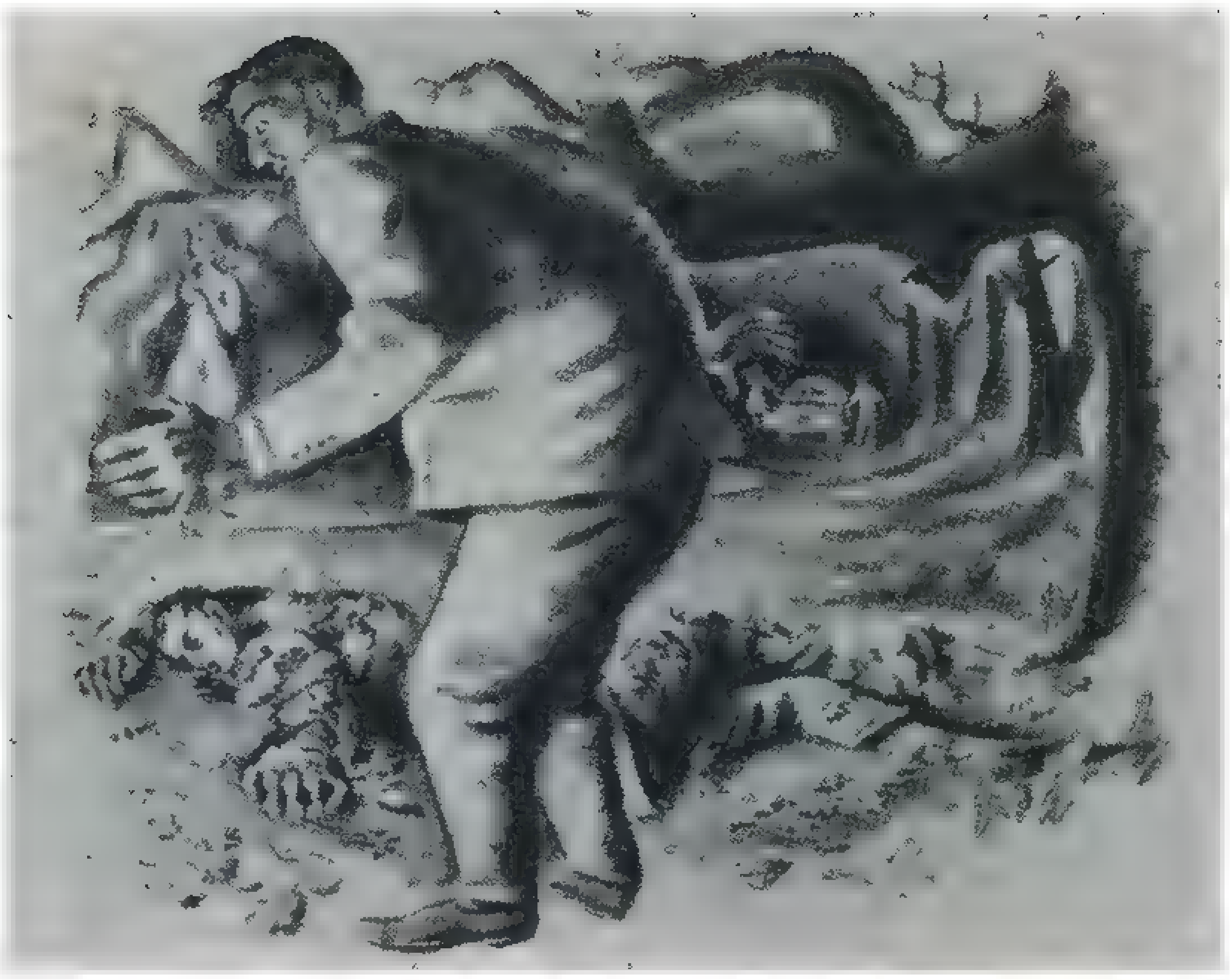
Several of this month's essays (in fact, this very one) were prepared aboard the rattler between New York and Washington where business led me on a Sunday afternoon, and this department set up shop in the lounge car of the train known as The Embassy, plying between the two cities. This kind of work calls for no more complicated equipment than a whiskey sour and a portable typewriter in the order named. The whiskey sour is not even habitual, but is sometimes indicated on a Sunday, following a rough Saturday night.

Well, what I am trying to get at is that here (*Continued on page 161*)

# Sudden Autumn

**The road was clearly marked, but the car was moving too fast and the curve was too abrupt; there was a smashup**

### by PAUL COREY


SIMPSON

Black-and-gold road signs with glass-dot reflectors for night drivers warned of the curve from both sides well in advance. Along the outside of it stood seven hard maples painted white to the height of a man's head. From morning until late afternoon their shade reached beyond the white line dividing the two-lane, light grey pavement.

At night, lights from a car passing along the outside of the curve struck full on the third tree, and then cut the other four trees as it swung the bend of the road. Lights from a car passing along the inside of the curve struck the fifth of the seven maple trees and slid over the other two abruptly.

Shortly after midnight a car came along the outside. It was traveling at great speed. Apparently the driver was not familiar with the road; apparently he did not see the curve-warning reflector signs. The machine rode far out on the edge of the pavement even before the turn was reached, and the lights struck full on the second tree instead of the third.

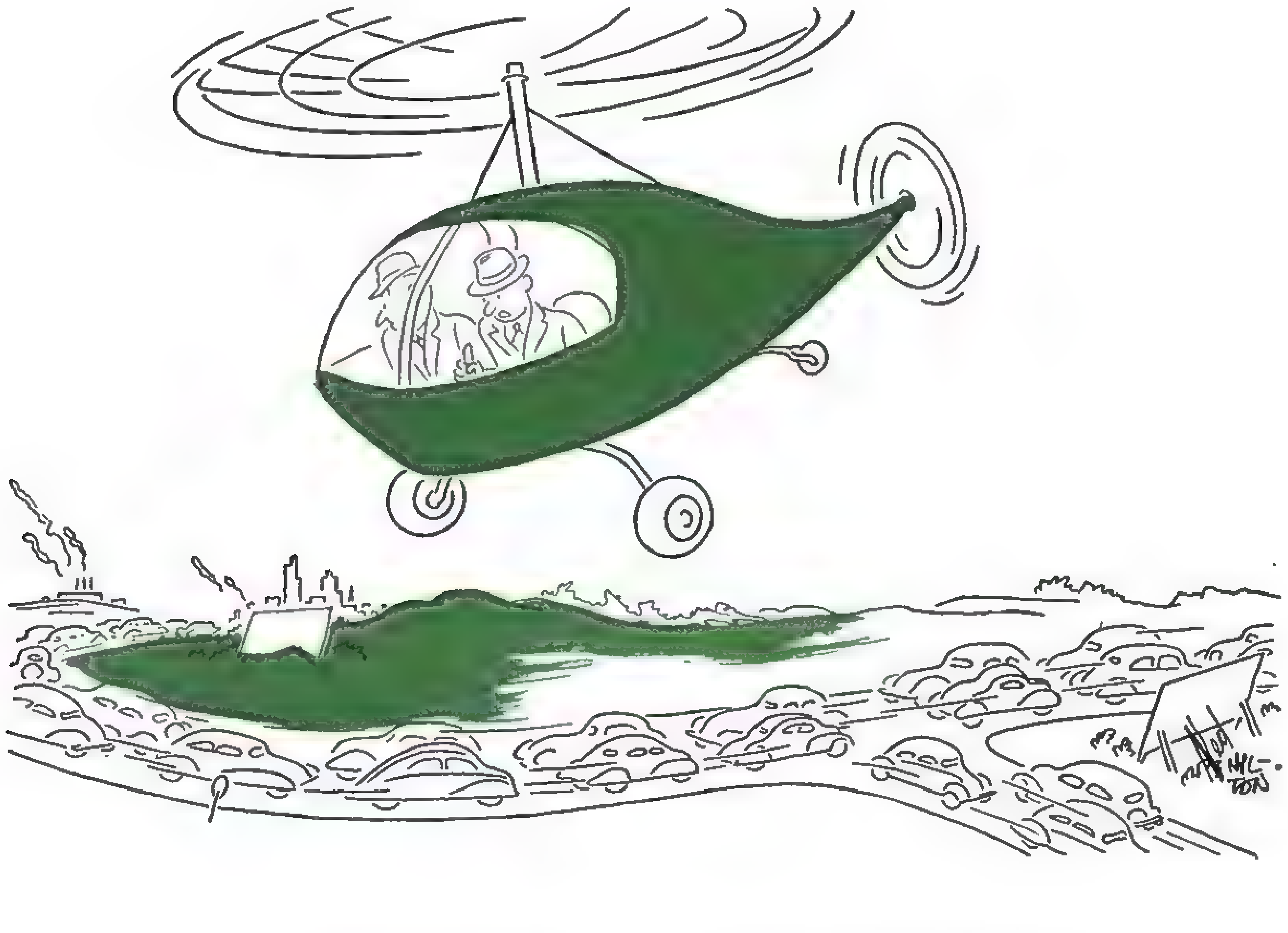
For a trembling instant the right wheels balanced on the tightrope edge of the hard surface. The imaginary centrifugal cord stretched; the tires hissed on the grass-mottled gravel of the road shoulder. An unnatural magnetism seemed to draw the right front fender of the speeding car toward the white column of the fourth maple.

The man at the wheel, a very good driver, neither jammed his brakes nor whipped the steering gear. His conditioned reflexes gauging the curve expected the car to slip past the tree trunk with a sigh to spare.

But the normal two-tone mass of the machine and its three occupants, increased a thousand times or more by the eighty-one-mile-an-hour speed of the total, had too great a pull on the center of the circle of which the curve was a part. The driver's reflexes had never been tested on such a curve, on such a mass in motion at such a speed.

Right front bumper and fender made violent contact with the white column of the maple. The impact lasted continuously for two seconds. Radiating outward for at least a thousand feet the earth quaked.

The right front bumper end sprung, but the headlight, the front fender, wheel, body portion, door, as well as the door, fender and wheel on the rear were sliced off as if a giant drop-forge had stamped out some strange new postwar model. Not until the rear bumper end met the tree did the headlong thrust of the car change. The tip caught on the gashed trunk, clung fractionally, and flung the machine sidewise across the road, the cross section revealed startlingly clean.


*"I won't ride in them—they're not safe"*

It staggered and careened for a hundred feet, spun, teetered, and twisted. The remaining headlight lashed its beam about with crazy exuberance. Then rearing like a struck animal, the car disappeared over the far side of the road in a second metallic crunching, and the last light went out.

Two crashes, the one when the car struck the tree and the other when what was left of it disappeared in the ditch, were the only two distinctly audible sounds that broke through the stillness of country night. But mingled with them was the thud of a body landing in the field beyond the curve, the rattle of stones as the severed rear wheel hurtled backward, striking a yard wall, and the sharp tinkle of shattering glass.

Action and reaction of the accident could have been plotted almost mathematically. Only the tree behaved with seeming strangeness. After the first impact and the second crash, there followed the rustle and whisper of falling leaves as the fourth maple shed its foliage, greenness raining down, circling over a body sprawled across the white line that divided the highway. The tree stood, alone among the seven, bare-branched against the moon in its third quarter as if struck by a sudden autumn.

In the upstairs room of a house topping the sloping lawn above the curve a light came on. A face appeared briefly at the window. The light went out in the room and a moment later the front door glowed dimly from a stairway light turned on above it.

A man, medium tall, hair showing thin against the light behind, pushed open the screen door and came out into the dimness of the porch. The blue and white of his pajamas showed beneath his coat; the bottoms of his pajamas extended beyond his trousers, folding over his leather slippers.

Five cocker spaniels followed the man out on the porch, the screen door bumping five times. The man and dogs hesitated a moment on the step, staring in astonishment at the leafless tree; then they started down toward the yard gate and the road. Walking with a slight limp, as if his foot were asleep, the man led the way and the dogs fanned out behind him silently.

As they approached the curve, a car came from the opposite direction, throwing light over the circle of freshly fallen leaves, over the body sprawling across the center line. The machine swung out dangerously to avoid the body and came to a stop a little beyond with a screaming of brakes.

Car doors exploded open; two men sprang out and ran back toward the body on the road. They reached it just as the man from the house stepped from the bank to the fourth maple. All three stared in perplexed awe at the body beneath its gentle blanket of new leaves.

One by one the cocker spaniels jumped to the top of the yard stone wall and sat there silently watching the three men. The moonlight gleamed on their silky coats without revealing their color, except that one was spotted.

"What happened?" The voice was hoarse, one of the two men from the second car asking the question. "Who got hurt?"

The man from the house mouthed a moment before saying, "Must have been an accident. It woke me up—out of a sound sleep. They hit the tree." He touched the gash on the fourth maple, then hastily withdrew his hand.

A tardy falling leaf floated down and found its place among the others.

Shadowy faces turned and out of each peculiar face-shadow eyes stared at the one wheel, the crumple of tin and the angle of door by the tree, blanketed with leaves as if they had been there a long time. Lights warned of another car approaching along the outside of the curve, coming slowly, speculatively.

It slowed to a stop. The flare of light fell on the body beneath the blanket edge of leaves. Faces came out of deep shadow, and eyes saw the spreading pool of darkness on the pavement gleaming in the light, floating a fleet of leaves. Over the far bank the crumpled end of the cross-sectioned car was cocked like a listening dog's ear.

"Call an ambulance. Better hurry," ordered one of the two men from the second car. "Better call the police." He was a big man and spoke with the authority of one accustomed to being obeyed.

The man from the house lunged across the roadside ditch, limped through the gate and hurried up the yard. For a moment the five cocker spaniels hesitated, looking after him, as if pondering a decision, then they leaped down from the wall and followed silently, tails down.

Passengers from the third car climbed out and joined the two men standing on the road. Mass courage increased and they drew nearer the body, staring. A fierce crimson light glowed against greenness.

"God! Looks like his face's a mess."

A throbbing movement in the leaves and on the dark pool near the neck attracted attention.

"He's pumping out."

A green leaf lay across one eye like a blindfold patch and another lapped over the man's mouth like a slipped gag.

Two more cars slowed to a stop and the passengers joined the crowd.

"What happened? Was it hit and run?"

"Hit that tree. Knocked all the leaves off."

Eyes stared up at the bare branches. A deep breath.

"God!"

"Jeez, he must have been barreling."

"There's the car over the bank."

Several of the crowd went to examine it.

"Hey, there's a guy still in it."

"We'd better get him out."

Three men bent into the cross section of machine, then hastily drew back.

"Better leave him there."

"Won't do no good to take *him* out."

They returned to the side of the road. Others went to have a look and came back, standing silently. Car lights flooded on white, drawn faces; occasionally a foolish grin trembled around sick lips. Back in the shadows two women stood whispering.

FRANK BEAVEN

***"We ought to be coming to water pretty soon"***

A man slipped and crawled over the stone wall from the field beyond the curve, but the crowd only paid scant attention to him. He lay on the bank a moment, rolling slightly; then he staggered to his feet and stumbled to the edge of the pavement, standing, swaying, a dazed look on his grey face. Then he sat down beside the road, folded his arms across his knees and rested his head on them.

Eyes turned casually toward him and were drawn again to the body on the road; someone laughed nervously as the newcomer closed his eyes wearily.

"Too much for one guy."

"Why don't he go if he can't stand lookin'?"

But he was the third occupant of the wrecked car. However, the little crowd didn't know that. He had come out of the shadows and they thought of him as someone living near by. On the stone wall above him, sitting again in a row, were the five silent cocker spaniels. The man from the house had returned and stood once more by the leafless fourth maple.

Several people still stood a few feet away from the body on the road, mostly silent, staring. In a quiet moment came the sound of someone being sick farther back along the highway. The amount of curiosity, awe, horror and revulsion was about normal among the little group of onlookers.

Among the leaves on the dark pool by the body the pulsing movement had slowed. There was an almost imperceptible quiver of the face muscles as if the man were annoyed by the eye patch of leaf and the slipped mouth gag.

A car coming from the opposite direction pulled well out on the shoulder of the highway and stopped. The driver's face looked tanned and solid in the edge of lights which flooded the scene. He wore a black Homburg, and a glowing cigarette stuck from his heavy lips. A patch of tuxedo lapel gleamed in a crevice between grey topcoat collar and white silk scarf.

Beside him sat a girl staring intently at the leaf-mottled body on the road, her heavily mascaraed lashes never quivering. Her face had a porcelain firmness; her lips shone dark red, almost black in the brightness.

Then she moved swiftly, flung open the car door and sprang out. She stood birch tall and slender, a fox-fur evening wrap draping her shoulders; her hair seemed to flame up like a faint fire in the mixture of moonlight and car lights. Quickly she stepped around to the front of the machine, and the headlights shining through the pale green mistiness of her evening gown revealed her slender limbs to the thighs.

An audible catching of breaths jerked through the little group near the body. Her shadow fell across the face of the man behind the wheel of the car and when it shone in the light again, his tan was visibly greyer, his cigarette sagging.

She walked resolutely across the pavement, her golden open-toed slippers flashing among the new green leaves. They tread in the dark glistening pool without hesitation. A man gestured in warning, in protest, but his lips only moved soundlessly.

The girl crouched with easy grace and stared at the leaf-patched face on the pavement, at the fierce red dappled with green. Her eyes never wavered; the porcelain stiffness of her fine features never cracked.

The little group of onlookers seemed bursting with breath.

"My God!"

"She had to see it!"

"Jeez, some women can stand a lot."

The pent-up breaths were gone.

For a moment the girl continued to crouch, staring, her pale green gown flowing about her. Then her slender hand reached out, fingernails as dark as the dark pool on the pavement, and with almost touchless gentleness she lifted the leaf patch from the man's eye and the gag of foliage off his lips. An infinitesimal sigh quivered through the broken body and the movement of leaves on the dark pool ceased.

The girl straightened up. Her eyes, gleaming like the glass reflectors in the roadside signs, looked up at the leafless tree. Her hair for an instant seemed like the color of maple leaves painted for autumn and ready to fall. A faint smile twitched her dark lips as if she recognized some kinship between the strange behavior of the tree and her own actions.

"He's dead," she said quietly.

From the west curve of the highway came the wail of the ambulance siren.

The little group of onlookers turned angry eyes toward the sound.

"It took 'em long enough to get here," growled one of the crowd.

The girl turned back. Dark stains showed on the edges of her golden slippers and when she stepped in a bare patch of grey pavement her feet left tiny gleaming sole prints. Again her slender limbs moved against the lights of the standing car as she walked briskly around to the far side and climbed in. The door slammed.

White-coated interns came out of darkness behind newly arrived headlights and approached the figure on the road. A trooper began methodically directing traffic, and the cars crept reverently past, tires sweeping little paths in the fresh-fallen leaves. ⋕

**An afternoon at the fights as reported by Eduardo Jayen, extra first-class fellow, one years correspondence-school English**

# Bull in Afternoon

### by EDWARD NORTON

JON CORBINO

In these country, wich are Spain, we combat many Bull. With exception Lottery where peoples hope somethings for nothing, Bull are National Game. Then, bull meats is very good, for it are strong and wealthy with vitamines wich doctors discuss these days.

Now I will make report of affairs because yesterday are celebrate original scrap of season. Before commence the feast of Bull the Coliseum is saturated by numerous aristocratic publics. There is no place left to put a pin. Many beautiful lady is spectators. Many gentlemans of ugly sex failing sittings, especially on side of sun, stand on feets. Band of magnificent musics replete atmosphere with accord of trot foxes.

Everywhere peoples is shouting and bawling and making spasm of hands. Then come into Ring five mans with red shirts who is called wise monkeys. They do not belong to Corporation of fighters. They make menial task; and spectators make jokings of this poor fishes and invite them to return to family houses and eat large quantity of fried onions.

Now, distinguished President of Fight gesture with hand and face and First Fighter Club emerge with silk blue pants and coats of many sweet color. All publics is on feets and tribute to noble Club stupendous ovations. Band of musics is frenetic making a jazz.

Number 1 Bull are ready. Animated by poke in hind rear by sharp instrument he come forth into Ring. Then he stop, stroke ground with hand and growl. Also wag the tail. He look spectators with ferocious eyes—big like fists. Spectators greatly cockeye and suspended all breathings for these Number 1 Bull are very brave. He are black in colors. Also sharp in the horn.

One gentleman of Club display a garment of red clothes at wich Number 1 Bull advance. Unfortunately, these Bull wich is very arrogant disregard red garment and pursue said gentleman wich ran like a rats and escape. There is moment of stupor. Terrible silences. On all sides ashes of cigarettes is heard crashing to floor. Spectators immediately deplore retreat of bullfighter. Bull are now very vex. Publics now in colossal uproar and give Bull many applause.

Gentleman Chief of Club proceed forth to attack enemy and passport said male bovine animal. Cyclone of applauses greet Chief as he proceed forth. But these disgraceful mans make absurd moves with saber and only poke Bull in necks. This give terrible pain to spectators. Rough houses wich ensue are monumental. On side of sun spectators make cry like barking of cats. And beautiful young lady spectator break her fan in six pieces and howl, "It are enough to make one take rats poison!"

All sportmans unanimous in demand that Chief of Club and Company retire to hotel or house of grandmother and eat large quantity fried onions. President of Fight, fearing colossal riot, signal to Club to accede to demand of sportmans. Club accept advice and disappear from map. And President of Fight pardon Bull who retire to cage.

When spectators recover serenity and calm, eating almonds nuts and drinking gas water, the Number 2 Bull are introduce. He are also black in colors. Bullfighter gentlemen of Second Club make many classical movement with red garment. Bull begin to be groggy. Bullfighter gentlemans seek to provoke Bull. Then Bull advance with velocity. Two pikemans and horses are knock to ground and wise monkeys remove all from danger zone.

Then, Chief of Second Club who are Mr. Pancho Perez who also ostentate title of Earthquake Pancho, proceed to attack enemy. In stupendous agility, Pancho move rights and lefts and smack Bull on nose. Spectators is electrify. One old man is fainted from excessive yellings and must be carried to House of Succor. Pancho slay Bull with one stroke of saber. Publics implore distinguished President of Fight to decorate Pancho with ears of defunct quadruped. President concede one ear. Many applauses.

All spectators insult deceased Bull as he are pulled out of Ring by horses to be made beefsteak and bone for soups.

Also is arrogant Number 3 Bull and corpulence were formidable. Corporation of Number 3 Club is celebrity's of art. Bull energetically respond. He sock one gentlemans terrible poke in stomachs with horn and roll him on ground to be triturated. Eyes of spectators almost fall out of faces. Gentlemans on ground is lift up by wise monkeys but are much dismayed, seeing many stars. Bull is angry and ready for Chief Gentleman assassin of Club who appear forth amid many applause. These boy are celebrated Pepe Montilla who are known in civilized and noncivilized worlds as incomparable Ace.

First, Pepe place heself on knee and caress muzzle of Bull; then hang hat on horn. This were extravagance of valor and enormous rise to precise top of mountain of glory. Then, not moving feets, he go inside horn, swinging red garment high and low, looking always at publics. Bull display fear of indominitable Pepe. Pepe murder Bull with one stroke of saber. Spectators bursting into thundering felicitations leap into Ring and carry Pepe on shoulders begging President to decorate hero with two ears and also tail of late enemy. These are graciously concede. Many spectators is weeping.

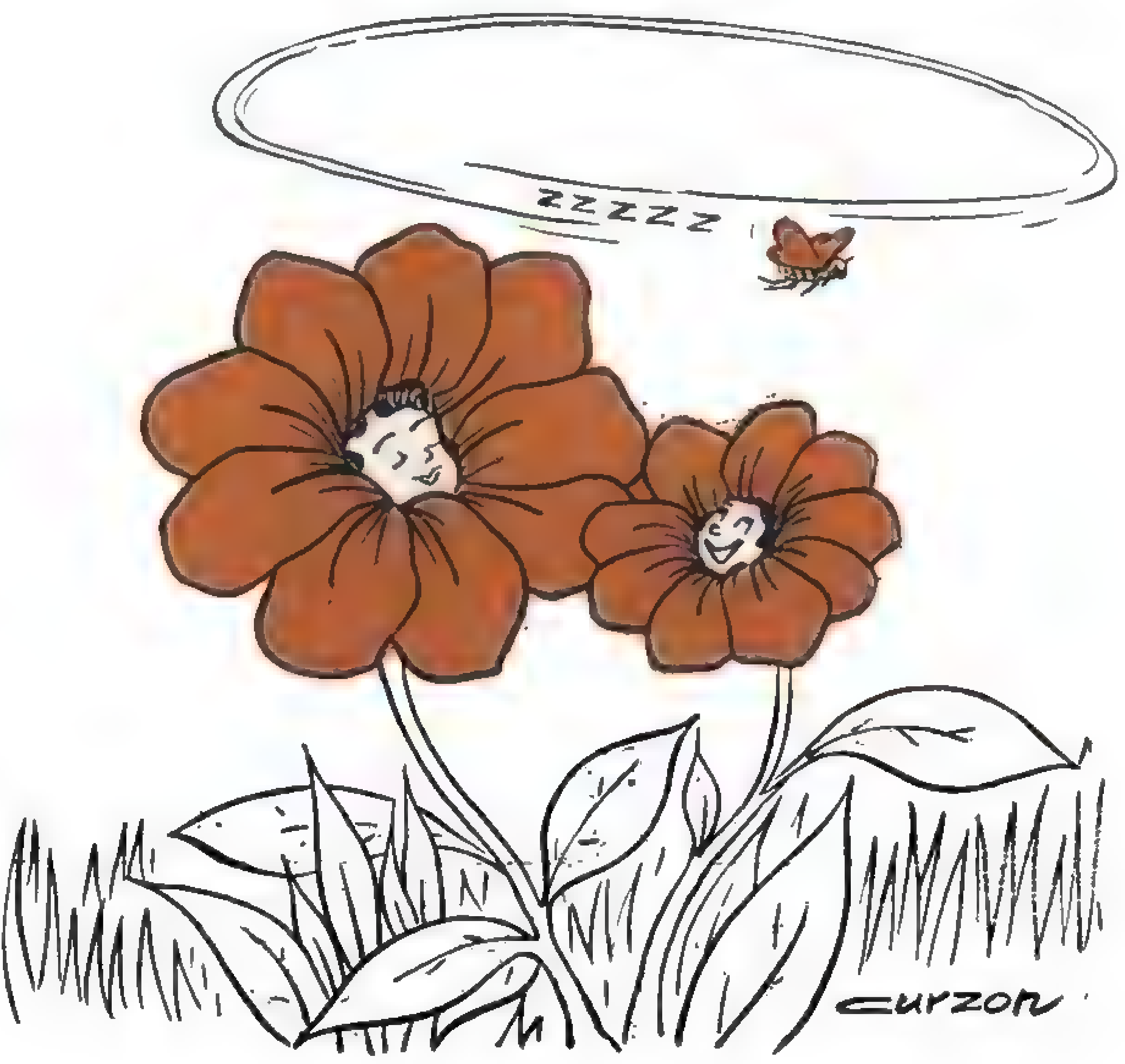
Last Bull, wich are Number 4, gave cause for disgust and indignation. However, there is deafening ovations as Bull decide approaching red garment. He now seem brave and noble animal of 500 volts. But pikesmans is detestable. After four pikes by pokesmans these Bull are very irritated. Bull chase gentlemans of Club all over shop. In confusion, Chief of Club who display a face like a fried egg, lose saber. Then he perform runnings.

Distinguished audience now manifest many displeasure. Some peoples proceed by smashing of chairs. Others insist that all Clubs of bullfighters must be exterminated. Many more declare that immense conflagration shall be made of Bull Ring. Some radical sportsmans on sun side shout that ears of members of Club should be cut off and presented to Bull.

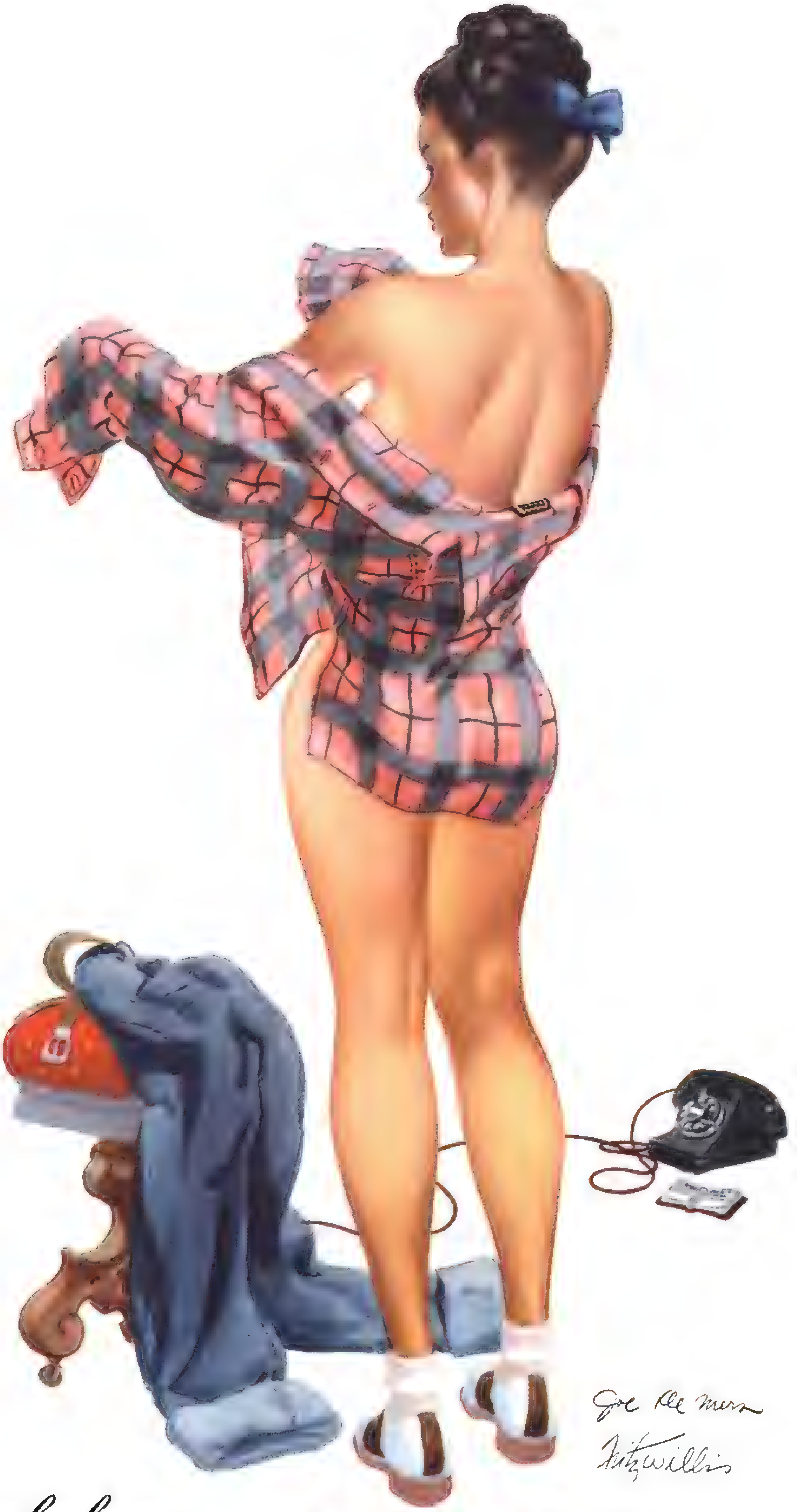
Distinguished President of Fight and policemans exhort audience to preserve calm. Confusions is cataclysmic. President of Fight telephone for Army and Navy to mobilize. Band of musics make jazz foxes. Bull stop running and remove red garment from nose.

Spectators leave Coliseum sadly, crying malediction. Everyone are sad, lamenting dullness of scrap. Spectators return to family houses to tell wifes of unhappy scrap, eat foods and then go to sleeps.

And that is all to be said on these subject. ⌗

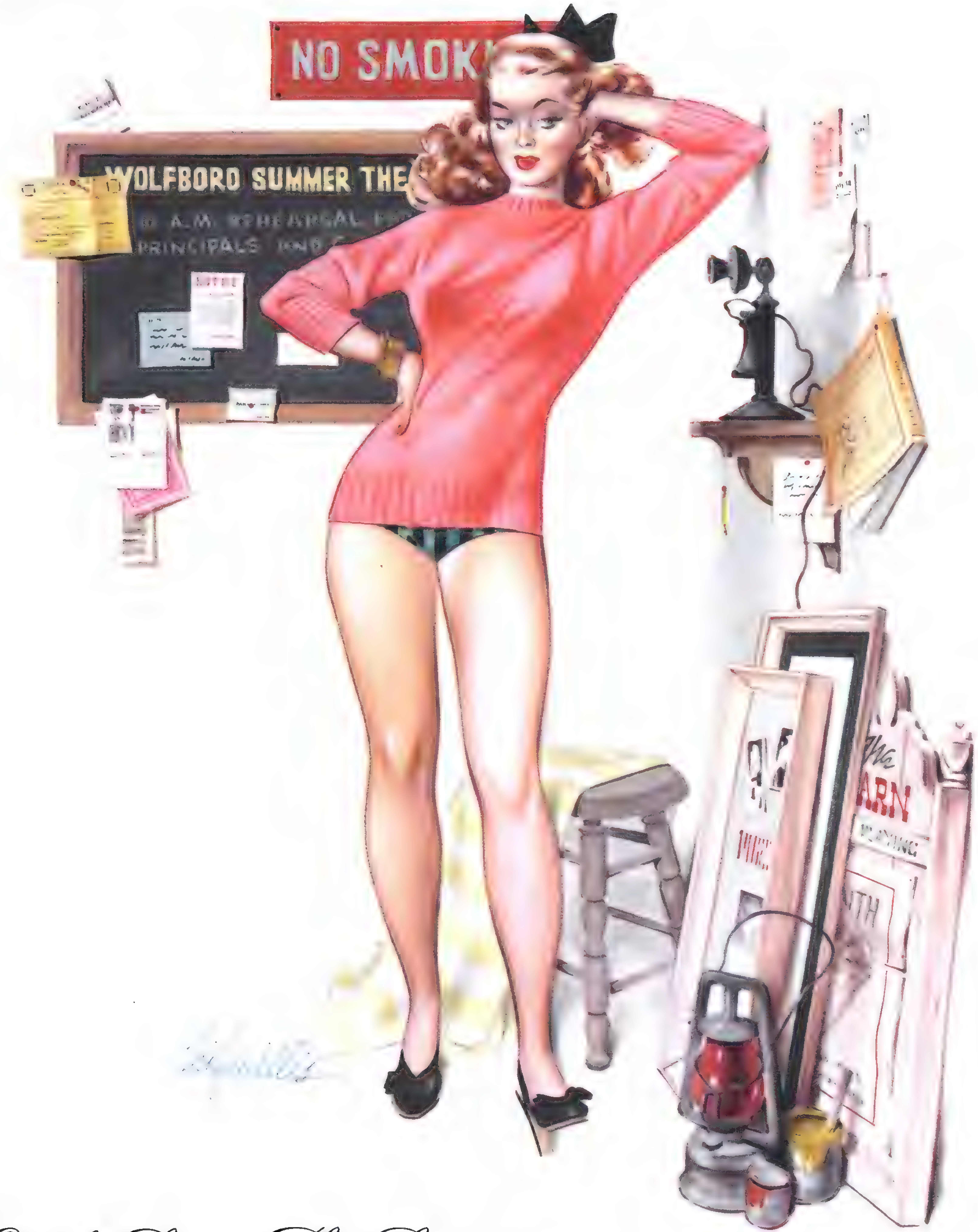


*"Mommie, is that Daddy?"*



# *Nonchalance* by FRITZ WILLIS & JOE DE MERS

The dress habits of younger generations are admittedly subject to change, but not so their basic attributes, we are happy to note. Alarmists may observe our teen-age Esquire Girls with their characteristic myopia, but gentlemen with half an eye will soon become converts to sloppy-joe shirts and bobby sox after giving the double-o to the likes of her. The point Messers Willis and De Mers make so emphatically is this: Nature being no Indian giver, a pretty girl in dungarees has an attraction all her own. And Sinatra, Como, Haymes and the rest of the boys are indeed the world's luckiest men to rate the sighs of such a fan.



# *On the Straw Hat Circuit*

**by FRITZ WILLIS**

Around Hollywood, where beautiful girls are as plentiful as linnets, an ambitious minx needs more than classic features, a pleasing silhouette and the wish to become a star. Thus many a high-school dramatic wow concludes that while awaiting her Big Chance she may as well pass the days by learning to act—in one of California's numerous little theatres. Here the pride of Peoria becomes sophisticated; she mends costumes, waits on table and carries props. She speaks in theatrical parlance; knows that "a crawler" evades rehearsals, a "scene chewer" overacts, that "breaking character" is a major sin. And while "simon-pure" (or amateur) she hopes eventually to become a "heavenly body"—which means, of course, a star.

WM. SHARP

**Competence, Marcel learned, was only one of various ways to attain success**

# The Montmartre Masterpiece

### by WAVERLEY ROOT

Marcel Vallin tore off a morsel of his hot *brioche* and dunked it in the steaming *café au lait.* His soul was not in his work. Marcel Vallin was not happy. Marcel was a painter. His trouble was a common one. He was running out of money.

The halcyon days had passed. Even last year Montmartre had teemed with American tourists, eager to part with their dollars in exchange for even the slightest product of Marcel's brush. Then something mysterious had happened in faraway America—*le krash.* Since the Fall of 1929, American tourists had been few, and those few were not lavish. Now every café in the Quarter boasted as many of Marcel's paintings as reluctant proprietors would hang.

Valin reflected bitterly on the fickleness of fate and the accidents of reputation. Ottorio, sitting on the other side of the Place with several equally renowned artists, was not dependent on the whims of the stock market or the abundance of tourists for sales. His name was established in the art galleries of the world. Yet was he a better painter than Marcel Vallin? Not so far as Marcel Vallin could see.

If only he knew something about the art of salesmanship, Marcel reflected. But it wasn't art the public wanted to buy. It was a famous name. But how did you get the name? Ottorio had made it through wealthy patronesses; de Salud because he had been born to it; Renovin by sheer spectacular eccentricity. Any of these names affixed to a canvas guaranteed its sale. But who wanted a Marcel Vallin?

Marcel started. A hand had been laid on his shoulder. It was Ottorio.

"How about coming down to Maisons-Lafitte for a swim, Marcel?" Ottorio asked, his black pencil mustache lifting above his gleaming white teeth in a charming smile. "We're all going—de Salud, Renovin, Derlain . . ."

Marcel started for a second time. The great idea had suddenly burst upon him. Tomorrow's *brioche,* if it worked, was assured—and tomorrow's *pot au feu,* with a good bottle of red wine accompanying it, too. He grinned back at Ottorio.

"*Mais avec plaisir,*" he answered . . .

"What's Marcel killing himself for?" Ottorio asked de Salud, as he stretched out on the float in the hot sun. "He's painting away as though he really expected to sell this one."

"A pleasant chap, Marcel," said de Salud languidly. "Too bad he can't paint."

"He keeps looking over this way," Renovin observed. "Do you suppose he's painting us?"

"I think I'll take a look at what he's doing," Derlain said.

He plunged into the water and swam for the dock where Marcel had set up his easel. A moment later, dripping, he was bending over it as Marcel, pointing with the handle of his brush, explained his work.

"There you are, you see," he said. "Just about to dive. I think I've caught the movement fairly well, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course, old man," Derlain answered heartily. "Still . . . I'm no Apollo, naturally. But then I'm not exactly twisted, either. Now if only you could make a slight change here . . . and here . . ."

Marcel thrust a wet brush into the gesticulating hand of Derlain. "Show me what you mean. I'm afraid I don't quite follow you."

"It's nothing very important," Derlain apologized. "Don't think for a moment I'm criticizing. It's just that . . . sometimes . . . someone else than the artist sees better the little touch here, the little addition there, which brings out the conception more perfectly. Just a stroke . . . like this, you see, and perhaps a line . . ."

After painting busily for fifteen minutes, Derlain laid down the brush with a sigh of satisfaction, having visibly improved his physique—on canvas at least. He swam back to the float.

"A disaster!" he reported. "He actually made a hunchback out of me! You fellows are all in it. Perfectly terrible, all of you, but still recognizable. I had to fix my portrait up myself."

Ottorio rose without a word and dived in. A moment later he was discussing Vallin's canvas intently.

"Magnificent, old fellow!" he was saying. "Remarkable composition! Couldn't be improved upon. One thing, though—that slight trace of caricature in my portrait. A little more seriousness, more nobility, even, is what you need here. *Permettez?*"

Two hours and six artists later, the picture was terminated.

Marcel Vallin scooped up the last spoonful of his *soufflé aux liqueurs* and sighed the sigh of repletion.

"My friends," he addressed his guests, "I must tell you now the occasion for this little gathering. I have just sold a painting for a really handsome figure and I wanted you to help me celebrate."

He paused to receive congratulations.

"I invited you six in particular," he continued, "because I am indebted to you for teaching me a general lesson of great practical importance. We are all agreed, *sans doute,* that the easiest way to succeed is to concentrate on what we can do well. If you follow that reasoning a little further, you may agree also that if what one does best is to do something badly, success can be attained by putting one's competence at incompetence to work.

"I am sure you also agree," Marcel went on, "that I paint badly. No, no, don't deny it," he cried as a murmur of polite if insincere dissent arose. "I thank you for that opinion, for it showed me the way to produce a picture that would sell. Because of it I decided to stop trying to paint well and concentrate on painting badly. It worked out very nicely. If you will take the trouble to stroll round the corner with me, I will show you what I mean."

With some difficulty the lunchers extricated themselves from the table and Marcel led them to Père Girotteau's art shop.

"*Voilà!*" he said simply.

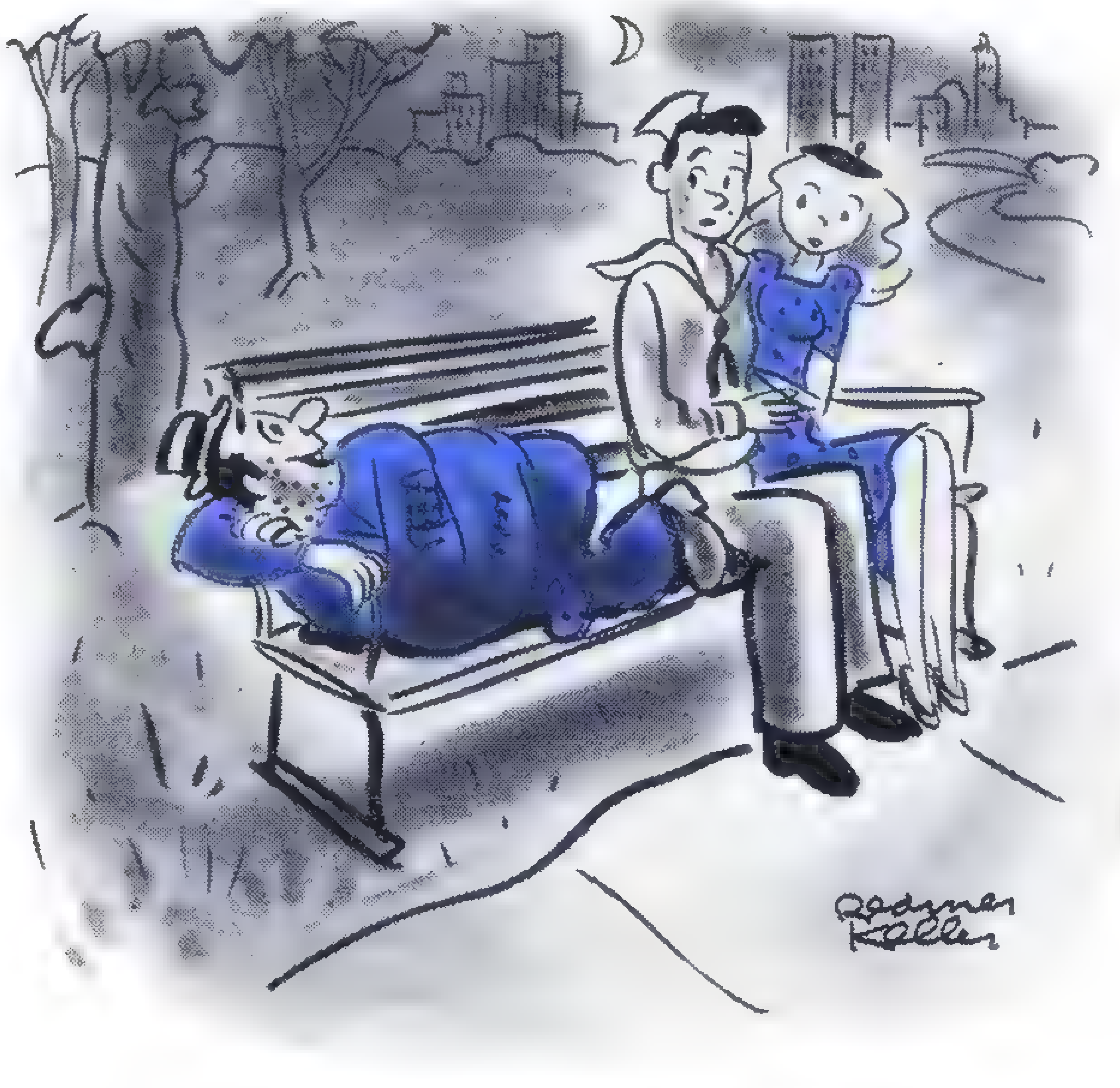
In the window stood the Maisons-Lafitte bathing party picture. Above it was a large placard:

UNIQUE COLLECTOR'S ITEM
*The Swimming Party*
*Containing self-portraits of six famous contemporary artists.*
*Edited by*
*Marcel Vallin*

Ottorio's eyes swung from this sign to a smaller sheet of cardboard leaning against the painting. It bore only one word: *Vendu.*

"Sold!" Ottorio breathed. "Sold!"

He paused, and added, "That seems to apply to all of us." ⧺



*"Give me a call at 7:30 please"*

**Required reading on Father's Day is this account of how to bear up when "expecting"**

# *Pre-Natal Care for Fathers*

### *by* JOHN GOULD

One of the first problems of pre-paternalism is that of telling people. There is no reason for keeping news of a baby secret, because almost everyone, these days, knows how those things come about. Also, news will get out anyway, and you might as well have the fun of telling people yourself before they know it by hearsay. The period of time in which the information can be imparted as genuine news is extremely short and many alert neighbor women will jump at conclusions with surprising accuracy.

Maiden aunts must positively be told first. No one knows why maiden aunts derive so much fun from other people's having babies. Aunt Carrie has so much fun knowing what everyone else only surmises that the whole family gets a lift from her sunny disposition.

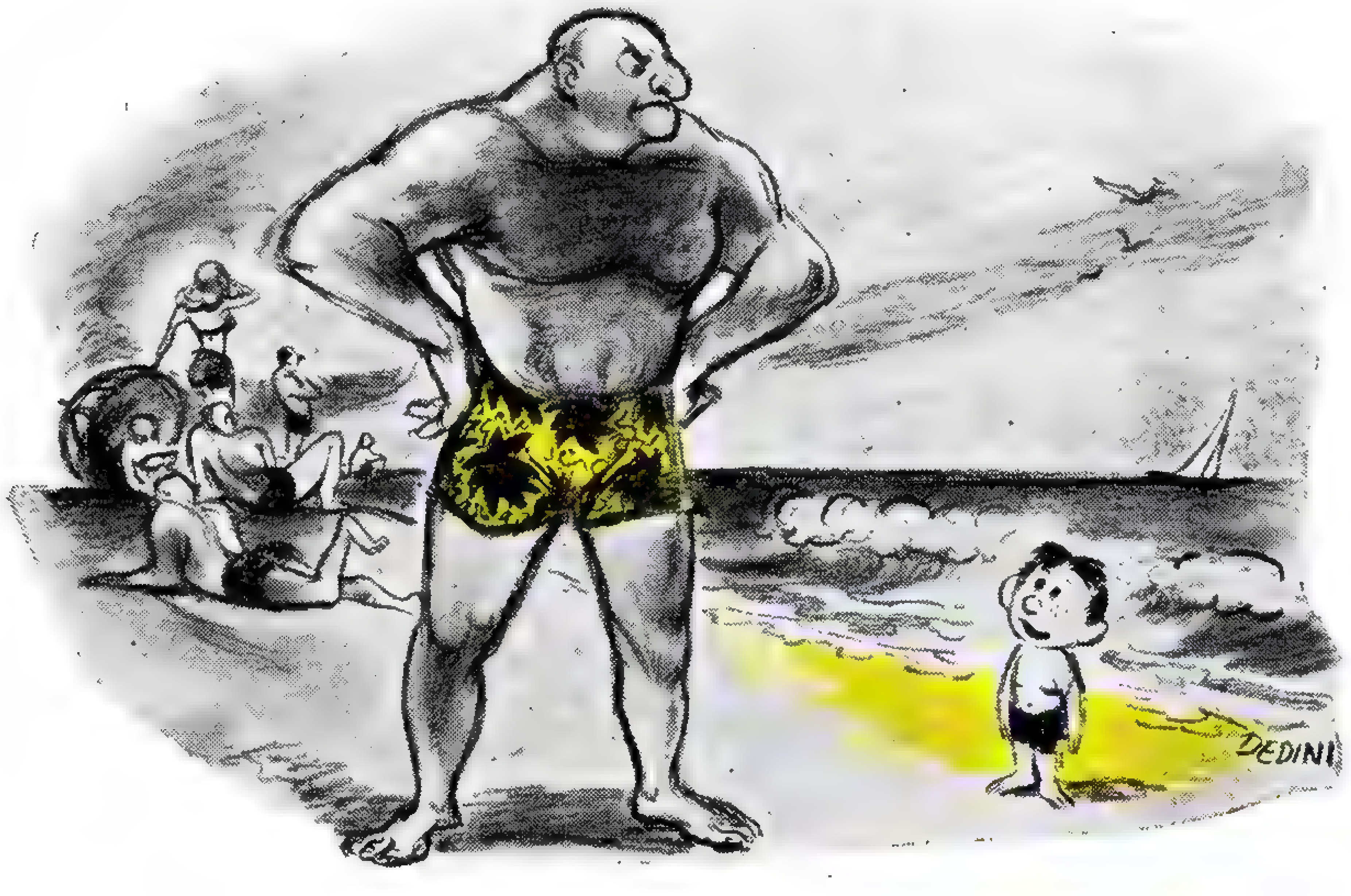
Brothers and sisters of the happy couple present no real problem. When sister Kathryn drops in on her way to the hairdresser, the husband can make some careless remark and take care of everything. "Well, it looks like rain, *Aunt* Kate," he says, and Aunt Kate nods with complete comprehension.

It is perhaps true that brothers are less apt at these obscure hints. A fairly dull brother, however, should be able to understand something like, "Well, Uncle Charlie, how are things at the sawmill, old Uncle Charlie, my boy, old Uncle of mine?"

Other relatives, at some distance, can be informed by letter, a method that requires no special training. Here there is less likelihood they will feel hurt because you do not take them into immediate confidence, but they will undoubtedly find it desirable to contribute baby garments, possibly a bit of cash, and at least their best wishes and advice.

The prospective grandparents, if this is to be the first child, must be informed outright and immediately. The wife will take care of the two grandmothers in private, while the grandfathers can be eased into the information in any number of ways. A good method is to clap them on the back and cry, "Well, what do you want, a grandson or a granddaughter?"

Intimate friends who are not relatives may present a problem. You have to tell them before they hear gossip, but they have a distasteful manner of receiving the news. With us it was the Kellys. Grace Kelly called up and wanted to go on a bat. We'd been on bats with the Kellys since time began, but now the doctor says to go to bed early and keep regular hours.



*"Is it true, mister—a strong back, a weak mind?"*

Thus arises the necessity of informing the Kellys there can be no bat. To say no and hang up is impossible. The simple thing would be to tell Grace Kelly sweetly that Lucy is about to become a mother and cannot be roistering about the country as of old.

I do not suggest this as a general procedure, however. It didn't work with Grace. She laughed fit to kill, leaving me defenseless on my end of the wire, then turned to her front room full of tipplers and bawled out, "Lucy's pregnant!"

Shortly after the fact of conception is plainly appreciated, and retirement is in prospect, the wife will go through a frenzy of going-places-and-doing-things. The husband must discourage this as much as possible, in order to inure the lady to the days and weeks of static employment to come. However, a few public appearances do no harm, and it helps take her mind off the future.

When people turn and stare at you as you take your wife to church or guide her into the movies, it is time for the lady to go into retirement. Retirement is advised not so much because of your own or your wife's feelings, but because otherwise it makes people uneasy.

On your own side of the ledger, retirement allows you to avoid those kindly people who keep coming up to your wife to inquire, "How are you feeling, my dear?" These people operate under a curious kind of logic—their answer is the same and equally disturbing no matter what your wife says. It does the husband no good to hear them. If your wife says, "I haven't felt so very well," they'll say, "Well, just you wait, it isn't anything like the way you are going to feel!"

Your wife will be encouraged to take daily walks, and so long as the husband is at the office the matter is of slight concern. On Sunday afternoons, however, the husband will go out with her, and a few words of caution will be in order. It is well to take her arm. The husband will want to keep his chin up at such times, and not appear sheepish. Unquestionably there is a tendency here to appear as the second fiddle.

Women, at this time, assume a savoir-faire that always puzzles the men. They become most brazen about a matter that always seems, to the man, to have a smacking of the private about it. Women, most husbands will notice, are invariably more inclined to openness on such things; they will confer among themselves on matters that men would sooner keep from the general knowledge. But this appearance of strutting is an appearance only, and the physical should not be associated too closely with a mental attitude.

In public places you will always run across those people who think the whole thing is amusing—young women hanging on the arms of sailors, and hearty mothers of fifteen or so children. High-school girls sometimes giggle surreptitiously and young men on street corners occasionally leer with an accusing glance. Such experiences should not cause any loss of aplomb on your part, but when they become especially noticeable it is time to consider retiring your wife from public scrutiny.

Whether to have a boy or a girl is not to be dismissed lightly—it will take several months to make up one's mind. Beautiful women, if mated to handsome young blades, ought to have girl babies. But ordinary people would do well to concentrate on boys. Boys are seldom pretty; they don't have to be. Boys can have freckles and warts and cow-licks and ears stuck out—and they are still acceptable and very good little boys at that. Some people

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(Pre-Natal Care for Fathers *was condensed from the book of the same name, published by William Morrow & Company, Inc., New York City.*)

predict a girl if they want a boy, and whatever comes is acceptable—they get the boy they wanted, or the girl they expected.

The subject of which sex to choose, since this cannot be settled prior to the nativity, would not seem to require much discussion in a pre-natal treatise; but the subject is probably the most important to be taken up. The budding mother is asked a thousand times what she wants, the father is beset with queries as to his desires. Both answer honestly—an absurdity that passes without proportionate levity. If you want a boy they tell you not to set your heart on it too much, and if you want a girl they tell you not to set your heart on it too much.

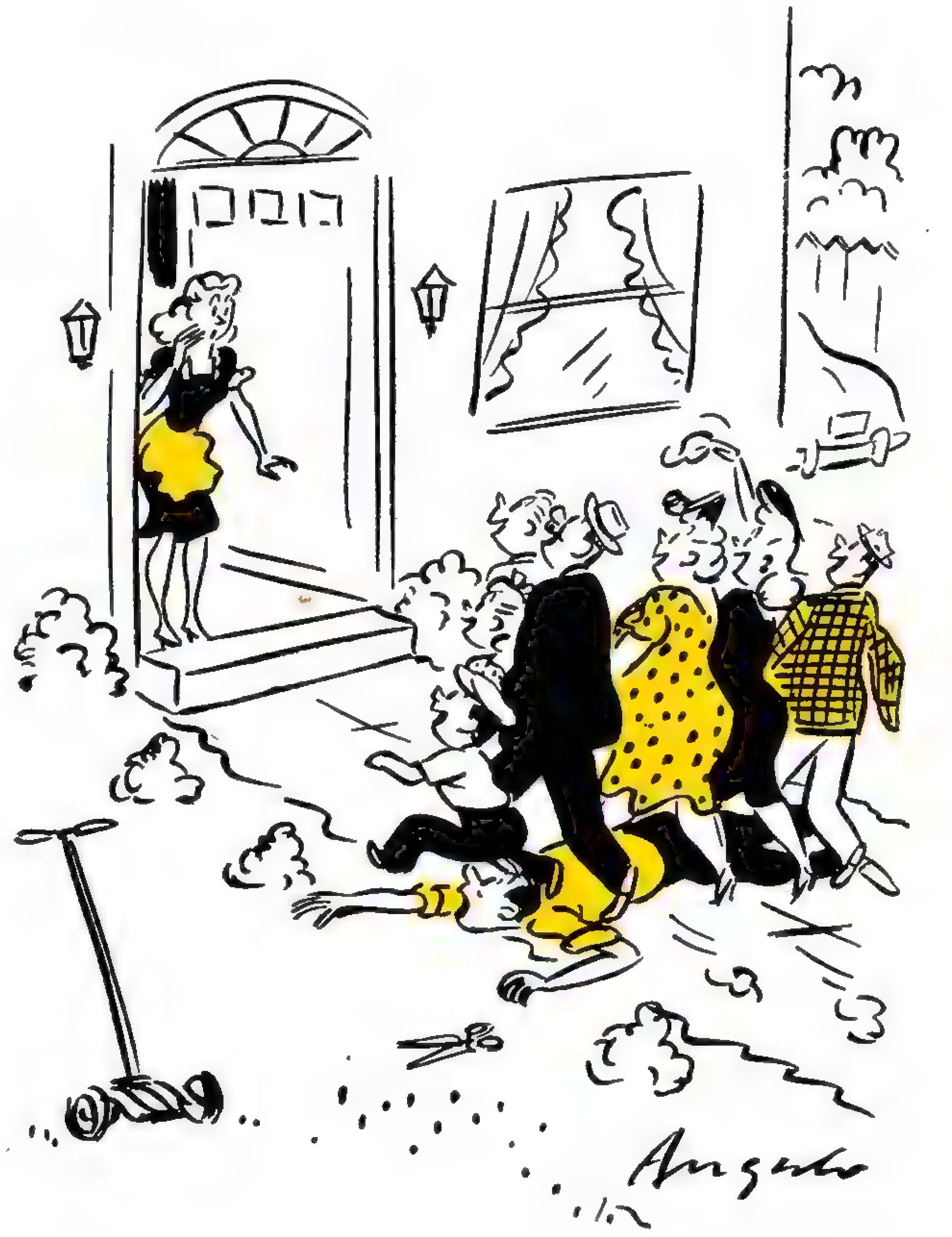
The husband has one priority in this connection: in the ordinary course of events he'll know which it is before his wife will.

A few cautionary remarks are in keeping at this time. Always bear in mind there is nothing wonderful about the fact that you are going to be a father. The bare facts of biological fecundity disprove that one does anything smart by producing children. People have had babies before, and people will have them in days to come.

Never put on airs about it. What you have done is nothing any man in town couldn't have done with half a chance, and probably would have done gladly. People dislike having you running around with your chest stuck out as an inference that you, and you alone, could do such a wonderful thing. Regard the coming child as a mere routine of life. The perfect husband will so much forget the approaching nativity that it will almost startle him. This will make him a favorite among those with whom he is in daily contact. Properly humble, he will guard against looking meek about it—his head will be up and he will look people squarely in the eye.

It is wise now, also, to point out that certain shortcomings may cause comment. Do not be away from home when there is no need of it. Wives get very sensitive at that time. If a man drops in and tries to sell you a motorboat, and you can't get away until 5:10 whereas you usually make it by 5, your wife is likely to meet you tearfully and ask, "Don't you love me this way?"

Naturally you do, and no amount of coaxing and pleading by a span of wild mules would make you change your mind—but the feeble "Of course I do, dear," can sometimes sound like a left-handed vow. The careful husband will hit motorboat salesmen with bats and arrive home at 4:45 as if the devil were after him.



*"Your family's here, dear"*

A treatise on pre-natal care for fathers must mention hankering—but hankering is something about which little can be advised. I was laboring with college English literature when I first came upon the subject. In some musty comedy I read a passage where two humorous gentlemen were contriving to learn if the lady of the piece were with child. Instead of going up to the lady in a straightforward manner and inquiring in businesslike fashion if she were *enceinte*, the two schemers repaired to a fruitery and purchased apricots, which they offered to the lady on a platter.

While the theory was presumably well founded that a lady who ate apricots was with child, to my innocent scholasticism the scene was somewhat obscure. My professor came through in fine fashion by saying that women, while carrying children, are frequently vexed by unnatural appetites.

Since then, of course, I have learned that women are characterized by this sort of appetite at all times, but that pregnancy aggravates it. The prospective father will find that his wife will want apricots only when the apricot market is at a dead low because of a seasonal lack of supply. He will find that she wants fresh strawberry ice cream in December and a thick roast of venison in May. In June she is likely to hanker for fresh pumpkin pie, and in pumpkin pie time she will want tender brook trout. Hankering is a term that, when applied to pregnancy, means wanting something unavailable.

Every woman waits in amused fashion to see what she will hanker for. Among our friends is a woman who craved pea soup; another who wanted olives; a third who insisted on boiled lobster twice a week; one who ate positively tons of marshmallows between soda crackers; and another who couldn't get to sleep at night unless every window in the house were open—she craved fresh air.

The lady who wanted pea soup afterward compared notes with the lady who wanted lobster, and their husbands each thought the other pasture a bit greener. One said he had spent so much money for lobsters that he'd like to see his next baby incubated on something as cheap as split peas. The other replied that things look differently to anyone who has been obliged to eat pea soup six meals a week for seven months.

One friend whose wife hankered for double banana splits pursued a rather forward course. Whenever these moods struck her she was forthwith bundled into the family car and driven to the nearest soda fountain—where a double banana split was provided. The husband had a standing arrangement with the clerks, and instead of the customary double banana split the clerk would produce a made-to-order variety with a foundation of four ten-cent scoops of ice cream.

The husband figured that this method would place the lady in a conspicuous light, and would soon cause her to give over the whole silly business—but he was mistaken. Hankering is deeply seated, and it cannot be rationalized or ridiculed.

Contrary to the supposition of an unthinking public, it will be observed that up to this point the problems of pre-paternalism do not touch upon the vigil—that dark hour when the husband hands his wife to the wonders of modern medical science and sits outside on an uncomfortable bench. Popular supposition has it that the vigil is the only time the husband can do with advice and attention.

Popular supposition is still more incorrect when it thinks the moment is one of great humor. The greatest blot on the escutcheon of the medical profession is its failure to alleviate the suffering of the borning father. While medicine refuses to consider the case, I do know that psychology recognizes the mental, and therefore actual, existence of sympathetic ailments. If you learn that a friend has an aching molar, it would not be unheard of if your teeth begin to ache violently. Thus it is no joke when a husband has labor pains with his wife, as often happens, although the unthinking public is inclined to doubt it.

As to suggested treatments for this distemper, I am not wholly competent to prescribe. My wife had what is known as an easy time. It was all over just as I got my vigil under way. After I took her to the hospital I went down to Louie's for refreshment, and returned to the hospital just as the doctor came hurrying out. He clapped on his hat, shook hands and drove out the ambulance exit very much as if he were on an urgent errand.

The superintendent of nurses beamed at me and allowed I must feel pretty good about it. She hurried down a corridor. Another nurse said my wife was now asleep and I mightn't see her until afternoon. Another volunteered he was the cutest thing they'd had in the nursery since the Holbrook twins. Thus I learned it was all over: no floor-pacing, no hat-wringing, no thumb-twiddling.

I find, now, that my friends' wives had hard times, a much more satisfactory thing to talk about. One let his wife have her baby at home, and she practically rioted. The details of that night have been told me many times, with a sneer. I listen ashamed, hardly feeling like a father at all, for while I do not wish my wife had been at it longer, I sometimes feel that life has not been as full for me as for others.

Although there is usually less need for rushing than the husband and wife suppose, you must rush your wife to the hospital. Occasionally this rushing is overdone; sometimes a lady who has been rushed will languish in her room for several days without anything to show for the quick trip, and sometimes they get up and dress and walk home to wait a few weeks. But at any proper display of activity, you will rush her to the hospital.

You assist her up the steps and stand breathlessly before a uniform whose occupant seems to care nothing about anything one way or the other. She asks if you are Dr. (*Continued on page 130*)

**Morgan had come to regard his suffering as an opponent that he could conquer, but there was only one cure for his friend**

# Pain, the Enemy

### by J. EDGAR GROVE

SOMEONE shrieked in the darkness, and Morgan stirred. Soon the nurse would come through the ward, waking her patients, taking temperatures, rousing them for their day of pain. The lucky ones would drift back to sleep until breakfast arrived, and she would have to waken them again. Morgan was not one of the lucky ones.

But he would sleep tonight, sleep deeply. For this was the day.

Automatically he looked at the man in the next bed, saw the small, still figure twitch uncontrollably and then lie taut. He was great, the little man was. His name was Hammond, and he had blue eyes that twinkled with life when they were not at grips with death.

Hammond's pain was greater than any in the ward, but he kept it within himself. He could take it. Well, he would not have to take it any longer, for Morgan was going to help him. Morgan smiled. Thinking of the little man's final relief was a pleasant thought.

The ward was coming to life. Morgan lay with his head on one side, watching Hammond. Not for anyone else would he have done what he had. The others groaned with their pain and complained to God and fate, but from little Hammond there had been no sound.

Finally the nurse bent over Morgan, arranging his bed for comfort.

"Did you have a good sleep?" she asked.

Morgan smiled. He had barely slept in two weeks. He did not take the sleeping pills they gave him each night, but had hidden them in the little glass vial he had stolen from an intern's tray until now he had fifteen. More than enough. His pain had been bad, but it would not last. He was going to be cured. Little Hammond, though, was dying, and doomed to live out his days in agony by people who called themselves civilized. Morgan would fix all that, however.

"Good morning," Hammond said.

Morgan turned his head to grin at the little man. In his smile was admiration, coupled with a sense of power, for he intended to release this man. Not that Hammond had suggested such a thing or ever would. He asked no quarter. But he knew he was going to die. Morgan was sure that when he offered Hammond deliverance, he would snatch at it. He would be out of it then, glad with his release.

"Good morning," Morgan said. "How is it this morning?"

"Oh, I think it's a little better this morning," the man said.

Morgan nodded, marveling. Hammond's pain was no better; on the contrary it grew steadily worse. He was slowly being eaten away inside and after awhile there would be nothing left. It was barbarous that such a man must endure his pain until he died naturally.

"How is it with you?" Hammond said.

"It" was the pain. They never spoke of it by name.

"Much better," Morgan said. "It's going to be all right."

"I'm sure it will," Hammond said, smiling, and Morgan turned away. He had felt his own pain coming on, and prepared to meet it. Hammond turned his head understandingly and Morgan waited, talking to it from his mind. "How's my bloody monster this morning?" he would say. "Going to play games this morning, are we? Let's get this over with—come on, it's your move." And then it came gnawing at him so that he could grab it and come to grips with it, taking everything it had to give him until it had spent itself.

He would enjoy his triumph then. Thought it was pretty hot—well, that came from too many victories over the cowards. A couple of rounds with real guts and it wasn't so high and mighty. It was a little worse this morning, but he caught it and stayed with it. Finally, it began to slip away beaten.

Hammond, he saw, did not feel like talking. He had his own pain now, but he did his best to get down the meager offerings on the tray. The nurses were disappointed when he did not eat, and he did not want that. From the corner of his eye Morgan watched the rigid body, the tightly compressed lips. Lord, what the little man went through!

Morgan fingered the vial under the sheets of his bed, thinking of its power to bring peace out of torment. He did not regret those fifteen sleepless nights. He could take the pain as it came for he was going to be cured. But Hammond . . .

A man groaned loudly and Morgan swore under his breath. They were lousy cowards, all of them; there was not one who could stand up to Hammond. Morgan recalled the first morning, when they exchanged greetings upon waking.

"I hope I don't bother you at night," the little man said. "I try not to make noises, but I'm afraid my groaning will keep you awake. I'm sorry about that." He had paused, groping for a flicker of comradeship in Morgan's eyes.

"You didn't groan," Morgan said and started to turn away, but the sudden gleam of pleasure in the man's eyes stopped him.

"*Didn't* I?" Hammond said. "Not in my sleep?"

"Not a sound."

"I didn't, eh?" He had repeated it delightedly.

For a long time Morgan held the vial concealed in his palm outside of the covers. His pulse throbbed in the tight fist. There were no nurses. Now was the time.

"Mr. Hammond," he said quietly. "Mr. Hammond, are you awake?"

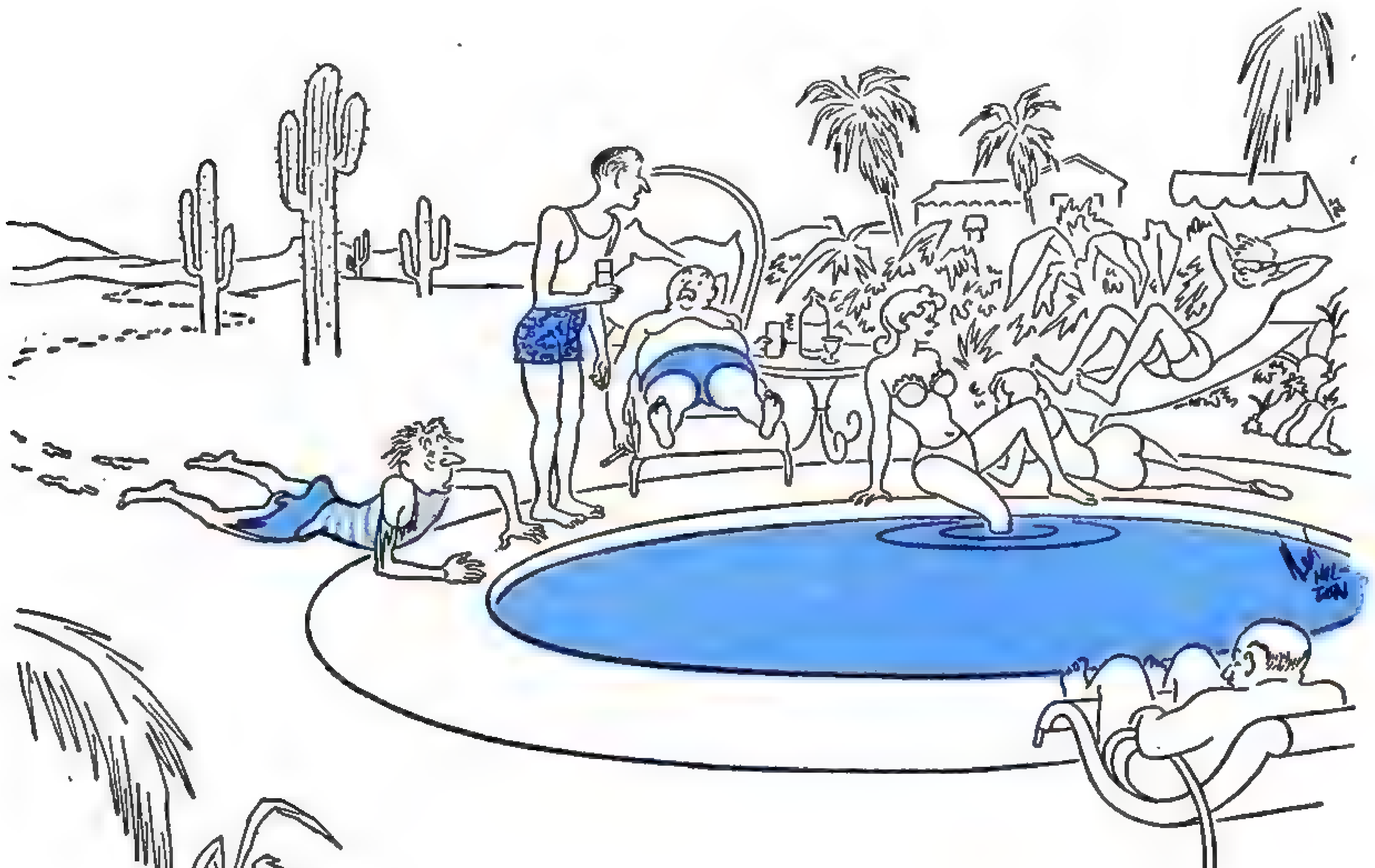
"Yes." The little man turned his head.

"Here," said Morgan, extending the vial of pills. "Take these. They'll take care of everything."

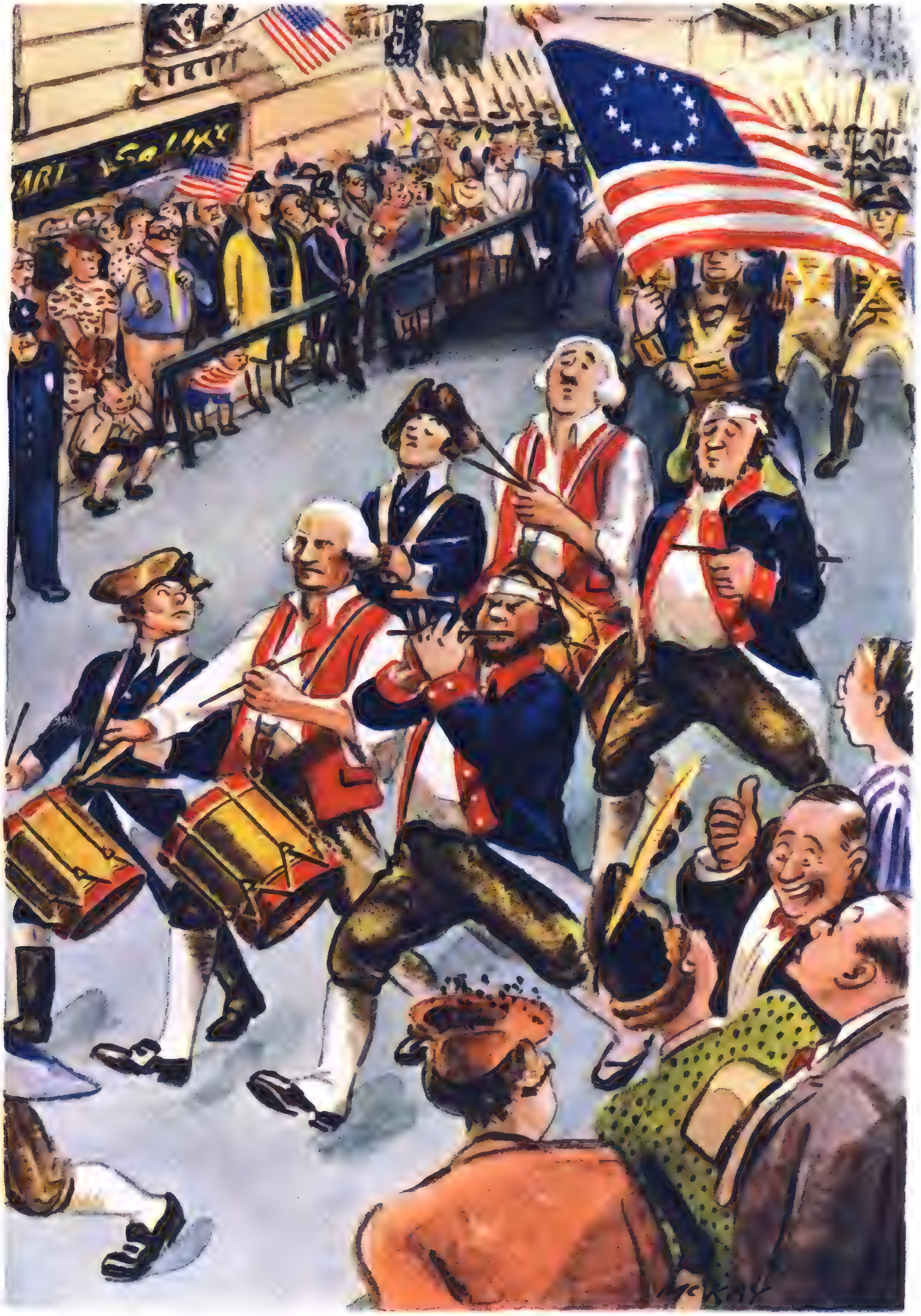
Hammond's bony white hand closed around the bottle. For a long moment he looked at it. Enough sleeping pills to kill three men. Then he smiled a long wry smile. His hand went under the covers and came out holding another bottle, of slightly different shape, that contained about half a dozen of the same pills.

"I was saving these for you," he said. "I thought you needed them more than I did."

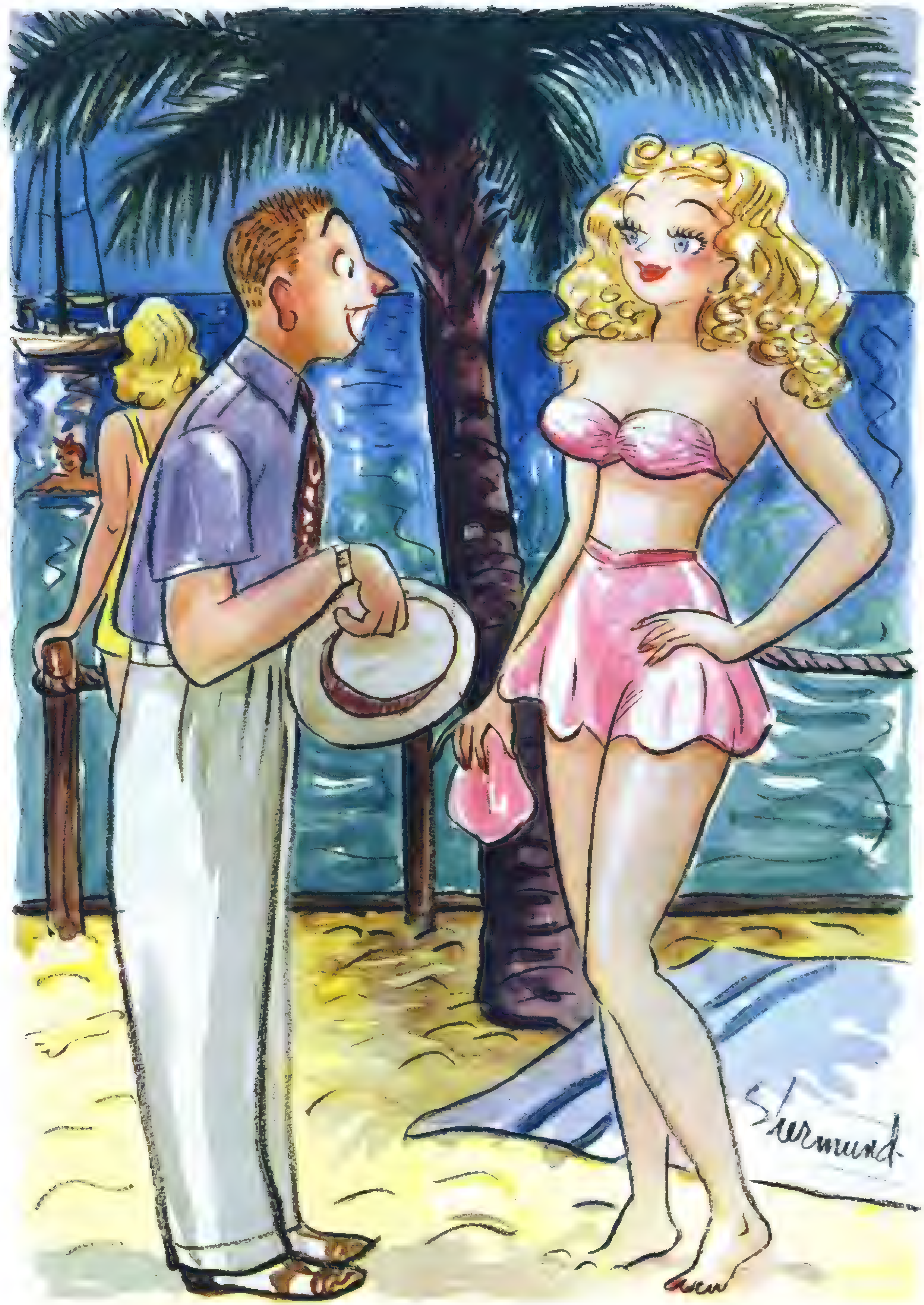
The two men stared at each other without speaking. Then, as if by mutual consent, they dropped both bottles into the wastebasket between their beds. ⌗



*"He'd like to know if he can use our pool"*



*"They are stand-in musicians from the union"*



*"Gee, Miss Taylor, you don't look any different than you do on the screen"*

GRANT REYNARD

**Uncle Bruno was determined to have his way, though he knew that Haydn's Emperor Quartet was political dynamite**

# Revolt with Strings

### by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

I WAS charged with sedition and high treason under unusual circumstances one night in the early twenties, when I was playing second fiddle in the quartet of my Uncle Bruno.

My uncle was a paper salesman, but he hated paper—from Manila to onionskin. Music was his true vocation. He belonged to the subspecies of chamber-music addicts who are almost as bad as bridge or marijuana fiends. He played the violin, viola, cello, piano, clarinet and French horn. This made him easily the most sought-after musician in my home town of Moravska-Ostrava in Czechoslovakia. Frequently a cellist or violinist would fail to show up at the last moment, whereupon the three stuck quartet players would SOS my uncle. He was always glad to come unless he was having his own quartet. He could take over any part at a moment's notice. He was so indispensable that the music-minded citizens didn't dare object to his temperamental ways. Looking back, I think Uncle Bruno was something of a local Petrillo.

He was a medium-sized man with hair that got thinner and eyeglasses that got thicker every year. He was kindhearted, but when he played chamber music he became a dictator. He would curse his players, stamp the floor and use his fiddle bow as a conductor's baton, or as a riding whip. He didn't mind so much when somebody played a false note or got stranded in a *prestissimo*, but he would not tolerate any lack of enthusiasm. He was contemptuous of musicians who became tired around midnight, after a mere five hours of playing Brahms and Hindemith. Uncle Bruno was responsible for at least two evictions. He had a theory that modern music should be performed in the early morning hours—a theory with which most landlords did not agree.

Uncle Bruno, a bachelor, lived on the second floor of a big, old, rambling house. His apartment consisted of a large music room and hardly anything else. The music room had been created by simply tearing down the walls between three smaller rooms. There was a kitchen and the maid's room, but no master bedroom. I have never been able to find out where my uncle slept when he felt tired, which happened infrequently. His energy was famed and feared. The music room had no rugs or curtains because they might swallow up the acoustics. If people wanted to sit down on a chair, they first had to take off piles of Breitkopf & Haertel music scores.

Across the street was a police precinct station. On warm summer nights the police inspectors on duty would move a wooden bench out in front of the station, take their beer glasses, open their high uniform collars, and listen to the music, sipping the beer. My uncle played a lot of Slavic music, Smetana, Dvořák, Tchaikowsky, Borodin, which was very popular with the Forces. The police inspectors never objected to my uncle's playing after eleven p.m. though this was against city regulations.

"They know that I'm the only tenant in the house," my uncle would say. "Besides, I'm contributing to all police charities. And they like my Slivovitz."

The only people who revolted against music after midnight were the cooks. I'm saying "cooks" because there was a steady succession of Maries, Tonkas, Helenkas, Annas. All quit after discovering that sleep was hard to get in my uncle's house. I remember one of them, a frail, shriveled spinster named Hanka who made delicious *bublaniny*, an extra-light kind of spongecake filled with ground walnuts. I think Hanka's *bublaniny* were more popular among the local quartet players than the latest compositions by Stravinsky and Castelnuovo-Tedesco.

One night we were playing quartets by Debussy and Dvořák and Smetana's beautiful *From my Life*. Uncle Bruno played the first violin; I had only recently been admitted to his steady quartet as second fiddler. A prominent lawyer with a bald skull like a billiard ball and a long, black beard played the viola. The cello part was handled by a surgeon who had a reputation for removing ladies' appendixes without leaving any other traces but the "cutest little scars" on the bodies of his victims and, as a consequence, was much in demand.

We topped off the Smetana with a cacophonous quartet by a modern Lithuanian who didn't believe in melody or harmony. During the third movement, high-pitched staccato sounds came out of the cook's room. "For God's sake, stop that noise!" she shouted. "Hasn't a person any right to sleep in this house?"

"Shame on you, Hanka!" my uncle shouted back through the apartment, without getting up from his seat. "Calling this music noise just because the man is fifty years ahead of his time." He shrugged angrily. "If she weren't such a good cook, I would fire her for that," he said to us. Out of the cook's room came muttered curses, then quiet. It was half past one. We finished off the Lithuanian, ate Hanka's remarkable *bublaniny* and drank Slivovitz. The surgeon took off his gold-rimmed glasses, kept his eyes closed while he cleaned his glasses with his necktie, put on his glasses and said. "This is a good night to play Haydn's Emperor Quartet."

I didn't fully realize the tremendous im-

(*Continued on page 201*)

VENTI

### A Beauty of Note

*Lovely Risë Stevens offers music lovers an excellent motive for seeing as well as hearing the Metropolitan Opera. Luckily for those who can't reach the Diamond Horseshoe, she has co-starred in these movies:* The Chocolate Soldier, Going My Way *and, recently,* Carnegie Hall. *A semifinalist in the 1936 Met, Miss Stevens declined a contract to pursue her studies in Salzburg. With Mme. Gutheil-Schoder she learned her favorite roles: Octavian in* Der Rosenkavalier, *and* Carmen. *She made her opera debut in Prague and there met her husband and manager, Walter Surovy. On Sunday she broadcasts pop-classics as star of the Family Hour.*

**Hailing a movie in which Betty Hutton triumphs over the villain and maternity**

# Encore for a "Cliffhanger"

### by JACK MOFFITT

FAULKNER

I'VE been wishing I was born yesterday ever since I heard Betty Hutton was expecting to have a baby. That'd make me about right for Betty Junior. If she takes after her mother, she's bound to be good company. Because her mother takes after everybody, in an audience sense, I mean. Miss Hutton's never been one to aspire to be the darling of a small, select audience. When she raises her voice it is heard by the trawlers of the fishing fleets in the oceans at each end of the continent. And it's usually overheard by all the landlubbers in between. Betty appeals to a mass audience. And it appeals to her—to keep making pictures.

Because they've grown to depend upon her keeping the public in stitches, the Paramount executives almost swooned, some months ago, when they found her sewing on tiny garments. When they heard her asking Dorothy Lamour how to fold a sarong, their worst fears were realized. She had been working in a picture called *The Stork Club* shortly before that and the atmosphere seemed to have been contagious. Betty, who had battled everything else, was planning to battle race suicide. There are those who wondered how the doctors would get her to slow down for it. The little stranger, everyone knew, would be introduced by one hell of a hostess. But blessed events require a certain amount of tranquillity. So at the studio, where everyone loves the kid, they revised the schedule so she could look forward to a little time off. And they rushed a picture into production while she was just beginning to be expectant. The public also was expectant.

FLAND

**Danseuse on Ice**

*When Carol Lynne was thirteen she skated with such grace that she soon became the partner of Henry Lei, a Norwegian skating champion, was instilled with his emphasis on rhythm, his demand for perfection. After her first New York show,* It Happens on Ice, *she open-axeled right into the lead in* Stars on Ice *and* Hats Off to Ice, *doubling with concurrent acts at the Biltmore and St. Regis, a schedule which gave her invaluable discipline. Recently she has been appearing in her own show at the St. Regis. Having studied ballet with Dagnova and Catherine Littlefield, she hopes some day to present the major ballets on ice.*

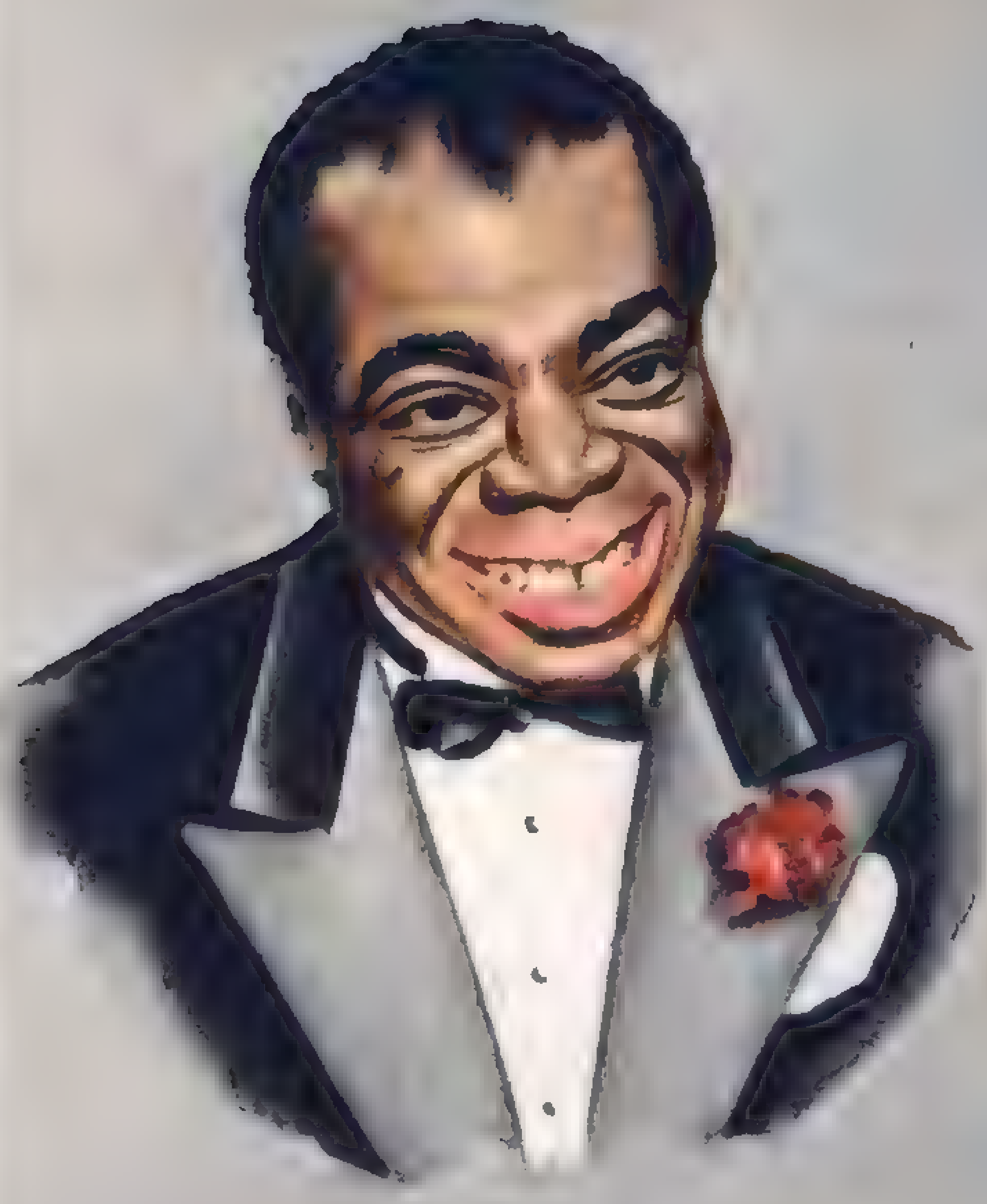
Well, sir, it looks like nobody's going to be disappointed. Betty's already had her baby—a bouncing girl who arrived, according to report, on the day Mother was baking an upside-down cake. By now she's probably teething on the flying rings in the Paramount gymnasium. But Betty, at this writing, still is in confinement. Because of her producer's foresight this is probably the most exciting confinement since the James Boys rioted over being locked up in the jail of the old Jackson County courthouse. For, while Betty languishes at home in baby blue bed jackets, her shadow goes marching on—or rather bouncing on—in a picture called *The Perils of Pauline.*

All old-timers from thirty to sixty will recognize this as the title of an early-day silent movie serial which starred Pearl White. Pearl White was the solace and the incentive of my childhood. My generation was given a nickel to go see her as a reward for getting a hundred in arithmetic. She was the bribe for which we submitted to the dentist when he put braces on our teeth. On every Saturday night we met her tied to a railroad track and left her about to be offered to a Buddha (which, somehow, always seemed to be worshiped by turbaned Mohammedans) as a blood sacrifice. Without her I doubt if the males of my era ever could have been induced to take a bath or cut the grass. A half-hour of Pearl provided a good healthy boy with sufficient excitement and sadism to last a week.

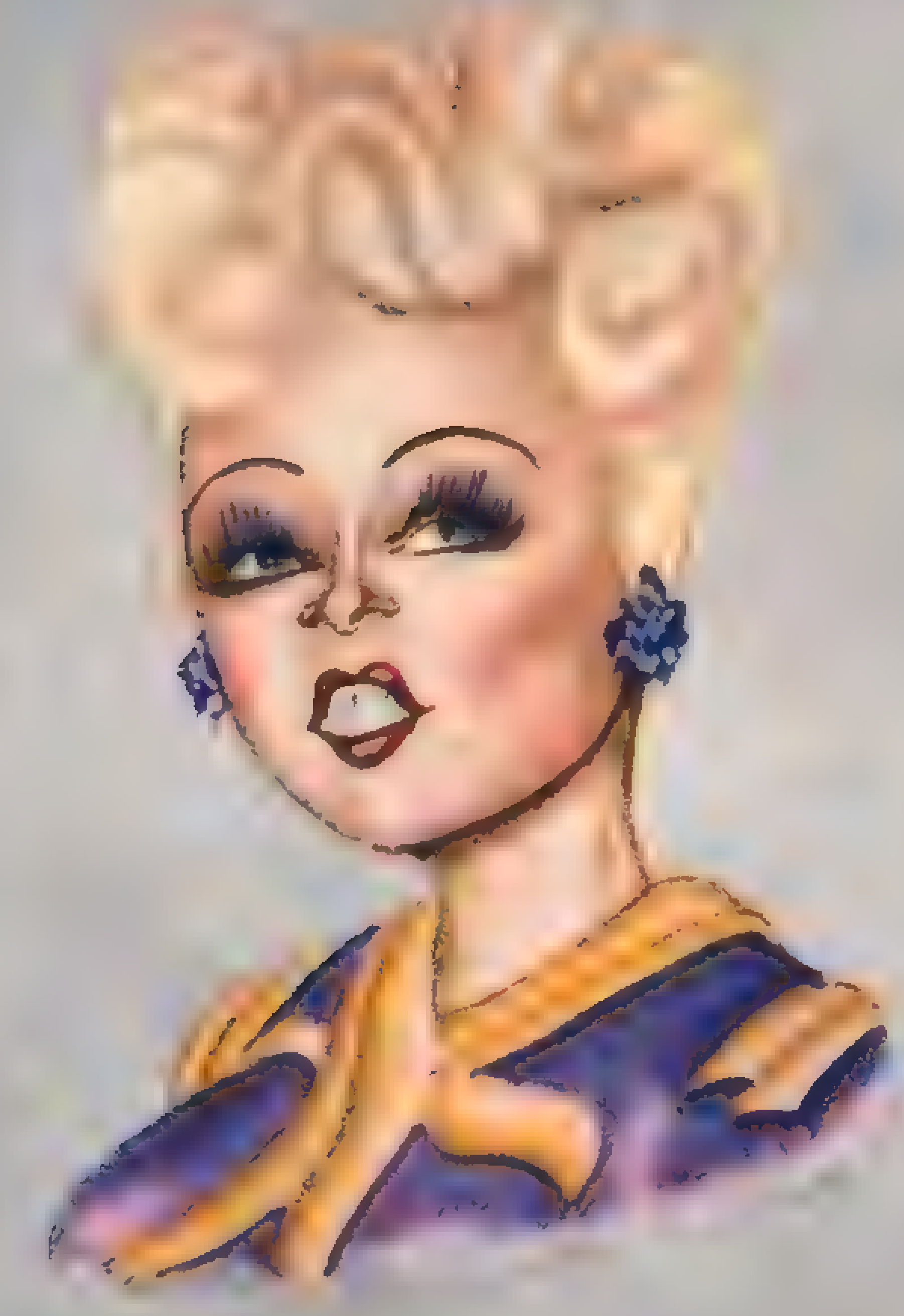
Miss Hutton plays Pearl in the new picture—plays her as she would a trout. In the course of her talkie-reincarnation, Pearl leaps around to even more places than she got to in the old serial days. Science has developed a more durable type of woman during the past twenty years. Or maybe she's developed herself. During the course of shooting, Betty, in a delicate condition, does things that the Amazon, Pearl, couldn't have done after drinking a quart of "Beef, Iron and Wine." She rides through a storm in a runaway balloon; she changes airplanes in the middle of an air current; she jumps from galloping horses to freight trains and she kicks a panting lion in the pants. There must have been times when the stork wished she'd straighten up and fly right. It's a wonder the baby wasn't born with jet-propulsion.

In addition to all this she sings. For the picture is a triller as well as a thriller, with a bang-up score written by Frank *Praise The Lord and Pass the Ammunition* Loesser. During one of these moments musicale, Betty warbles in praise of love while ducking tomatoes and occasionally catching one to hurl it back at the audience. (This incident is somewhat authentic. The real Pearl began her career as a barnstormer on the kerosene circuit and sometimes played so far back in the woods that the theatregoers threw owl eggs at the Thespians.) There's another song called *A Girl's Best Friend Is Her Sewing Machine* which is sung when Pearl's supposed to be a wage slave in a sweatshop. Hutton does this with such wild pedaling and wagging of the head (in imitation of the bobbin) that even the audience works up a perspiration. Of course, a girl as violent as Miss Hutton naturally becomes a little hard pressed when it comes to topping herself. There's always the problem of what to do for a finish. She solves the problem by falling from the top of the proscenium arch during her final number.

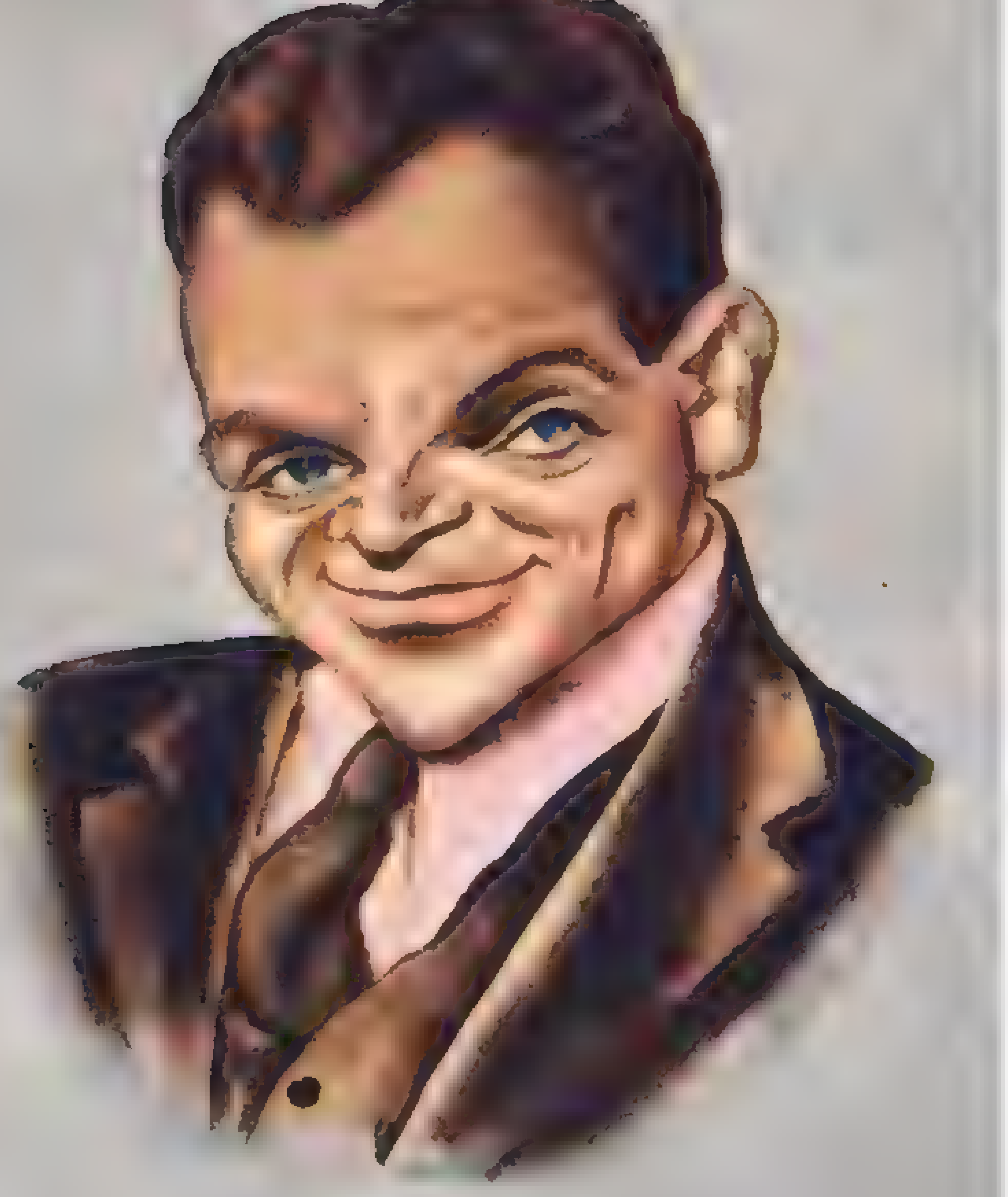
Frank Butler, who wrote the original story, was a little embarrassed by the same quandary. His first two reels are so fast paced and so sure-fire that you feel a little let down when the rest of the film subsides to the level of a hit-film musi- (*Continued on page 118*)



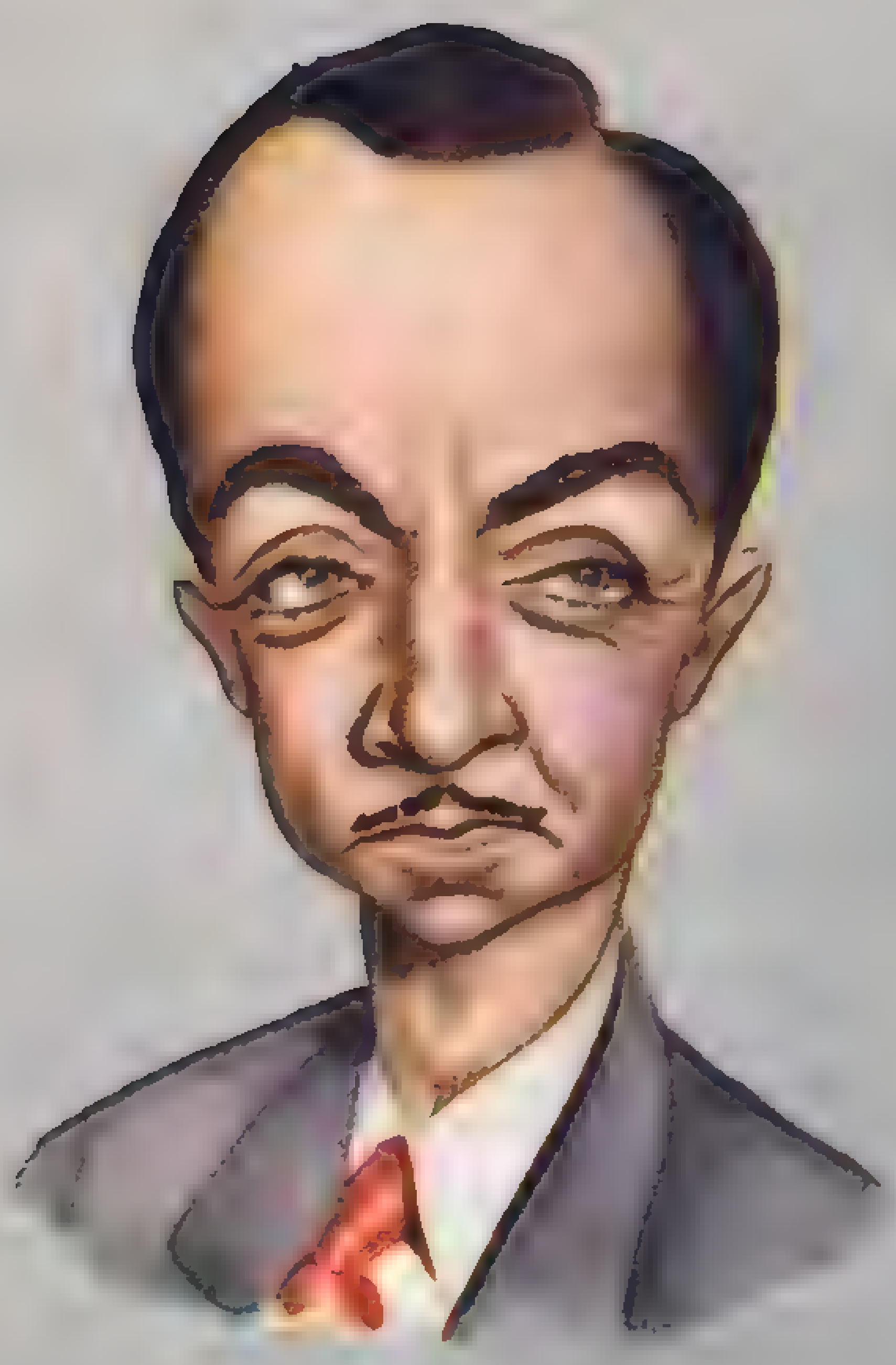
*1. Bandstand Gabriel*



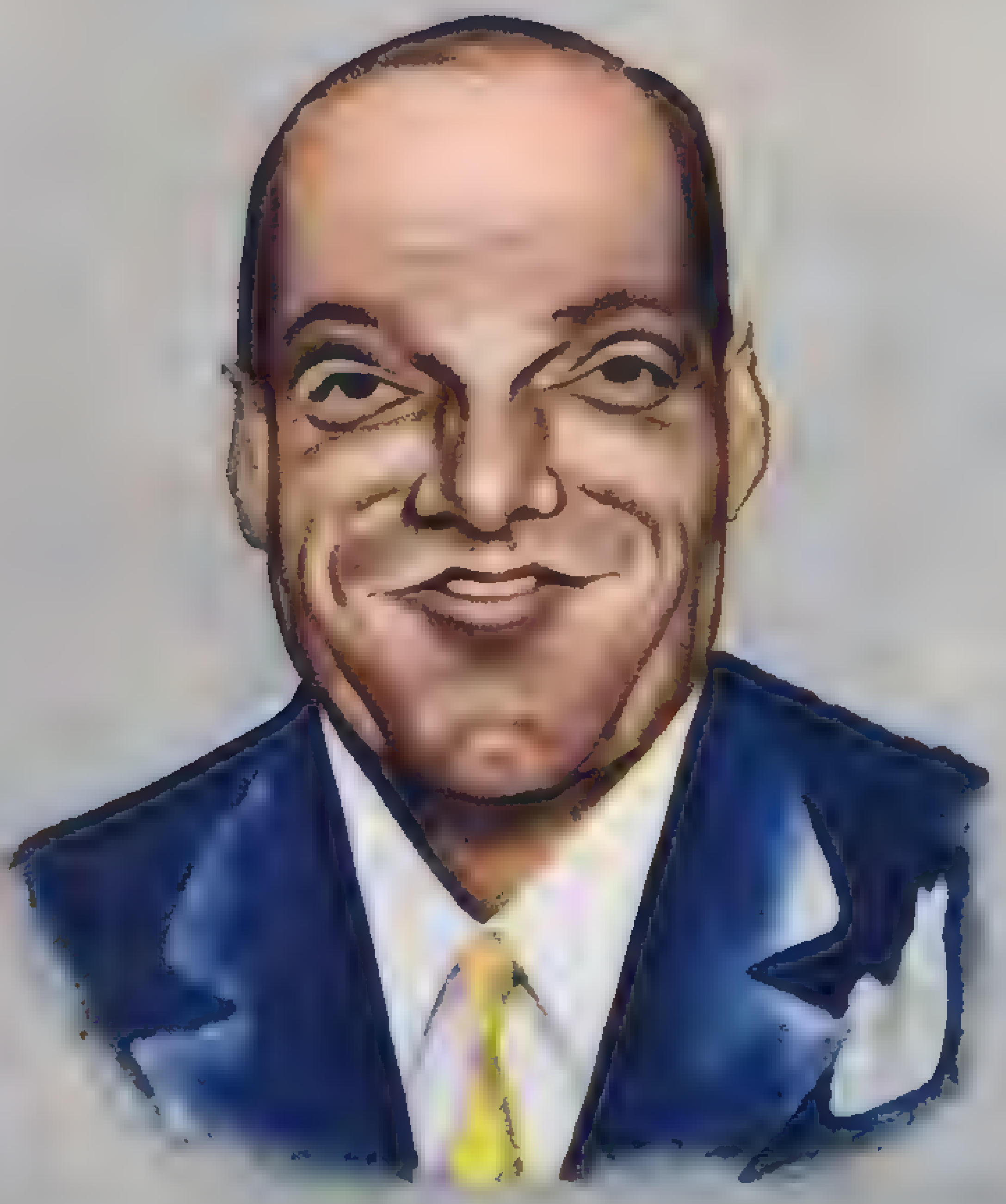
*2. Sex goes west*



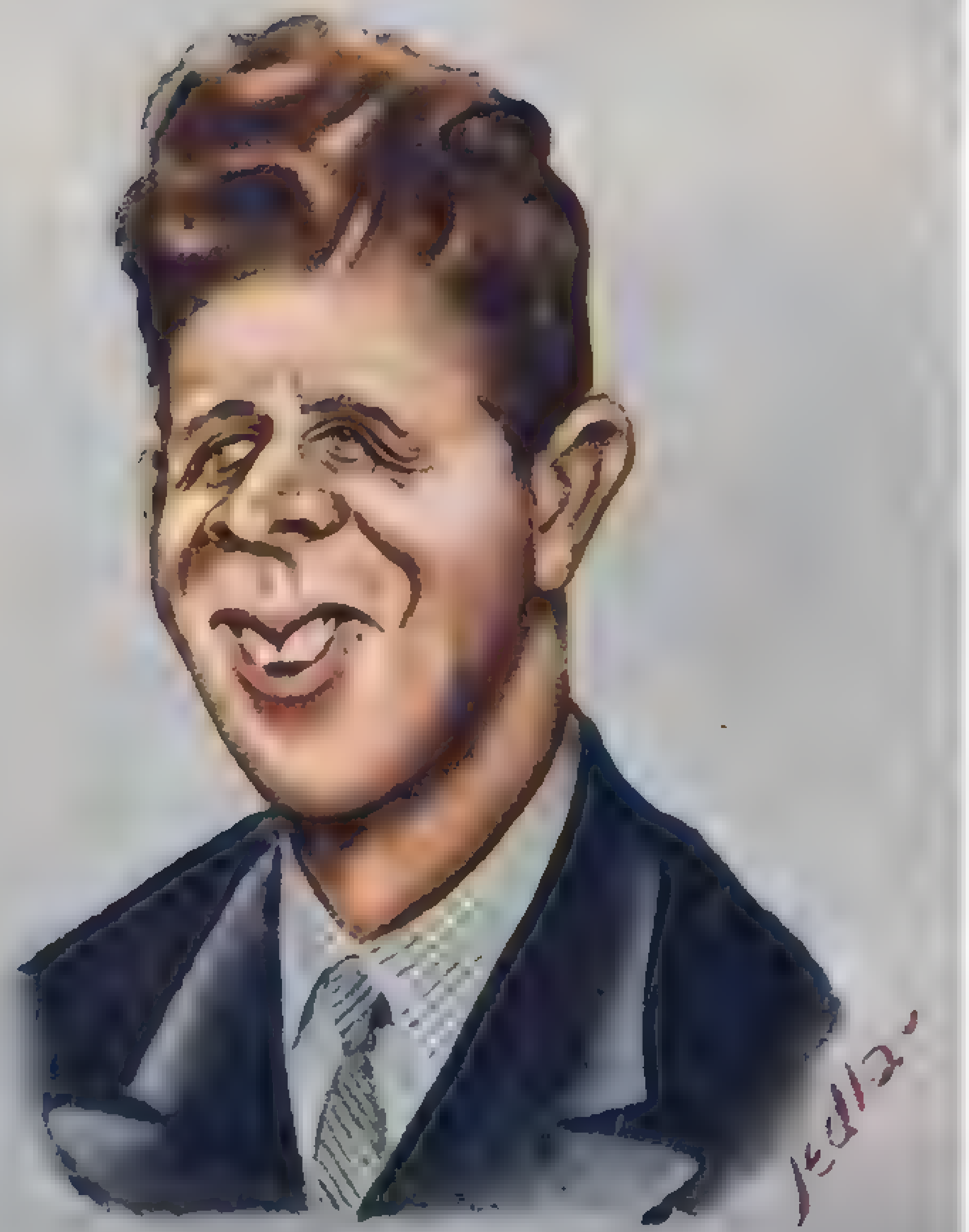
*3. Tough—but oh so gentle*



*4. 35-mm detective*



*5. Young man with a lip*



*6. Sinatra with a megaphone*

## JULY'S CHILDREN

*Caricatures by Alan Jedla*

The Jedla catalogue of familiar faces, caricatured but not distorted here, concentrates on five sons and a daughter of that month of hot sun and vacations—July. No youngsters in this crowd, be it noted, July's children as portrayed have been standouts in their respective fields well beyond the memory of more callow Americans. And yet, be it also noted, these entertainers still retain the appeal of not so long ago. Among them—by way of hint—you will find a musician who shares his birthday with another fair country entertainer, the late George M. Cohan; a *femme fatale* who has parlayed a throaty invitation and an ample torso into a byword; the first screen actor ever to push a grapefruit into a lady's mug; one of Hollywood's truly suave gents; a baseball manager with a raucous voice; a crooner your big sister will be a long time forgetting. For the benefit of those with short memories and others who just came in, here they are: 1. Louis Armstrong; 2. Mae West; 3. James Cagney; 4. William Powell; 5. Leo Durocher; 6. Rudy Vallee.

**In which Pete Chambers gets embroiled in an assignment leading from cabbage (folding) to tomatoes (blonde) to murder**

# Report for a Corpse

### by HENRY KANE

SIMPSON

It was crazier than seven Picassos upside down in the greenest light of early morning and you're drunk on rumba, rum and remembrance and fresh from your only-beloved—except that $5000, banked along the edge of the desk in heaped-up hundreds, gave it the unreal aspect of normalcy.

I sighed. "So all right. So you've bought yourself a tail-piece."

"Tail-piece?" she said, flutteringly.

"That's all I can do. The way you want it."

"I suppose . . ." She did drumwork on the desk top. "Listen."

I listened again. I listened carefully. There is no gainsaying: for five thousand cabbage leaves fetchingly delineated on the customer's end of the desk you listen as carefully as you can listen.

". . . and I'm not sure, not at all sure. If I were, of course, I couldn't live in the same house with the man. Ronald is methodical. How. How, is important. Not what. Or even when. With Ronald, how would be first and paramount. Not what. Nor when."

My old eagle of a prospective client sounded like script for the patter-comics, but she wasn't script for the patter-comics; she was Virginia Dody Hanke, high society and big society: thick-corseted with yards of intricate frail blue dress over raw bones like a football player's, and a bosom like a platform in front of the politicians when they read a speech.

I said, "Lady, please . . ."

"Young man, don't call me lady. The name is Virginia Dody, of the Virginia Dodys; and the Hanke is for marriage."

She smiled with horse-teeth.

This one was a cuckoo for the clock.

"Look," I said, "lady, let's sum it up. There's you, there's your husband Ronald, there's an only child, your adopted daughter Veronica. There's your stately mansion on Eighty-fourth and Fifth. And now, after twenty-five years of marriage—there's a wrinkle."

"Believe you me," Mrs. Hanke said. "She's no wrinkle."

I rustled up another sigh. "All right. You know that your husband has wriggled around with wrinkles before, but this time, it appears, it is more formidable. He wants a divorce."

"Correct."

"So what?"

"Young man, you simply will not understand."

"So you refused to give him a divorce."

"Yes."

"So now you insist he is going to murder you."

"Yes."

"A little bit, I'd say, it's ridiculous."

"Yes . . . No!"

She shifted seat in the chair. Shifting seat in the chair was no mean effort for the ponderous Mrs. Hanke. "It is not ridiculous. Please. All I want you to do is to discover for me how my husband intends to kill me. Simply that."

"Simply?" I said.

"Simply," she said.

"It's cockeyed."

"I'm paying for it."

She had something there.

"And, young man, if you're unsuccessful—I'm still paying you. All I want is your full effort." She wagged a long finger at me, crookedly. "Ronald has never been thwarted in his life. He has gone so far as to ask for a divorce. There is no turning back. When I refuse, I am in danger. He wants this woman for his wife, and he can have her only if I divorce him. Or if I am dead. Since I refuse to divorce him, I think he would like it if I were dead. I am hiring you to find out for me how he would like to arrange it."

Sillily I said, "You sure?"

What the hell *could* I say?

"Of course not. I'd get out, if I were."

"Lady. Then do it my way. Hire a bodyguard. Not a clairvoyant."

"Bodyguard," she said. "Please. This man is my husband. You cannot take a bodyguard to bed with you."

"No," I agreed. "Not for $5000."

"Mm," she said.

"You mentioned, I recollect, that you two had separate rooms."

"I did. But a husband has a legal right to wander around the house . . ."

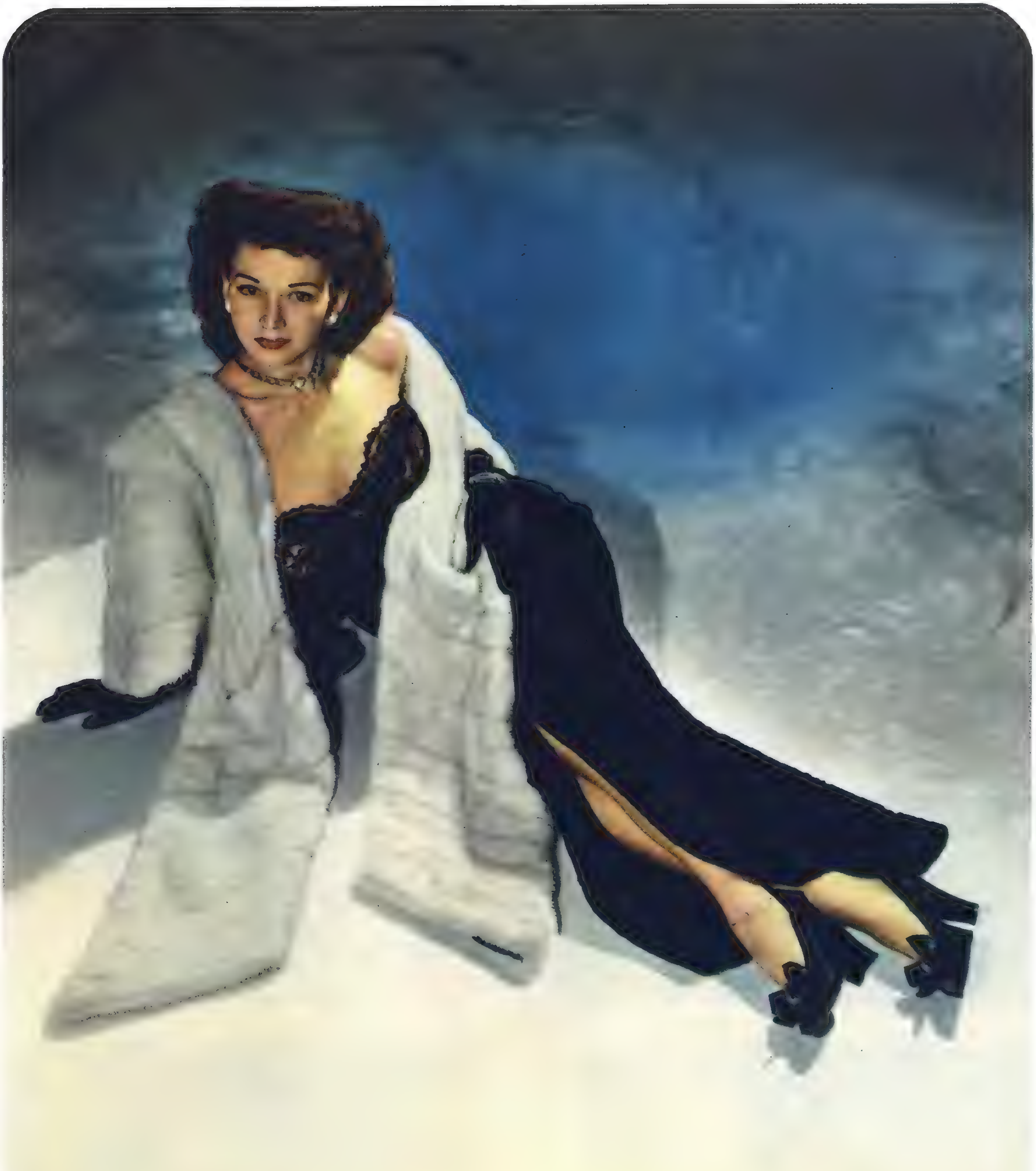
She laughed, but grimly. She scrambled out of the chair. She shook hands with me. She said, "Young man, I like you."

When she was gone, I picked up where she had left off with the drumwork on the desk top. I also whistled a little. It was crazy: the prospective corpse paying you for inquiry about *how* she was going to get killed. Then I stopped with the drumwork and I stopped with the whistling and I herded together the crisp green lovable bills and put them in the safe. If an eccentric *(Continued on page 137)*

GLANTZ

***Halo for Somebody: Henry Kane***

*Our own private bombshell, Henry Kane first exploded across Esquire's pages last winter. Since then, we've asked for and he's complied with a succession of hard-hitting short stories. A renegade lawyer and salesman, Mr. Kane is now a happy man, doing what he enjoys most and does best—writing tough little mysteries which cram book-length plots and action into the magazine length. He informs us the creative bug bit him when he was eight, but not until he hit his thirties did he let readers in on his secret. His maiden novel,* Halo for Nobody, *was a mystery gem that made even the staid reviewers scramble for superlatives. A native New Yorker, he leaves his typewriter for visits to bars and race tracks, and conversations with hoods and heisters who supply local color for so much of his composition.*

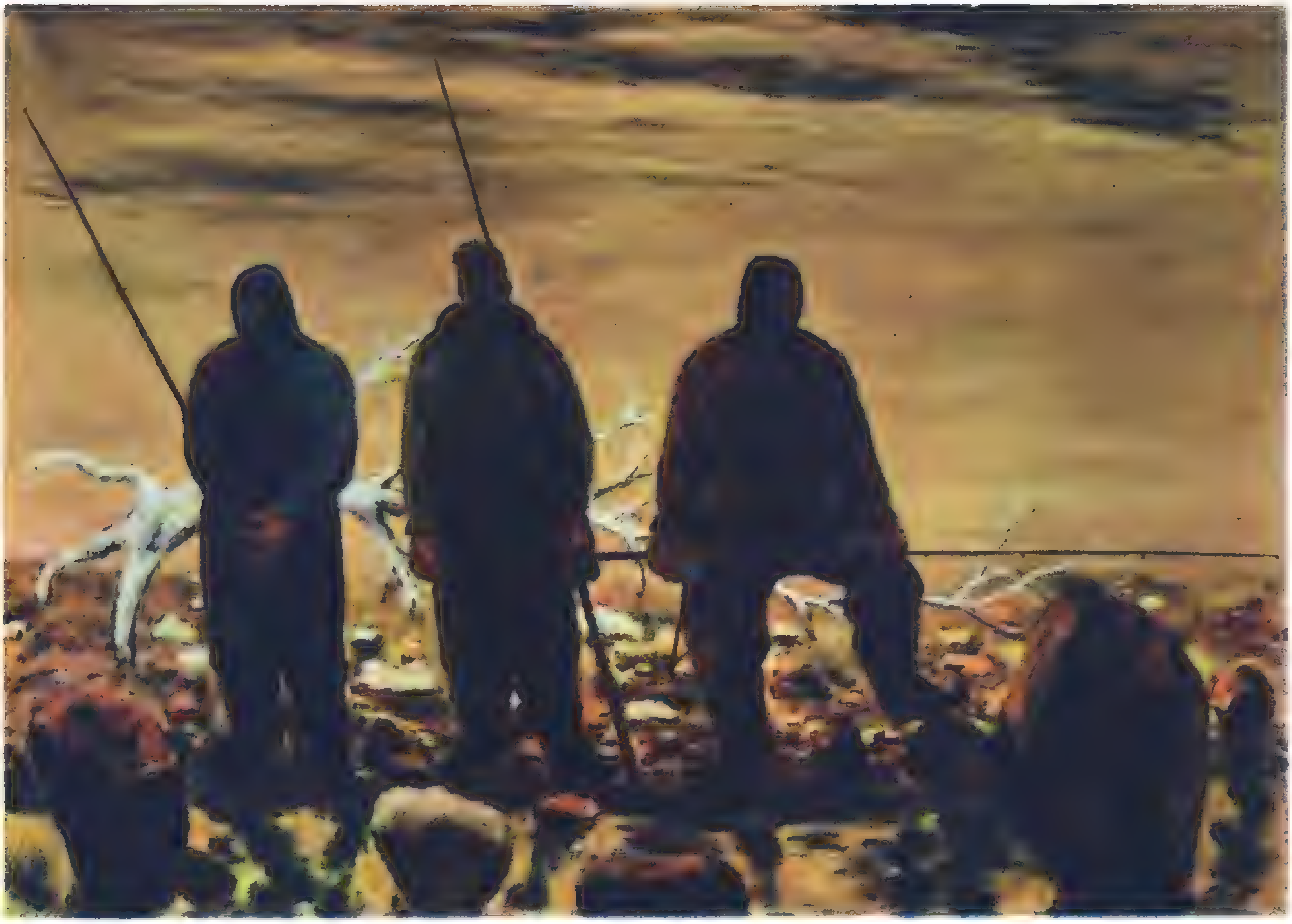


## GLAMOUR SEEKS DRAMA

***Carole Landis***

***Photograph by Jon Abbot***

The familiar and almost legendary figure of Miss Carole Landis, so fetchingly reproduced here, has brought forth more than its share of hubba-hubbas since it was first given featured billing in the De Mille opus, *One Million Years B. C.* But don't let the glamour picture fool you. As of now, Miss Landis is discontented with her role as wolf bait and is striking out in search of success via dramatic talent rather than allure. Step one in her reconversion program was dyeing her blonde hair brunette. Step two was splitting with her studio and setting up as a free lance. Should her deglamourizing campaign hit a few snags, blame it on these excellent reasons: height, 5′ 5¾″; weight, 120; bust, 36″; waist, 23″; hips, 32″.

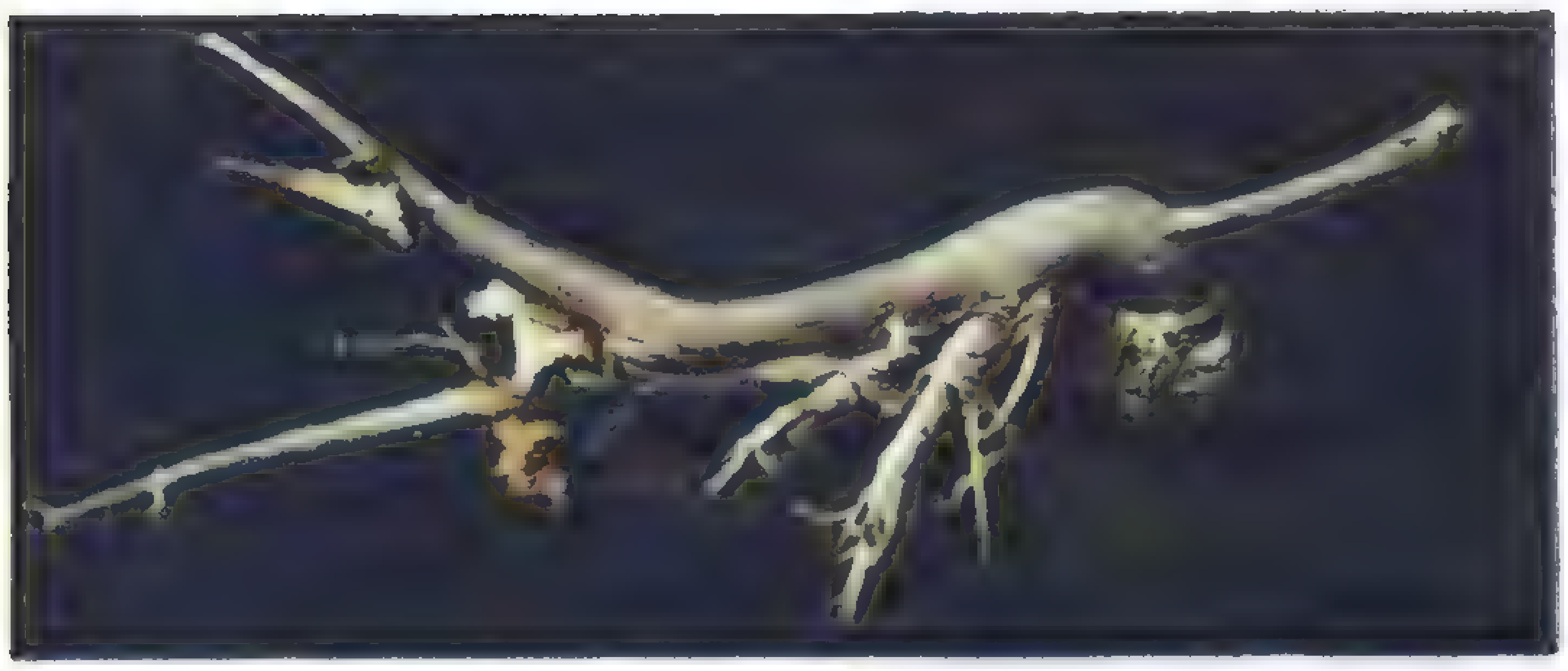


OIL 37" X 27"

**FISHERMEN**

# *Art Portfolio:*

## RAY PROHASKA



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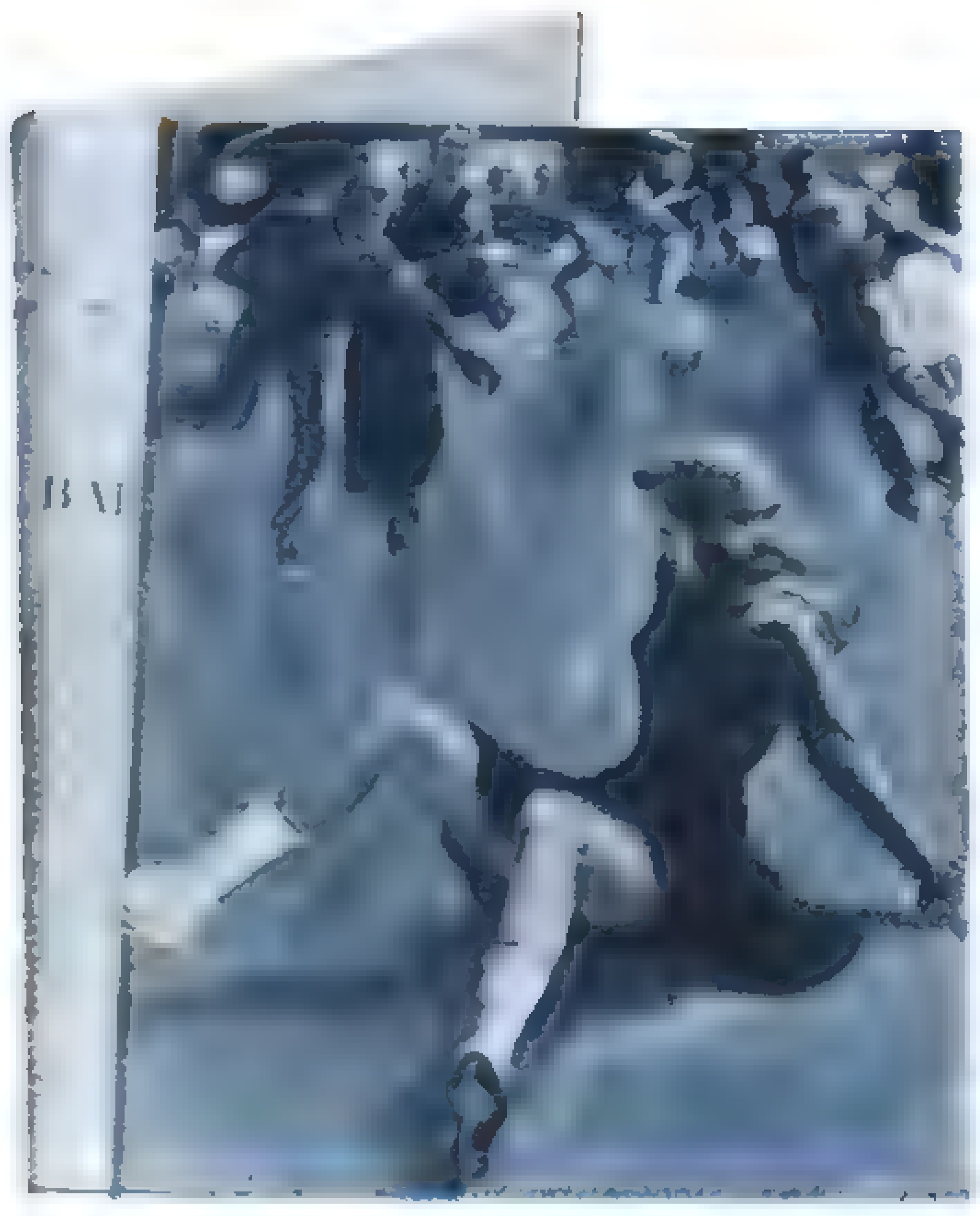
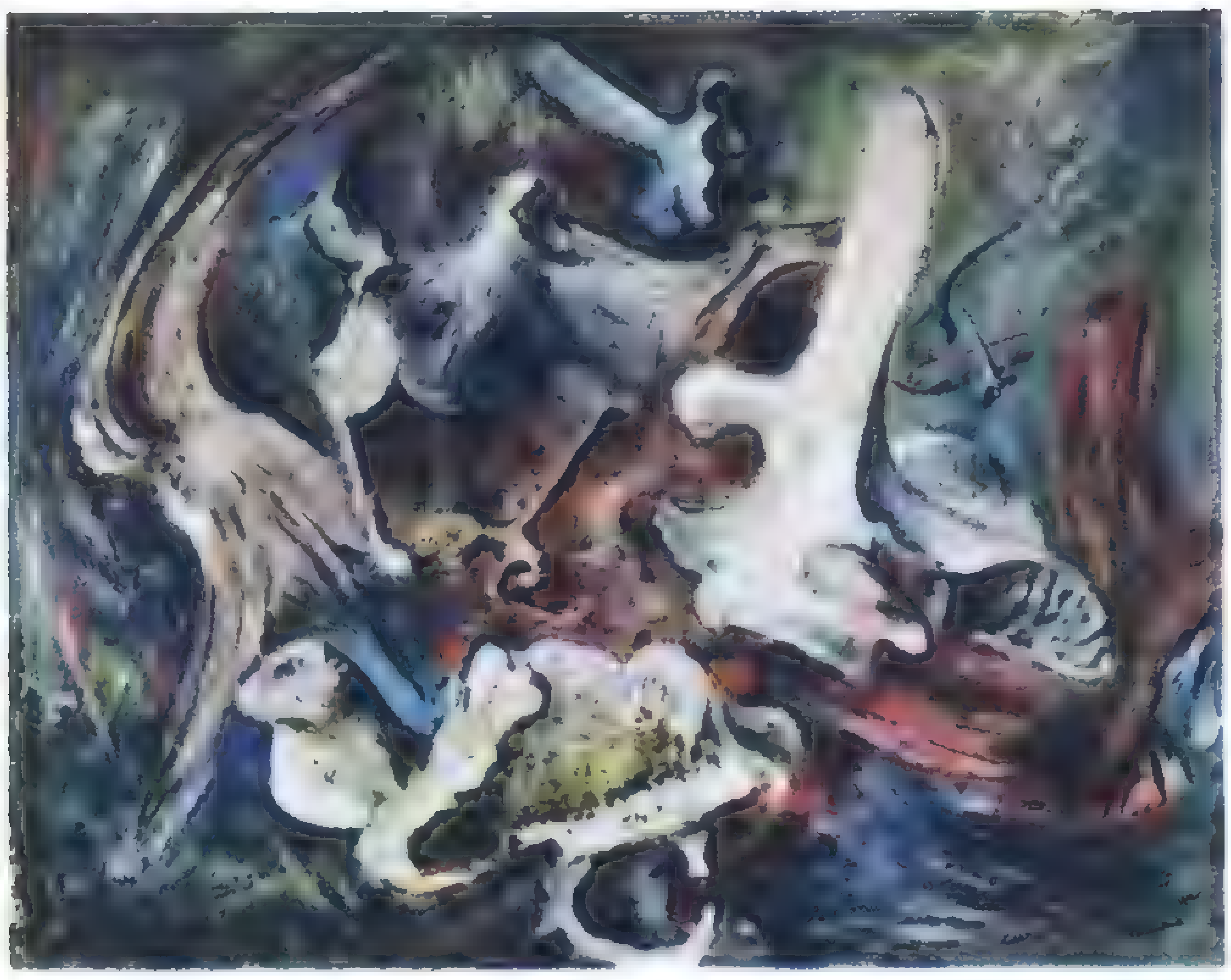
**TREE BRANCH**



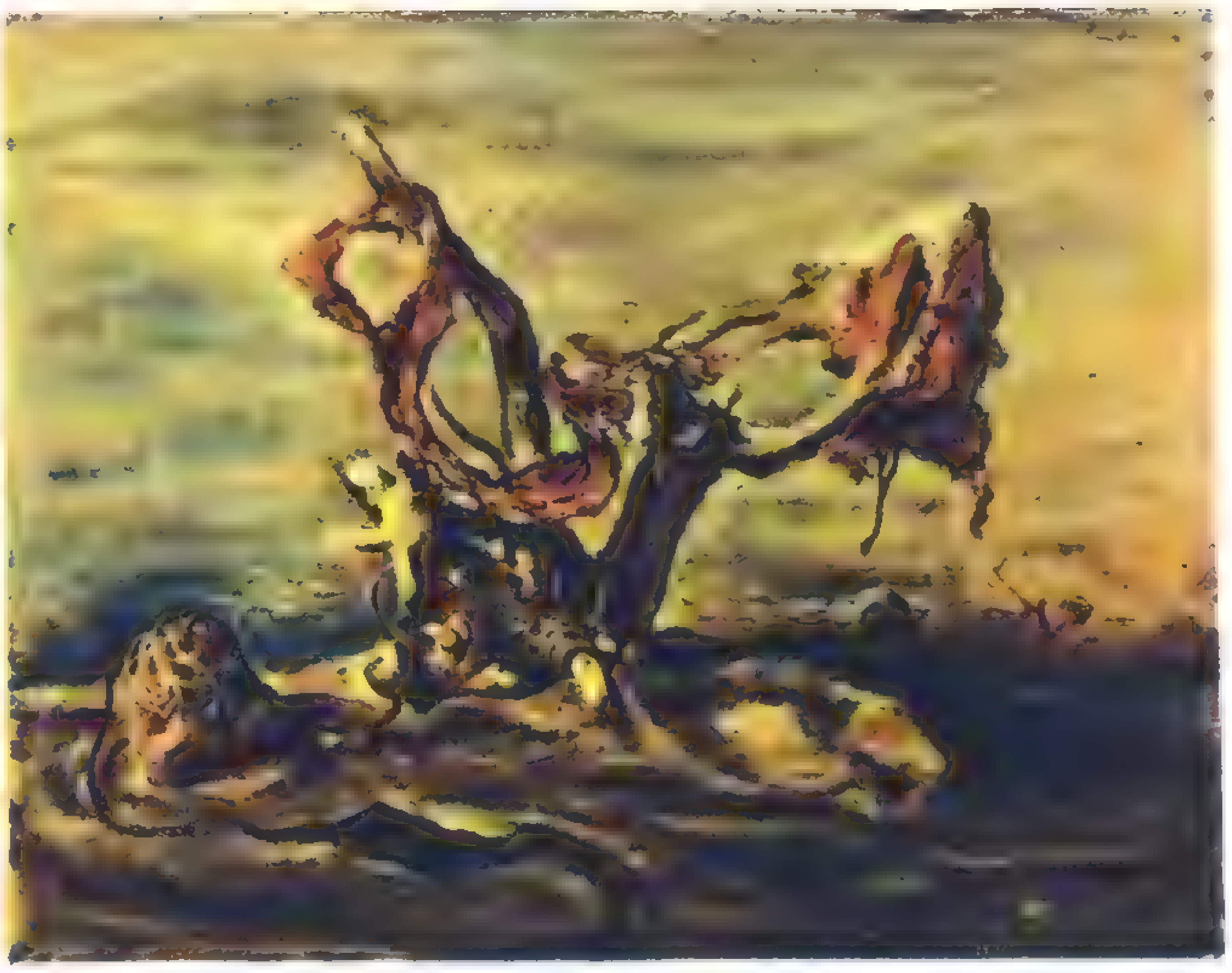
*(Courtesy McCall's Magazine, March, 1947)*

**PROHASKA AS AN ILLUSTRATOR**



OIL 40" X 32"

**BONE FORMS**



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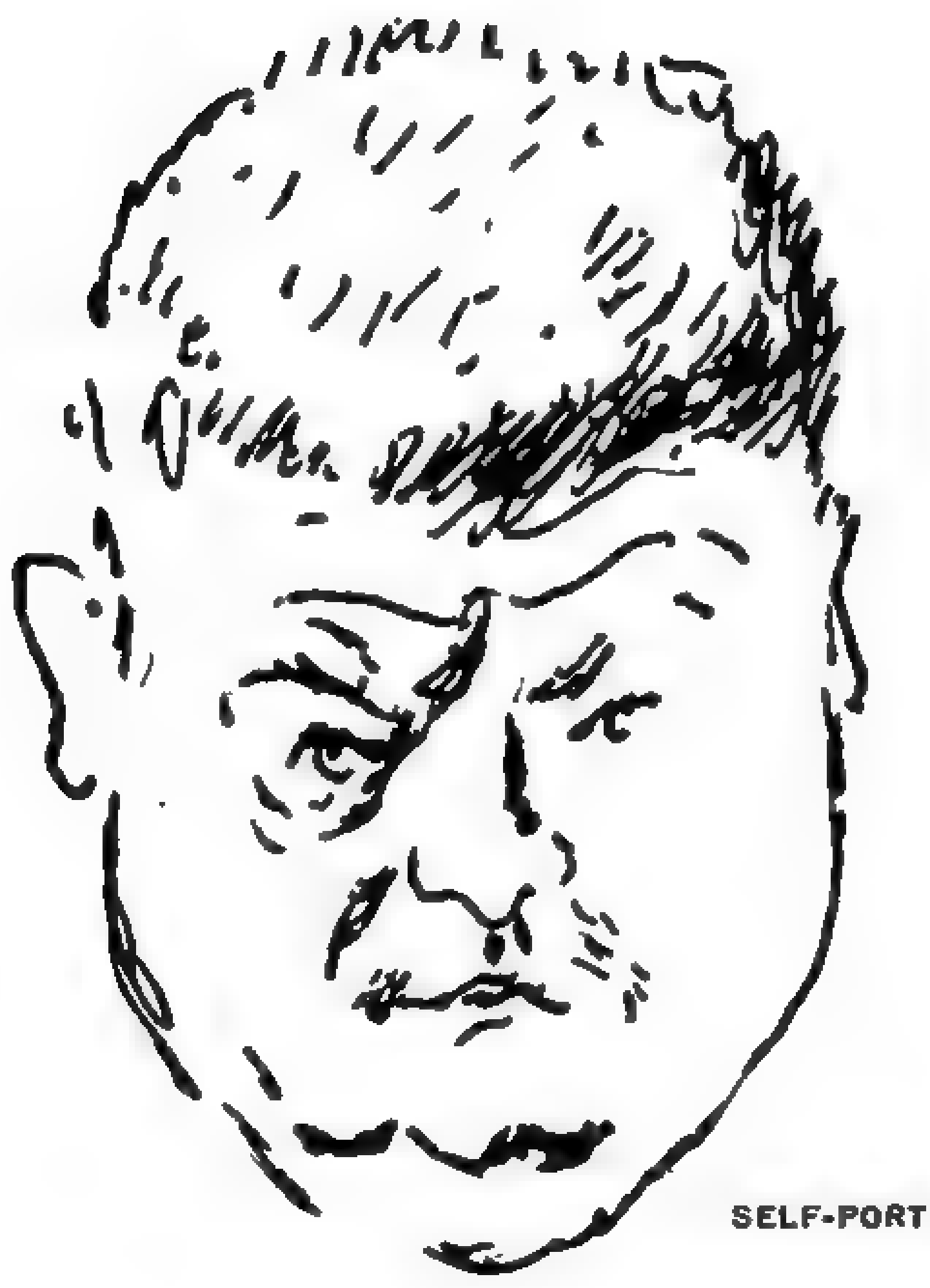
**DITCH PLANES**


SELF-PORTRAIT

**He draws his inspiration from driftwood, the sea, bone and other elemental things**

# Poetic Seal from Mulo: Ray Prohaska

### by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

There are people who love the surface of things; there are others who love the core and the fiber, the skeleton under the flesh, the rock under the water. There are people who love an inland prairie, but there are others who must live with the wave, rollick in spume, taste salt on their lips. The latter are seals. The seal about whom I wish to write barks poetry.

Not that Ray Prohaska knows he's a poet. Or a seal either, for that matter. I'm reminded of Thomas Wolfe, who complained bitterly because he wasn't a poet, though he was, of course. Prohaska, a big man like Wolfe, a highly successful commercial artist, a painter uncommissioned and unknown on the side, is a poet in paint, but doesn't know it, as old doggerel has it. He's a seal, too, and the sea, rock, spume, salt, and the bones of fish are his element. Being a poetic seal, he lives in his element and takes from it all that it has to give, and gives forth that all in a brand of poetry peculiarly his own. He makes the mistake of thinking that poetry is a misty nuance. It is as often a thing of bone and rock, the hard core of things, the elemental force. Prohaska paints elemental things.

His big fingers fondle the blanched bones found in the sea with all the love of a watchmaker handling an intricate Swiss movement. He saves bones: they entrance him. It would take blackmail to make him part with the smallest fragment. He needs them in his work.

Forty-six years ago, in the Dalmatian town of Mulo on the Bay of Catarro, there was born to a Croat-Serb family named Prohaska a boy whom they chose to call Gracia, dedicating his life, being religious people, to Saint Gracia, whose church stood in the town. It was thought that the boy might become a priest or a monk. He began his life among fisherfolk. He's never been happy away from the people who live by the sea. His big, robust form lives with the sea, and the sea lives in his psyche. He brings to his studio mementoes of the sea. And he loves these bits of bone and rock and driftwood as a monk loves his breviary: he has not wandered far from the dream his parents had of the priesthood. When they came to San Francisco when he was eight and the teacher at grammar school decided he looked more like a Raymond than a Gracia, the sea was still at his elbow—as it is now at Amagansett where he paints and fishes. No matter what success as a commercial artist comes to him, no matter that penthouses, if he wants them, are, by the nature of his success, his rightful milieu, the sea is where he belongs and well he knows it.

I knew a poet once who lived in a dive in Greenwich Village and wrote sonnets about satin ladies and periwigged courtiers. He had to escape the grime of a milieu that was nowise the element in which his heart lived. Much greater poetry is written, or painted, by men who are able to take the element they breathe and give it back to the world, transformed into a singing thing. This Ray Prohaska does. He brings you a stone found in clear water, a chalky piece of bone (how old?—a day?—a century?) picked up on his rambles along the beach; he brings you a gnarled, agonized, storm-battered, sea-battered piece of driftwood. He lets you touch them. You cannot take them away with you. They are part of his world. They are his models. He will paint a picture of them for you, however, and the picture will be poetry.

Among the fishermen at Amagansett, Ray Prohaska is not an artist; he's a fisherman. And that is poetry, too. He's simple, direct, uncompromising.

But the simplicity of Ray Prohaska is a complex thing, a quality of infinite balances, of drives counterweighted against each other. For instance, in his work you will find an element of surrealism into which we will go later. And against that surrealism (which is, basically, fantasy) you will find a consuming preoccupation with that which is natural, humble, elemental. If the end result of his work on a canvas seems unearthly, Freudian, otherworldly, it will be seen, after you have examined it carefully, that the forms with which he has developed his theme are, once again, a bone, a shell, the amorphic pattern of a jellyfish. One of his most prized enthusiasms is the Catalan painter Joan Miro, and Miro is a surrealist of the school of Freud. On the other hand Prohaska says that Piero della Francesca, Giotto, Uccello "to me are gods." Now della Francesca, Giotto and Uccello lived and painted generations before Freud was even a will to conquer in his father's eye. And these old Italians were devoted to religious themes, simple, noble, narrative themes that never soared beyond the comprehension of their public.

Another hero to Ray Prohaska is Pieter Breughel, who was absorbed in depicting the rollicking bodies of peasants relaxing at noon, of farm hands dancing at harvest festivals, of fat, happy people gorging themselves in redolent kitchens. This same Prohaska speaks with veneration the names of Picasso and Braque, leaders of the revolution which is modern art.

A man is the total of his drives. One of Prohaska's drives is in the direction of fantasy, another in the direction of simple, decent, clean, ordinary humanity. One of the most fantastic of painters is Joan Miro. One of the most earthy of painters was Pieter Breughel. And yet Prohaska loves them both. And within his canvases one finds something of the personality of each. In order to understand him we must pull these drives together and see in what way seemingly contradictory forces can be accustomed one to the other.

Two phrases that captured me as Prohaska was talking about Breughel were "for the understanding of common people" and "for the admiration of simple people." In 1934 Prohaska, a well-known commercial artist, a success in the eyes of the world, was induced by his fellow Yugoslavian, the noted writer Louis Adamic, to make a pilgrimage to the old country. When he left New York he had $800 in his jeans. Months later he returned with $50, having visited Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Paris and Yugo- *(Continued on page 154)*

MICHAEL BERRY

*"Professor Moss is an ornithologist—birds, you know!"*

**Joyce's misadventure had all the elements of a headline story; human interest, sob stuff, big names, heroism and suspense**

GORDON GRANT

# The Tenth Edition

### by JOSEPH HARRINGTON

Our motives, behind all this, were ulterior and low. I want to make that clear in the beginning. None of us cared much whether Joyce Wokman lived or died—as Joyce Wokman, aged nine, of 107 Sandhill Road, Nordham, Massachusetts. As a *Star* stunt, and purely as such, she was important. That was why we did what we did.

It was a dull December morning, that one, in the City Room. Nothing, for that matter, was happening any place in the world. True, the Russian Foreign Minister had taken a crack at the American Secretary of State and the British Prime Minister, and vice versa, but the headlines and the text might as well have been dated the previous December; and all the other stories were that way—stale.

Spalding, the City Editor, was leaning back in his swivel chair, chortling—you could tell it by the way his tummy heaved and fell—over some questionable story that Bill Adams was telling him. Between chortles and heaves, he ate a bagel spread with raspberry jelly (artificially colored, artificially flavored), and drank lukewarm, grey coffee. Bill was the pilot of the *Star*'s plane, a high-wing amphibian, which was supposed to rush reporters and photographers to scenes of crime, flood and disaster, far ahead of competitors traveling by mere train and automobile. Sometimes it did, too; sometimes it sat down in a fog, while the earth-bound competitors got there and scooped up all the pictures and scandal in sight.

The racketing roar of the wire machines was a drowsy sound; the bulletin bell in the wire room hadn't tinkled once that day. I was eating a bagel, with cream cheese, and drinking grey, lukewarm coffee. The *Star*'s crew, in search of something different in portable lunches, had run the gamut from plain white bread and toast, through rye bread, pumpernickel, French bread, Italian bread and rolls, to bagels.

A copy boy brought a sheaf of flimsy from the wire room and laid it before Spalding, who waded through it carelessly, tossing finished pages in the wastebaskets beside him until he came to the one about Joyce Wokman. He read that over three times, chewing bagel with artificial raspberry jelly. Spalding wasn't a great newspaperman or even an important one, but he had an uncanny instinct for stunts.

"Just a minute, Bill," he said. He shoved the flimsy over to Bill Adams. "Read that," he ordered. And then to me, "Hey, Gordon!"

I came over briskly. "Read that," he commanded. I read it over Adams' big shoulder. It said that the Sound steamer, *Henry Stuyvesant*, bound for New York, had radioed for a plane because a girl passenger, Joyce Wokman, had accidentally swallowed an open safety pin soon after leaving the Boston dock. The *Henry Stuyvesant* had been fogbound soon after leaving Boston; she'd got through the Cape Cod Canal very late; she was now off Miller's Beach, Long Island, in a snowstorm, and she was slowing down. Joyce Wokman was in great pain; there was no doctor aboard; would the Coast Guard come out and get her?

"Just up our alley, this one," said Spalding. "You and Gordon—you'll beat out the Coast Guard plane. I'll have a police boat meet you off Twenty-third Street. And beat that Coast Guard plane!"

You'll note he wasn't worried about whether Joyce Wokman was rescued—it was a case of who did the rescuing.

I drove down to the Wall Street seaplane basin with Bill Adams in his Plymouth, wondering, for just about the eighty-fifth time, why airplane pilots drive their cars like fiends, with no sense of feeling for clutch or gears. Lew Albert, the photographer, was with us. He said, "Take it easy, Bill."

We climbed into the amphibian's plushy cabin through a hatch overhead. The starter growled; raw gasoline dripped on our heads, Lew's and mine, and then the motor caught. We roared up the East River. We sailed underneath the Brooklyn Bridge, with only a minor jar, and over the Williamsburgh Bridge, without any jar. The flat roofs of Queens floated underneath us, clear and sharp as an architect's drawing, in grey winter light.

"Beautiful day for a flight," commented Albert.

Bill Adams glanced at him. "See that cloud bank ahead?" he demanded. It was a nice, fleecy grey one. "Snow," said Bill.

Fifteen minutes later the first flakes came rushing at us, melted on touch against the heated windshield, and the drops of new water rushed upward. It always fascinated me that raindrops ran upward on the slanted windshield, never downward as they did on the windshield of a car. The windshield wipers started moving briskly.

Frank BEAVEN

We went low, very low. It seemed to me that we were dusting the tops of scrub oaks. Once Bill pulled sharply back on his stick so that we cleared a two-car brick garage on the shore—we were that low. We had no instruments for blind flying and Bill wouldn't have known how to use them if we did. He grew tighter, more rigid, and swore when the treetops came too close. And he was relieved when we came down over the Sound, to within twenty feet of grey water, and ducks dove hastily as we swept over them.

"I think," shouted Bill, so we could hear him over the roar of the motor, "we'd better sit down for a while. This'll let up."

Bill was no hero. He'd been at this a long time, and he had a favorite saying, "Nobody ever got killed by not flying in bad weather." Bill hadn't been killed yet.

"I think we'd better," I said. Even at twenty feet I could barely see the grey water underneath.

"No sense to getting killed," said Albert. "The office wouldn't like it if we did."

"Yeah—we better," said Bill. "This plane cost $22,000—no sense to washing it out."

"None at all," I said. I was no hero either.

"We can go on a little way," said Bill. "All clear water ahead. But I won't take the responsibility for washing out the ship." He was shaky and nervous.

"The hell with the ship," said Albert. "I've got a wife and three kids to think about." He was shaky and nervous—not about his wife and three kids, though, I was sure.

"What sort of a story could I write if dead?" I said, trying to laugh. "No point to it." I was shaky and nervous—but not about the story. We were rushing over grey water, occasionally capped with foam, through a mist of white flakes which turned to water and ran upward on the windshield.

"It isn't as though," Bill said, "the Coast Guard plane could find her. Hell, if I thought she could beat us out, I'd go on."

You see? It wasn't a case of saving Joyce Wokman's life—we just wanted to be sure that if saved, we personally and the *Star* would do the saving.

The snow suddenly thinned, and we could get up to fifty feet and still see the water. Bill grew less nervous. "It'll be some story, hey, Gordie—if we find the ship and the Coast Guard can't?"

"It sure would," I said. I could see that. *Though snow had swept all other planes from sea and sky, the* Star's *plane dashed on, through zero visibility, and plucked Joyce*—what was her last name, again?—*from the very jaws*—oh, no; I could do better than that.

There was a sudden blast of sunlight, a tiny oasis of it, a freak of some sort. I could even see blue sky for a moment. And Albert opened his camera case and got out some plates. Then we were again in a misty, snowy world, and Bill was nervous and shaky again, bringing his plane down to fifteen or twenty feet above the occasionally frothy water.

"I'd better sit down," said Bill. "After all, this plane cost $25,000, and if I washed her out, where would my rep be?" Sometimes, in bad weather, the plane cost as much as $40,000.

Albert and I agreed with him.

We actually turned for a landing into the wind. I was getting the shiny, nickel-plated anchor from underneath my seat—high-priced amphibians have very fancy anchors. And then, out of the grey water ahead, and the snowy mist, rose a grove of trees anchored, I am sure, in hard, solid land. Bill Adams swore, frightened, and hauled back on the stick. We cleared the trees, which were leafless and gaunt, and came back down to twenty feet above grey water. Bill Adams wiped his forehead.

"Now where the hell d'you suppose we are?" he demanded uncertainly. His forehead needed the wiping; it was dewy, for all the December cold.

As though Albert and I had the faintest idea.

We thundered over grey water, watching ducks dive hastily just ahead of us. And now Bill was afraid to put the ship down. He muttered that he knew every tree and beach on the north shore, but he'd never seen that grove before. All he wanted was to see some place he knew, and could take a bearing from, so he could get back to Wall Street and the East River, N. Y., N. Y., or, at least, sit down.

We roared on, chiefly because, in an airplane, you can't stand still; three very frightened men in a plushy cockpit, lost in a storm.

We ran through patches of dense flakes where we went down to ten feet, through lighter patches where we could go up to forty feet.

We didn't know where we were, until we almost ran head on into the low-flanked, rusty-white *Henry Stuyvesant*. Then we rose sharply, just clearing the funnels so narrowly that, though it must have been my imagination, I could swear I smelled the hot gases from her fires.

I saw the *Henry Stuyvesant* one moment; the next she was lost in the swirling white mist. Bill Adams—with the fickleness of his kind—grinned at me. "Well, we found her, Gordie. Bet the Coast Guard plane didn't," as though he, not a lady named Luck, had anything to do with it. This I can say: I lost all fear. If Luck rides so far with you, she rarely quits you at this stage. And Albert got out his plates again and looked less frozen with fear.

We wheeled in an upper, snowy world and slid down to a landing, neat as you please, alongside the low-flanked *Henry Stuyvesant*. There was a crowd of passengers on deck; a crew was unlimbering a lifeboat, and it came gently down from the davits to the grey water, and the waves seemed to toss it gently toward our plane. When it got close, I could see the scabby side of it and the small, bundled figure of a girl. Bill opened the hatch and then had to play his motor and rudders to stay in the same spot, so it was I who climbed up to receive the small bundled figure, lifted up to my arms by a hard-faced, sour crewman. The girl's face was grey-white—about as white as a tattletale sheet. Her hair dripped back, golden and sparkling, curiously alive in contrast to her face. Albert had climbed out the hatch and was risking his life, photographing all this. The glare of the flash bulbs blinded me again and again.

"Get her to a hospital quick, mister," the crewman said.

"Sure; you bet," I said. Her eyes were open; they were grey, too, and dully frightened, as though partly anesthetized with pain. She was heavy. I could hardly hold her, with the tossing of the amphibian.

As the lifeboat slid off, the hard-faced crewman shouted, "Thank God for you Coast Guard fellers," although the words, "New York *Star*," were printed clear as day in fat black letters on the amphibian's sides. Never mind. I'd take a liberty or two. "Thank God for the New York *Star*," he'd say, in the New York *Star*.

I got back to the plushy seat, the girl on my knees. Albert came down, panting "Swell pix," and sat beside me, moving plates in and out of his bag. Bill Adams crowed, "Bet the Coast Guard won't be here for two hours," and gunned his motor. We slashed through grey chop, bumped hard, and were in the snow-filled air.

THIS APARTMENT NOT FOR RENT
Fred Lundy

This Joyce Wokman was a sick kid, and she was scared.

"We'll get you to a doctor, kid," I said. I patted her head and drew the blankets closer around her. I wasn't prepared for her arms coming out of the bundle and hooking around my neck, or the way she clung to me.

Stories, like practically every other job, have a hump in or about the middle. Once you get over that, all you have to do is glide. We'd gotten over the hump in this one—ninety-nine per cent luck, one per cent flying skill. I'm sure that neither Bill Adams nor Lew Albert nor I doubted for an instant that we'd crossed the hump when we took off from beside the *Henry Stuyvesant*. I'm sure none of us, flying high through the snow, wasn't positive that the snow would quit and we'd come out into a clear, grey December day.

It was even better than that. We flew out of snow into brilliant winter sunshine. We sailed over the Triborough Bridge in a dazzling warm light, under the Queensborough Bridge, and slid down to a landing off Twenty-third Street, just outside of Longview Hospital, beside a police launch, which was snorting busily up and down.

It took Joyce Wokman and me off, and charged into the hospital dock. The kid seemed greyer and sicker now.

Our headquarters man, Don Weisberg, had done a good job. He had everybody waiting for us, from the superintendent, Dr. Lawson, down to an intern named, by a curious coincidence, Dr. Lawson. There was even a fireboat, blowing its siren, and the Police Commissioner, who was saying, "What is this, anyway?" He never did know. But Lew Albert took his picture anyway, and afterward it appeared in the *Star*, with the caption: *Helps pin-victim.*

After sixteen flashes of photographers' bulbs, we carried Joyce Wokman inside. I saw her into the operating room, and then I went downtown and rattled out the story. It was a good story, too, all about the *Star*'s plane flying through sleet (I threw that in) and snow to pluck Joyce Wokman, aged nine, of Nordham, Massachusetts, from the very jaws of death. (I couldn't find a better phrase.) I went long on the business of our amphibian finding itself alongside the white flank of the *Henry Stuyvesant*, and on the brilliant piloting of Bill Adams; short on the luck. I went long on the dangers; I didn't mention our fright.

Before I was through, George Wokman, a nice, balding, middle-aged man, came in to thank the *Star* for saving the life of his daughter. He was something of a bore. He wrung my hand until it nearly twisted off, and said any time I landed in Nordham, Massachusetts, to look him up, and he'd see that I had anything I wanted, and still he'd owe me. That was embarrassing. After

(*Continued on page 177*)

**The war hurt plenty, but travelers will find that England is still what she was**

# Britain's Ready— If You Are!

### by RICHARD JOSEPH

Look, we're not going to try to talk you into or out of going to England this year. Either you've been waiting since war's end to tour England again, renew old friendships, and see for yourself how six years of war and two years of postwar self-denial have affected the European civilization most like our own—or you haven't.

If you have, you're not going to be dissuaded by food rationing, and partial black-outs. If you haven't, no amount of talk about the good time you can have again in London watching a great city coming back to normal life will make you want to go. This is addressed specifically to those who are thinking about going to England in the foreseeable future, and want to get an idea of how they'll find things over there.

In the first place, living conditions in England aren't nearly as bad as you might think from some of the stuff you read in the papers. Nobody's starving and nobody's planting bombs in Downing Street—though the diet can be damned monotonous, and some British papers have done everything but throw their presses at the government.

We were over there during the worst of their coal crisis. And yet we dined, drank, danced and made merry. True, we did find life pleasanter—if less romantic—after we'd pulled on a pair of old G.I. longjohns we'd stuffed into our bag at the last minute.

But you're thinking about going over in good weather, so heat won't be a problem. At the time of writing, the black-out (to conserve coal) is scheduled to last throughout the year, which means that all the streets are dark except main intersections. That shouldn't bother you too much, though. And it does make the voices of the famed Piccadilly commandos lurking in the shadows more sinister or more enticing—depending on your individual proclivities and experience.

Deciding, despite all the dire stories you might have heard, to go to England, the first thing you ought to do is get in touch with your local travel agent. This is practically a necessity under present European travel conditions. Our State Department has announced that it will issue passports for European travel only to those tourists who can show round-trip passage and accommodations at all places they intend to visit. That means no chance, for the time being, of taking a junket on the old, carefree, extemporaneous itinerary basis. You'll have to figure out in advance when you will be where, and stick to it. However, your worries about finding hotel accommodations will be over before you start.

The British Travel Association estimates that 70,000 Americans will visit the United Kingdom this year, and they say their accommodations are adequate for handling this number. It is expected that many more Americans would like to go, so better see your travel agent fast if you want to make sure of your reservation.

Assuming you're now all set for your journey, let's get on with it, as the British say when they knock off for tea.

*Where to go*: All of Britain's storied countryside awaits you, most of it completely unspoiled by war. The lush green valley of the Thames, Windsor, Canterbury, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Cambridge, the Lake District, Edinburgh (which presents its International Music and Drama Festival in August), the Trossachs and Scotland's highlands, the dour Welsh mountains, the rocky coast of Cornwall, Devonshire's lovely sands, the rolling farmlands of East Anglia, all remain as peaceful as though the war never happened. You'll fare better, too, in the rural areas where farmers, like their unreconstructed counterparts all over the world, have never taken to the discipline of rationing. To them, an egg is an egg is an egg, to be eaten personally or disposed of as it suits them.

Hotels in British provincial cities varied from bad to atrocious, even in the good old days. But you always had much better luck in little country inns. Staying in the best of them used to be a high-spot in the prewar visits of knowing Americans. There they could steep themselves in British tradition and British atmosphere—without partaking too freely of British discomfort.

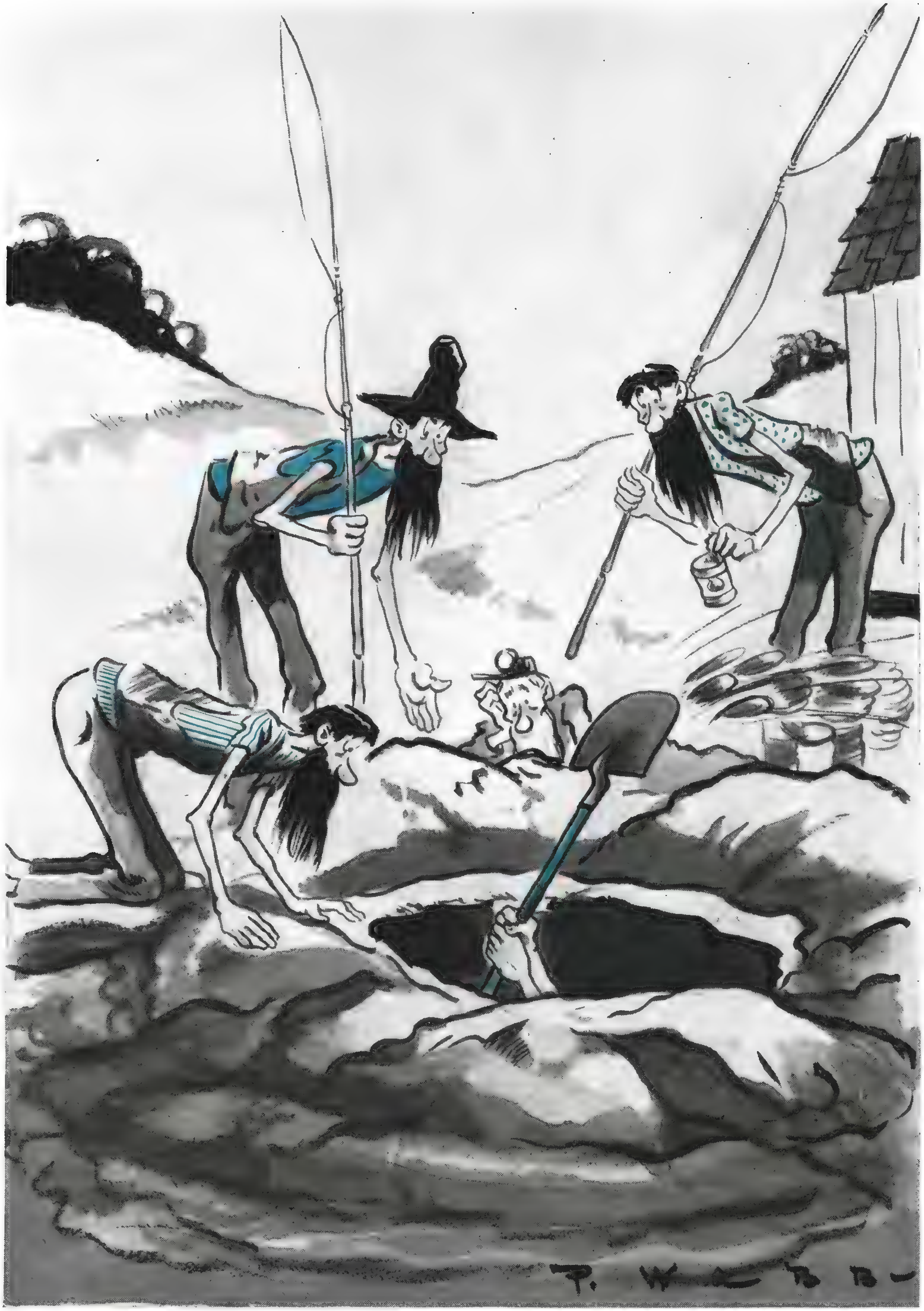
You won't have any trouble moving around the country. Railroads are getting back to normal, and you can reserve first- and third-class seats on certain express trains. (British railroads, except for the Golden Arrow, the British-run boat train from London to Paris, have no second class.) Restaurant cars are attached to the main trains. If you prefer to fly, British European Airways runs comfortable and speedy planes between London and Glasgow, Inverness, Belfast, the Isle of Man, Liverpool and Manchester.

Charming as is the countryside, London has always been the greatest attraction for the American tourist. Though badly battered during the war, London is still the largest city in the world, and one of the most historic.

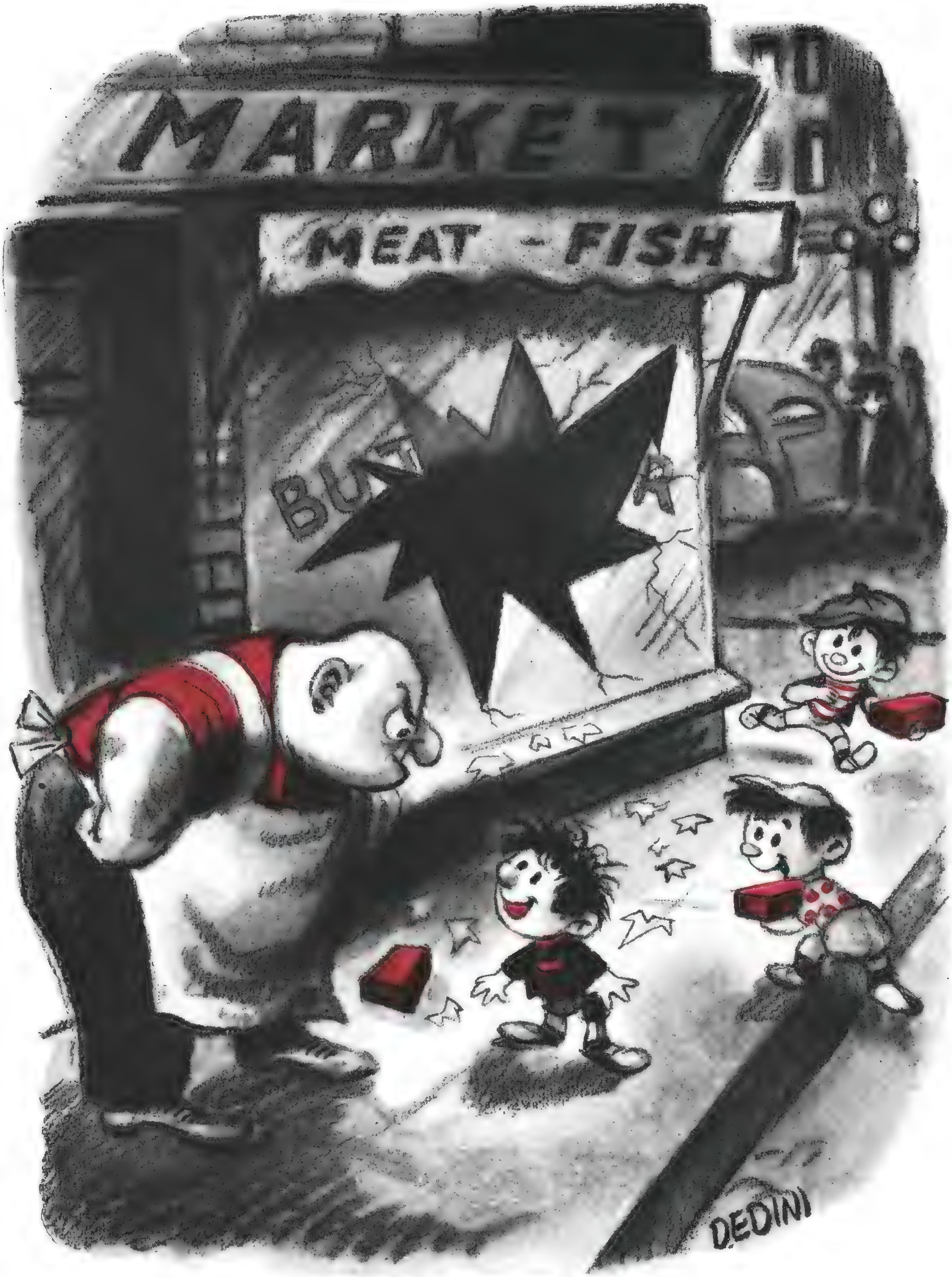
You'll have to look for the bomb damage, as London has long since tidied up. Not until you notice the large number of vacant lots, and remember that there had been no vacant spots in the city since the rebuilding after the Great Fire of 1666, will you realize how much damage was done.

You'll see great flat spaces around the docks in the East End, and you'll note the chunks chewed off corners around Fleet Street and Mayfair. But if you knew London in the old days, the whole business will really hit you as you poke around the little streets in the West End off Portman Place, Baker Street and Gloucester Place—a district of carefully tended four- and five-story brick houses, very like those on Beacon Street and Louisburg Square in Boston—where the front steps were always scrubbed, the brasswork was always shining, and the houses always smelled slightly of furniture polish. It was a neighborhood of "digs" in the old days, where single, respectable, middle-class people, led single, respectable lives. More important to Americans, it was a district where nice young visitors could get a comfortable room, breakfast, and the careful if somewhat scat- (*Continued on page 191*)

*"On page 12, Señor, it tells all about our tipping practices"*



*"Fer goshsakes, Maw, quit chasin' the li'l feller . . . we kin find another worm somewheres"*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*"Don't blame us—blame our parents"*

**It would be difficult to explain their friendship; perhaps each fulfilled some unexpressed urge in his strange companion**

# Reunion at Joliet

### by GEORGE WISWELL

Two of us sat at a window in Jerry's Truckers Café on Route 66 a few miles northeast of Joliet. It was early afternoon in October. I had driven down from Chicago to meet Charlie. His dusty black Ford with a Springfield sticker was parked outside.

The sunlight struck harshly on the gaudy signs advertising whiskey, coke and tobacco. Mottoes advising the patrons there was no credit and no service to minors were stuck on the mirror behind the bar. The walls of the room were pale yellow. A bare light bulb hung down from the ceiling above the cigarette machine. The bar and table tops were finished in a hard plastic imitation of black-and-white marble. The place was neat but not clean.

"I still don't see why you arranged to meet him here," I said.

"Oh, you know," said Charlie. "I mean there might be embarrassment if we picked him up at the gate, in front of the guards and all that." He continued to finger the band of his wrist watch. From time to time he would look through the window and up the road. On a gentle roll of land about a mile off you could see the massive grey bulk of the prison.

"He ought to be along pretty soon," said Charlie. Jerry came up and took away our plates. Charlie's sandwich had only a couple of bites out of it.

"I hope you don't start any I-told-you-so stuff," I said.

"You know me better than that. Anyway, it's too late for that kind of thing." Charlie paused and fidgeted some more. "Gee, I don't know what I will say to him." His voice was tight and concerned and a little dry—the voice of a traveler who has lost his way.

Life hadn't hardened Charlie any. He was as open and gullible and sincere as when I had known him in college. He was still lean and slow moving with short, dark hair and brown eyes. The features of his face, spread generously apart, gave me an impression of cleanliness and serenity.

"How long has he actually served?" I asked.

"Three years. A little more. Three years, one month and 11 days."

Watching Charlie made me nervous, as though I were in on something I shouldn't be in on.

"I don't know why I'm here," I said. "It's you two who are the close friends."

"Aw, Jay thinks the world of you. He'll be glad to see you. Besides, I told you he wants to go to Chicago. Maybe you can help."

Jay was a man of many acquaintances but only one friend—Charlie. It began the day that Jay swaggered into Charlie's room at college. "I'm your new roommate," he had said. "We'll cut a deck, low man wins, for the bed by the window." Charlie, whose stuff was already on the bed, began moving it off. "You can have it just by asking." Jay didn't speak for a moment, then smiled and said, "Sucker."

"We'll see," Charlie had said and from that day on they argued but, miraculously, never quarreled.

Even then, Jay was always after an angle, a short cut. He had a cheater's library that included every pony known at the university, answers to all the exams given in his subjects for the last five years, and themes and reports from which the authors' names had been carefully removed. He would spend hours in painstaking search to find a typewriter with an identical type face and with just the right amount of ink on the ribbon, so he could fill in his name without fear of detection.

Charlie plodded. His scrupulous honesty kept him working at projects that other students of less intelligence completed passably in much shorter time by making reasonable compromises. Jay scoffed at this, but under the scoffing I believe he was sadly disturbed. He hated to see his friend laboring to achieve the same ends that came to him effortlessly. He would come in late from idling around town and find Charlie working. My room was next to theirs and I could hear them talking.

"You're beating your head on a rock. Where's it going to get you?"

"I'll get along. I may be slow but I'll get along. You'll wind up a bum. If you're lucky."

"A bum in the Waldorf. Ah, Charlie, why do it the hard way? The human race is a soft touch."

"It's easy now while you are in school, but you'll find it tougher when you get out."

"Not as tough as you will. Faith in your fellow man never pays off. Look—Dostoievsky loved people, wrote a couple of books and died broke and wretched. Mark Twain hated humanity, grew rich and had a good time. Parable through the courtesy of English 65. But it makes my point. There are enough suckers in the world already. You can love 'em, but you don't have to be one."

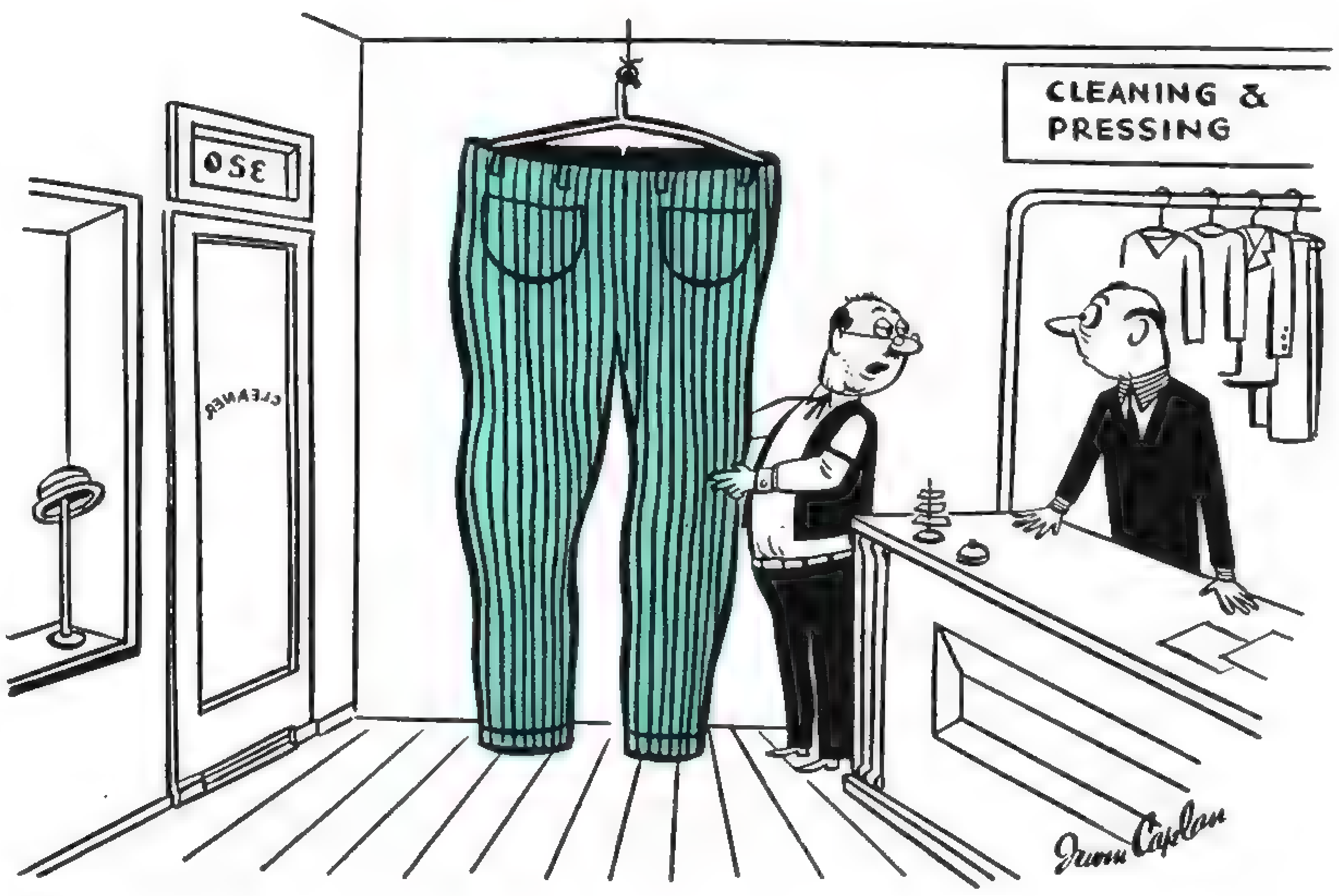
"You're wrong," Charlie would say. "Someday you'll know it and in the meantime I hope you can stay out of trouble."

"The trouble with you," Jay would say, "is that you're too damned honest."

And they would argue that way for hours: Charlie clinging to the pillars of caution, justice, decency and trust; Jay betting on spectacular strokes of charm, cleverness and daring.

The clash of character was never settled and through it all Jay and Charlie hit it off wonderfully together. Golf, football games, dates, dances. Wherever you found one, the other was near by. They were like Blanchard and Davis, or Olsen and Johnson, or Lindsay and Crouse. You never thought of one without thinking of the other. They consoled each other through shattered romances and stern professors. They celebrated each other's conquests.

Years later, in fact the last time I saw Jay before he fouled himself out of society, I asked him to explain how two such diverse personalities could combine into such an enduring friendship. He fumbled his words, looked away, then said, "I don't know, but I always feel better when I see Charlie coming through the door. The drinks taste better, the food looks good, and *(Continued in center of page 120)*



*"Stick around—he's supposed to call for them today"*

**A famous *Follies* alumnus reminisces on the days when Will Rogers, W. C. Fields and the Glorified Girls shared the happy home life of Ziggy & Co.**

# *I Remember the Ziegfeld* Follies

### *by* EDDIE CANTOR

When a guy starts off a piece with the line, "I remember when . . ." he is either getting old or he's sentimental. I happen to be sentimental.

Maybe with the years my banjo eyes have dimmed a little bit, but the show girls of today aren't what they were in the days of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies.*

On hell, why be conservative? My eyes are fine and I'm still looking good. I've seen these girls and they're still good-looking. Why, last year when I attended the annual get-together of the Ziegfeld Club (that's the alumnae association of the *Follies* of long ago), I was pleasantly surprised. It was held on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, and as I looked around I saw at least a dozen of the girls who appeared with me in the *Follies* as far back as 1917, and they've lost none of their beauty, none of their charm. I'll never forget that nostalgic night. I got up on the floor and sang some of the old songs and as I passed the tables I could detect some tears in the eyes of my old playmates. And I'm not ashamed to tell you that I had a lump in my throat bigger than a $7 steak at the Stork Club. Every now and then somebody produces a Ziegfeld *Follies* but a *Follies* without Ziegfeld is like Amos without Andy, Abbott without Costello, Jimmy Durante with a snub nose, and Jessel without a girl on his arm. It's a pretty sad affair.

The Great Glorifier not only knew girls—he recognized costumes or the lack of them, and he knew colors. He was always aware that too much frosting would make an unappetizing evening and so he gave his hungry, tired businessmen roast beef such as W. C. Fields, Fanny Brice, Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Leon Errol, and Ida's husband. I smile a little bit when I hear some star speak about his company saying, "We're like one happy family." I venture to say there was no happier family in all of show business than the group mentioned above, with Ziegfeld the proud papa.

One of Ziggy's great weaknesses was the sending of telegrams. He would stand out front, watch a show, and if there was something that a performer did which he didn't like, he wouldn't go backstage and tell that person—he'd go around to the Western Union office and send a telegram. It would be nothing for one of us to receive seven or eight telegrams a week from him. Somebody once said that Ziegfeld's mother must have been frightened by a Western Union boy. You can almost believe that when I tell you on one occasion, when I played in Washington, I received a twelve-page telegram from Ziggy, ending with, "Will wire you in detail, love, Ziegfeld."

He had a great affection and a tremendous admiration for Will Rogers, but for that matter so did we all. Rogers was not only a philosopher-humorist, but one of the warmest and wisest of all human beings. Presidents, kings and leaders of industry quoted him constantly. I shall never forget the night following a performance at the National Theatre in Washington at the beginning of World War I, when he and I went to the White House to see President Wilson. "Mr. President," Rogers drawled, "Congress will be asking you how you can get an Army ready so fast. Well, sir, you tell 'em when you train an Army to go one way, you can do it in half the time."

*"Overexposed and a little underdeveloped"*

Many of the girls in this national institution shared equal billing with the stars. I mean like Ann Pennington—she of the dimpled knees and the laughing eyes. She had as big a following at the stage door as some of us had out front. She was box office and the producer knew it. "Penny" was given the choicest spots in the show, but no one resented it. We were really one for all and all for one. We knew what was good for the show was good for all of us. In those days being with the *Follies* was a badge of distinction. No matter in what city we played we walked out with confidence and played with pride. We knew there would never be an empty seat. Some producers cheated when they took their companies a-touring. Not Ziggy. The same cast that played at the New Amsterdam Theatre on Broadway went on the road. As a matter of record, many seasons his road show was better than the New York production.

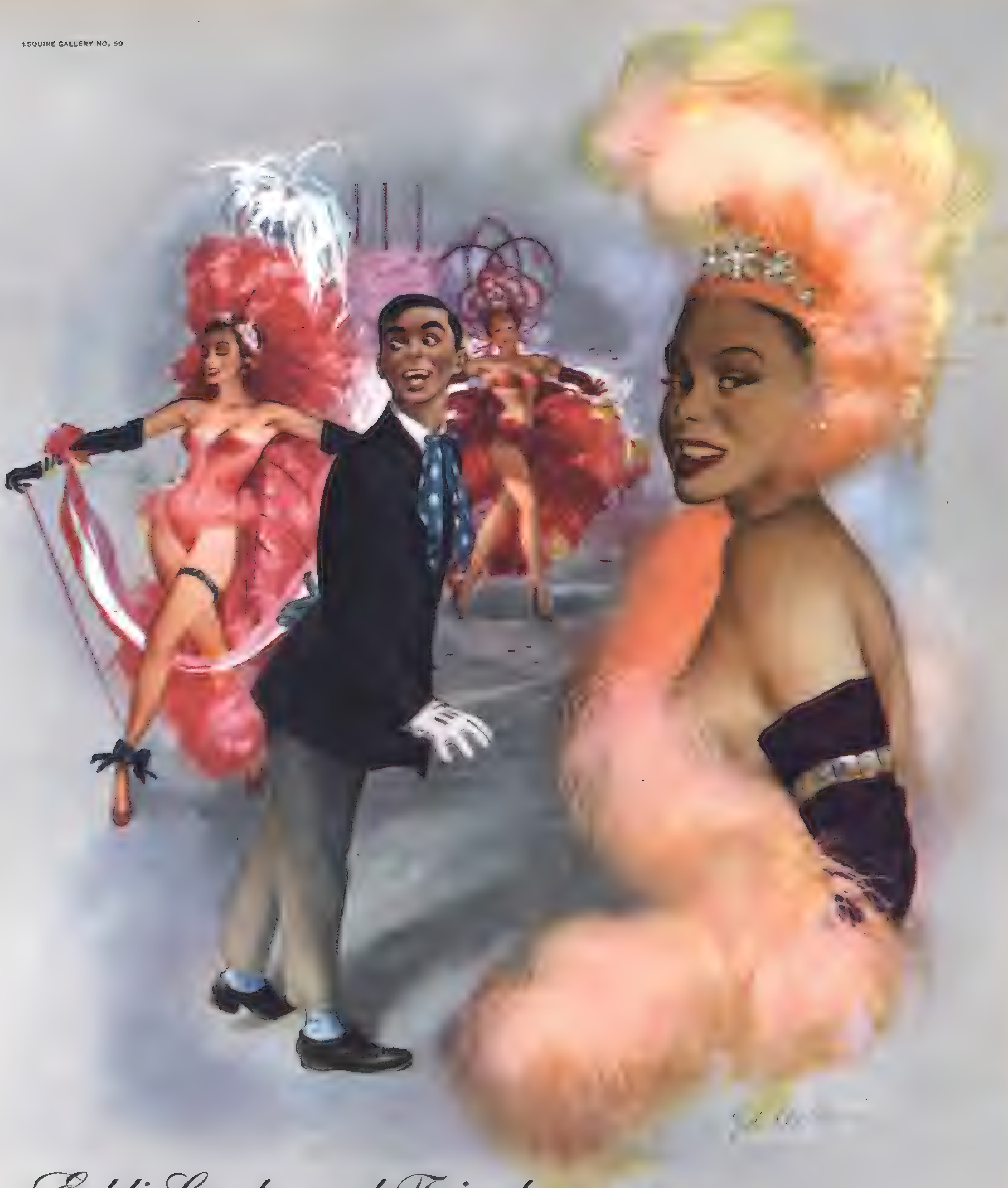
Getting out of New York was always a hardship for Bert Williams, unquestionably the world's greatest pantomimist. Good old Bert—what an artist he was, and how we resented his being slighted in certain cities. I recall one such place when Bert ambled up to the bar and requested of the bartender, "A little gin, please." The bartender, whose instructions were not to refuse anyone a drink regardless of color, but to make the price prohibitive, answered, "That'll be $50." Without changing his expression, Bert opened his wallet, laid down three one-hundred-dollar bills, and said, "Make it six, if you please, sir."

Of all the people of this famous company, the one without nerves on opening night was that lanky, lovable, grotesque Fanny Brice. I can recall the opening night in Atlantic City of the Ziegfeld *Follies* of 1917. The assistant stage manager was yelling, "Miss Brice, you're next—hurry!"

Undaunted by the fact that she was about to make her first entrance that night, Fanny yelled back from her dressing room, "Tell 'em to wait, I'm not through fixing this hat for Gladys Feldman." And sure enough, Fanny, who didn't like a hat that this lovely show girl wore in the street, was changing its trimming while the audience waited. And now Fanny, with two grandchildren, has made her biggest success with Baby Snooks. Funny business, this.

I shall never forget Fanny, Bert Williams, Will Rogers and all the others huddled together in the wings watching the great W. C. Fields. I can't ever remember any of us missing a scene of his, unless we were making a change of costume. The asides he'd throw in just for us and which, by the way, the audience ate up too, was something actors dream about. Those of you who have a little less hair and are hovering around the half-century mark may remember his famous golf scene when he started to putt and would be constantly interrupted by this, that and the other. At the height of his frustration, a gorgeous-looking creature, garbed in a riding outfit, sauntered across the "green" just as Bill started to putt for the twentieth time. To no one in particular she remarked, "Gosh, I think I've forgotten something." Turning to the audience, Bill cracked, "Probably forgot her horse!"

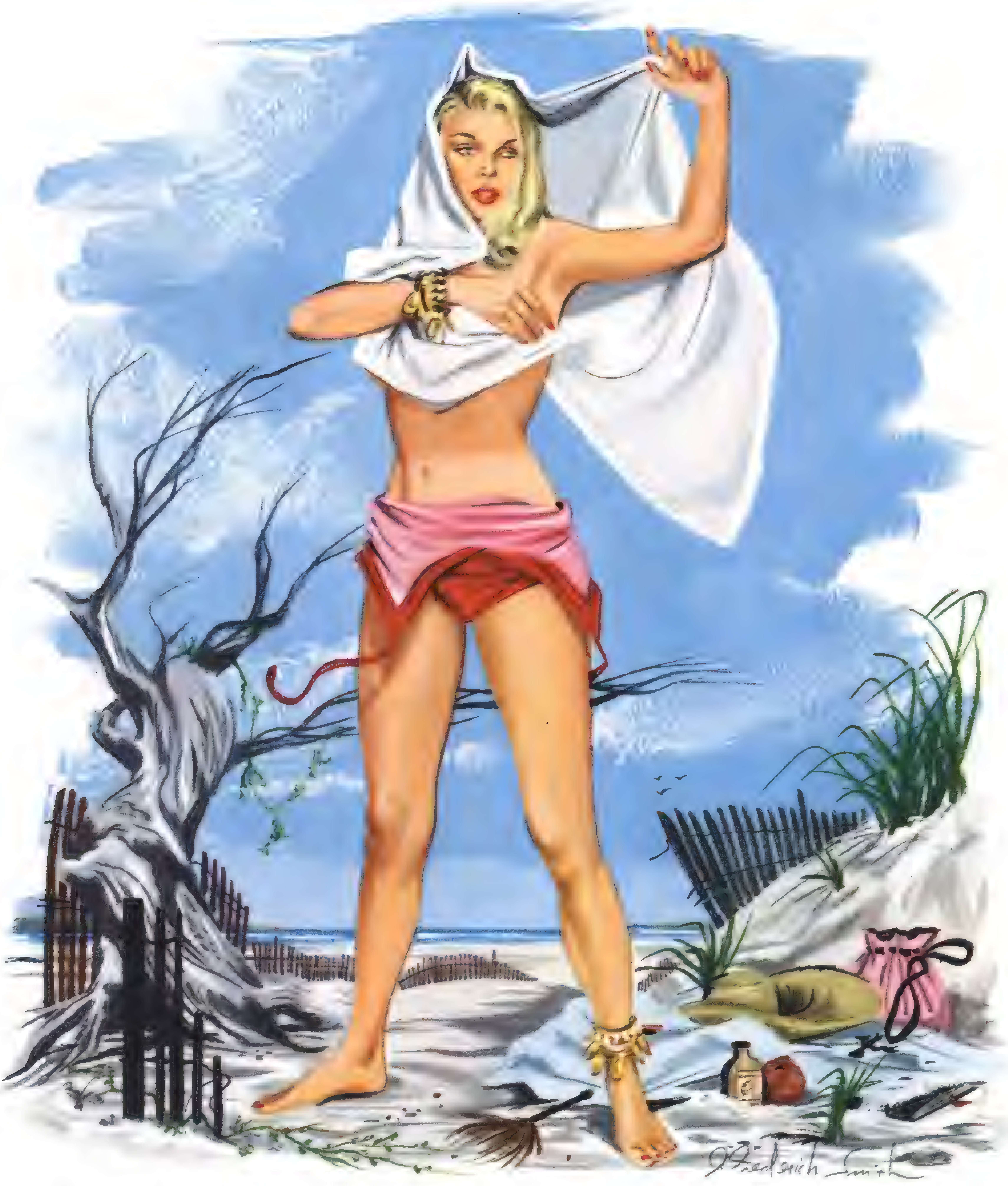
Irving Berlin writes with feeling, "There's no business like show business," and believe me, there was no show business like the Ziegfeld *Follies*!



# Eddie Cantor and Friends

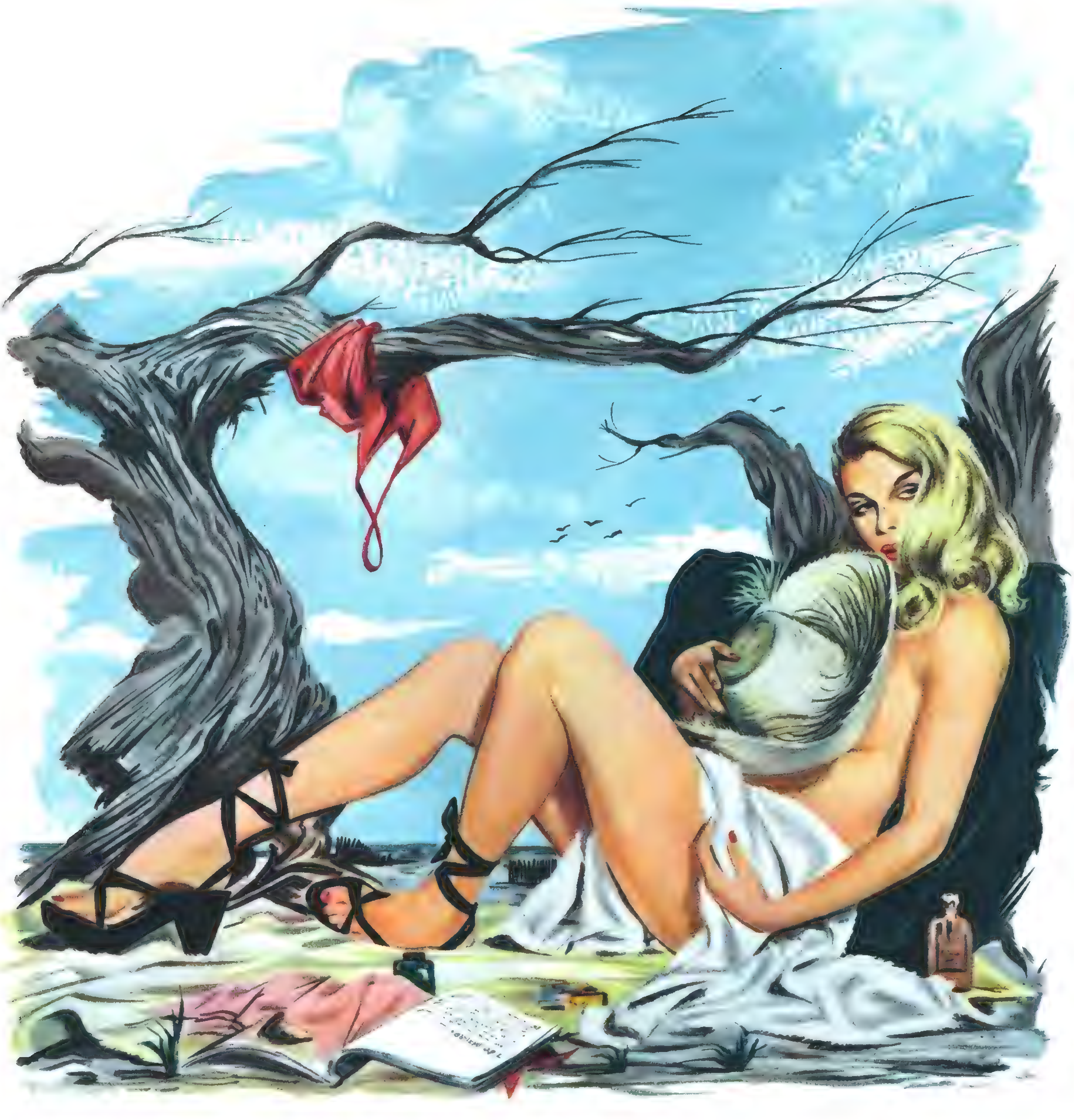
by **JOE DE MERS**

Looking back—and with evident relish—Eddie Cantor remembers the fabulous Ziegfeld Girls as phenomena which time has somehow failed to duplicate. The old banjo eyes may not be quite as sharp as they were thirty years ago and then again they may be, but in any event they have not lost their sharpness for viewing the excellences of show girls from close range. Admiring the virtues of Joe De Mers' present effort, those of us who remember the *Follies* only through hearsay will grant that there were indeed giants of pulchritude in those days, and amen. On the other hand, it would seem that a lovely woman is quite her devastating self whatever the vintage. For which again, amen.



# *Naiad* by J. FREDERICK SMITH

Freshly come out of the sea and stung into a kind of drowsiness, this Jones Beach nymph stands tan and slim, like an athlete poised between runs. She has had her pleasant bout with water and salt air and is ready to think her leisurely thoughts in the enveloping embrace of a warm and friendly sun. To share those thoughts is indeed a consummation to which a man might well dedicate his every waking hour.



# Jones Beach

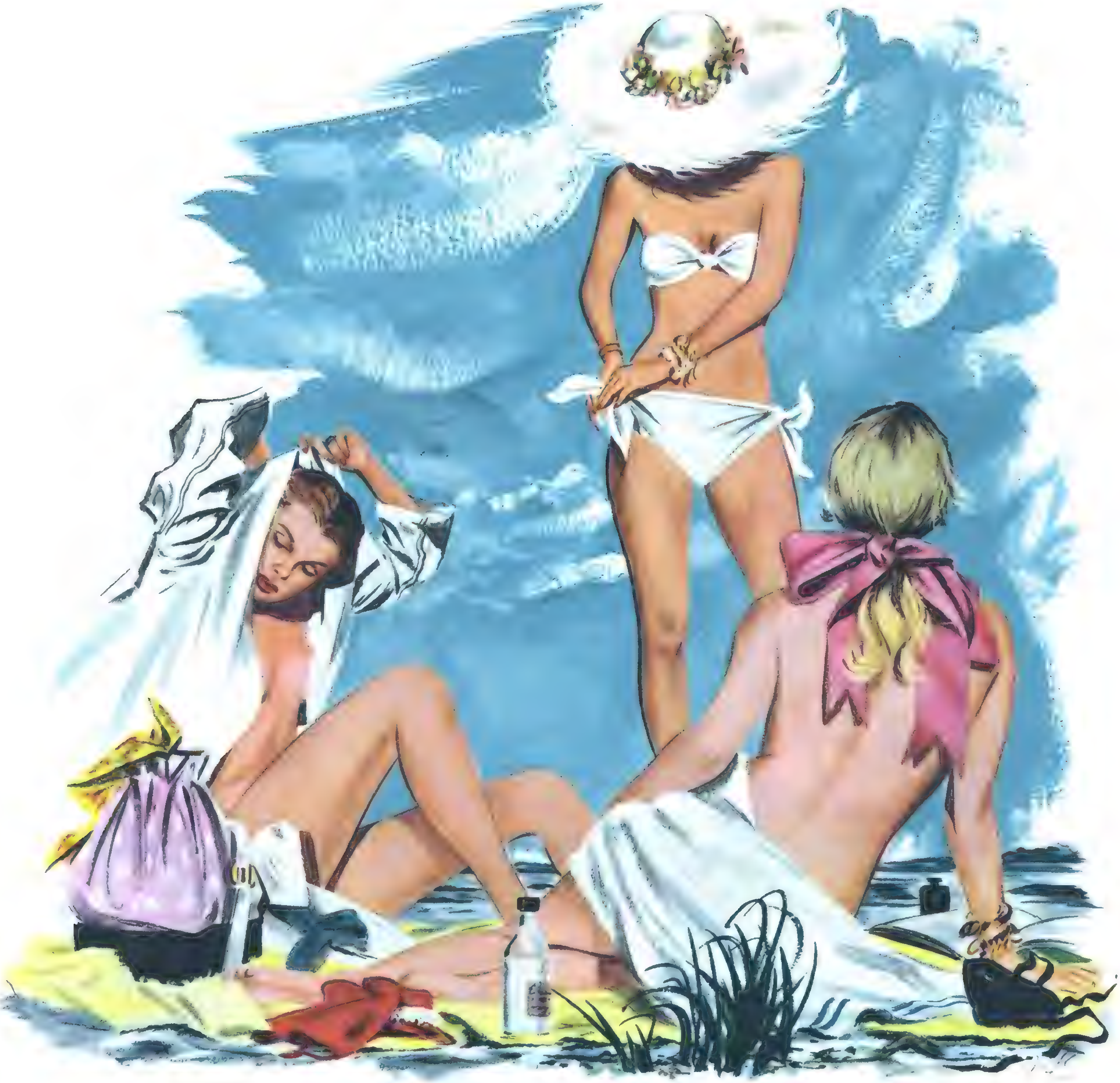
**by WALTER BENTON**

***Seascapes***

**by J. FREDERICK SMITH**

The sun is hot, the water cool . . . you resist the delightful
shock like a girl her first love,
giving little and moving out of reach—toes first . . . then more.

The sea, more resolute than you, lassoes you with a wave,
and you are in.
Then you toddle out on your exhausted hothouse legs,
and the warm sun covers you.



And while our corned flesh burns brightly on the sand,
The Atlantic tips, topples, breaks,
loud-muffled as the mad mind's pulse. Over and over . . . the blue,
wind-lifted hills,
the onset of the sky . . . the near horizon rising, ebbing.

Love is a burden if you cannot give it,
O hoarded love
is heavy to bear. Around us . . . everywhere
sun-drenched, sea-scented women . . . carrying love—
holding it high as an offering . . .
hugging it as a pampered child.

Their browned thighs inexhaustibly laden—
their expert arms rehearse on water their sweet curving.

Priceless among the polished shells, seaweed and the junked
armor of the horseshoe crab—they lie,
each with an empty paradise inside her . . .
waiting for God to walk in.

GREENHALGH

**Extolling the merits of an unpublicized series concerning the late unpleasantness**

# It Looked Good in Headlines

### by A. J. LIEBLING

The publisher of some of the best books I know about the recent war is apparently doing everything possible to keep them from public attention. The books are the *American Forces in Action* series, compiled by the Historical Division of the War Department, and the publisher is the United States Government. The War Department's modesty about these books is probably caused by fear that if it tried to promote their sale it would be denounced for trying to compete with commercial publishers. The quality of its product might even be considered a direct slap at free enterprise which, as a record of our deepest collective emotional experience, has so far provided us mainly with a lot of books like *My Three Years with Eisenhower* and *This House Against This House.*

*Omaha Beachhead*, the first ambitious volume of the series, 165 big pages with photographs and maps, carried a foreword by General Marshall, then Chief of Staff, explaining that the series was "prepared by the War Department especially for the information of wounded men," a statement perhaps meant to turn away wrath if some Congressman found out how good it was and that it could be bought from the Government Printing Office, Washington, for $1.50. Somebody in the Historical Division broke secrecy and sent me a copy in the Spring of 1946, and I wrote in *The New Yorker* that it was one of the two best books about the war I had yet seen (the other, not to keep you biting your nails, was called *Men under Stress*, about war neuroses). My boost provoked several cautious demonstrations of almost tearful gratitude. A lad named Shea, whom I had known when he was Gen. "Dutch" Cota's aide in Normandy, wrote to me confessing that he had worked for the Historical Division later in the war (he evidently felt he could admit it now that he had been demobilized), and hinting that the military director of the project had been Colonel Charles H. Taylor, in civilian life, to which he has returned, a professor of history at Harvard. (The project had a dual head—one military, one civilian. The civilian heads were: first, Dr. Walter Livingston Wright of Princeton and, in the Summer of 1946, Dr. Kent Roberts Greenfield, head of the history department of Johns Hopkins.) In the summer I met a young Rutgers historian named Hadsel who admitted he had had something to do with it and intimated that other books of the series had been published. A series of long-distance telephone calls and a correspondence spreading over six months, by my own private research department, finally wrung from the War Department an admission that the books existed, and in time I even got most of them. The earlier volumes in the series were smaller than *Omaha Beachhead*, but they were all excellent in the same way and poignant if you had been in the particular show each little paper-bound book was about: the titles are *To Bizerte with the II Corps*; *Papuan Campaign: The Buna-Sanananda Operation*; *Salerno: American Operations from the Beaches to the Volturno*; *Volturno: From the Volturno to the Winter Line*; *Merrill's Marauders*; *The Winter Line: Fifth Army at the Winter Line*, published before *Omaha Beachhead*, and *The Admiralties: Operations of the First Cavalry Division*; *Guam: Operations of the 77th Division*, and *Makin: The Capture of Makin.* All these books are available from the Government Printing Office at Washington, D. C.

What brings all this up is that I have just received a fine new volume of the series called *St-Lô*, and this piece is for the July Esquire, and three years ago, in July '44, the XIX Corps was fighting its way toward St-Lô and leaving pathetic torn pieces of itself in every hedgerow and apple orchard—the town cost us 11,000 casualties, according to the book. And I used to get up in a comfortable camp, with wall tents, a cow pasture in a little place called Vouilly, ten or fifteen miles away, and have a bad, large breakfast and climb into a jeep with a couple of other fellows every morning and set out on the roads that eventually turned into lanes, that led to the objective the Twenty-ninth Division was inching its way up to. We would leave our jeep at regiment, which was usually quite near the front line; everything was up close in that campaign because there was so much cover and besides the Germans had no air observation and not enough artillery to squander in random probings. The regimental S-2 would show us the positions, or what he thought were such, of the men up front (there was never much change, a few hundred yards on a good day), and we would walk up the sunken lanes, between earth walls and hedgerows, stepping around the greening German dead and hurrying past the stinking dead cattle. The kind of artillery we had was likely to kill a German or a cow on a road, under a tree or in a barn, anywhere. It was lavish—the division had thirteen battalions shooting with it at one time. It came down everywhere. I thought at the time it must have been very discouraging for the Germans, and their captured intelligence reports, cited in *St-Lô*, prove it was. I *(Continued on page 197)*

STONE

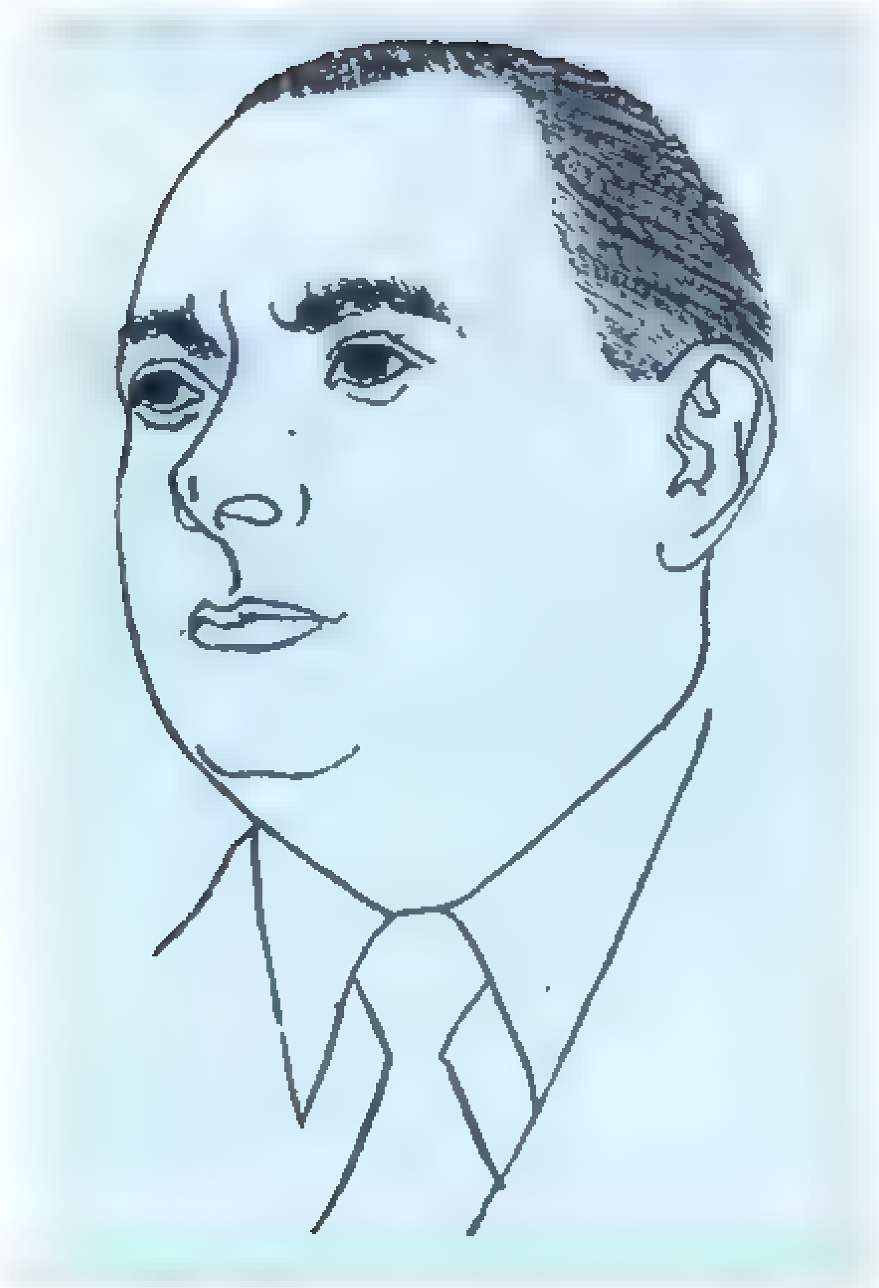
**At Home on a Mountaintop: Serge Koussevitzky**

*At Seranak, his Berkshire mountain home, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky spends his summers, and at near-by Tanglewood studies the scores for the Berkshire Music Center concerts as well as for the programs he and his Boston Symphony will present the following season. Visitors find him hospitable and stimulating to talk to—if they can keep him interested. Music is his sole concern—he has exciting ideas about its role in the world to come and he likes to discuss his musical protégés. He is planning a world tour for the Boston Symphony and is eager to show Europeans that American musicians rank easily with those of the Old World. Aside from music (and he smilingly admits he considers all else incidental), he allows himself morning and evening walks through the beautiful mountain countryside.*

**No believer in the Alger success formula, David Sarnoff blames it all on electrons**

# *Messenger Boy to the World*

### *by* CAMERON SHIPP


BARER

Brigadier General David Sarnoff, President of Radio Corporation of America and Chairman of the Board of the National Broadcasting Company, says with complete accuracy that he is a man who has been supported for forty years by an electron. The general, who became head of RCA at thirty-nine and is still a *Wunderkind* of radio, looks on success stories as hardly less old-fashioned than smoke signals. He sets forth plausibly that it was only circumstance that enabled him to grow up with radio. He is as enchanted with the future as a healthy bridegroom, and as difficult to turn back as a sundial.

Good radiomen have been like that since the morning of April 15, 1912 when, what they had long argued was made clear to the world—that a new thing called wireless would work and would work wonders. They had proved it in uncelebrated ship disasters as far back as 1909, but it required a major tragedy, the sinking of the *Titanic*, to inspire Naval officers, engineers, and an enormous number of small boys with headpieces and homemade coils, to make the advances that gave radio, Frank Sinatra, fireside chats, television, radar, and RCA to civilization.

Sarnoff presides over a colossus of communications—images, records, music boxes, transcriptions, short waves, marine cables, television, radar, music, talk, sound effects, sound on film—all as a result of that electron to which he likes to give its due credit.

He was wireless operator at John Wanamaker's big downtown store in New York, earning $80 a month, when the *Titanic* went down off Newfoundland, drowning 1517 persons. He picked up the news from the *S. S. Olympic*, 1400 miles out, and passed it on to the newspapers, confirming piecemeal rumors that had drifted in on the air waves. President Taft immediately ordered all other stations off the air, and put it squarely up to David Sarnoff.

Sarnoff worked at his key for seventy-two hours, relieved only once when he was taken to the old Astor House downtown for a quick Turkish bath. He kept in touch with the *Olympic*, the *Carpathia*, and other rescue craft while painfully slow reports of survivors trickled in. The families of John Jacob Astor and Isidor Straus were at Sarnoff's elbow. He told them how Astor and Straus went down with the ship, standing calmly on deck while the band played *Nearer My God to Thee*.

The *Titanic* drama, with Sarnoff as central figure, placed Marconi's company in undisputed leadership in air-wave communications. By the following year, more than 500 American ships had wireless. Sarnoff and the electron began to move faster.

A few years ago he was on the shore end of one of the first ship-to-shore telephone calls. In the midst of the call, while greetings were being exchanged, the connection was broken.

The president of RCA jiggled the hook like any annoyed subscriber, and one of those casual Ganymedes of science, the telephone operator, answered.

"I've been cut off," Sarnoff complained.

"Excuse it, plee-uz. What-number-were-you-calling?"

"I was talking to a ship 800 miles at sea."

"I'll get you infor-M-A-A-Y-shun."

Sarnoff grins happily over stories like that. They constitute almost his entire autobiographical interest. Still, there are one or two unusual matters that require attention.

He did not arrive in this country, as is customarily reported, at Ellis Island. He came with his mother and two smaller children by way of Latvia, London, Montreal, and Albany, to meet the father, a painter, who had preceded them by five years. The Sarnoffs spoke no word of English and toted enough bundles to hold a sizable auction. They came down the Hudson River to West Street at 5 a.m., and immediately discovered they had no system of communication with New Yorkers. They finally found shelter in a small boardinghouse until Father Sarnoff, voluble and distressed, discovered them. He had been standing all day at the railroad station.

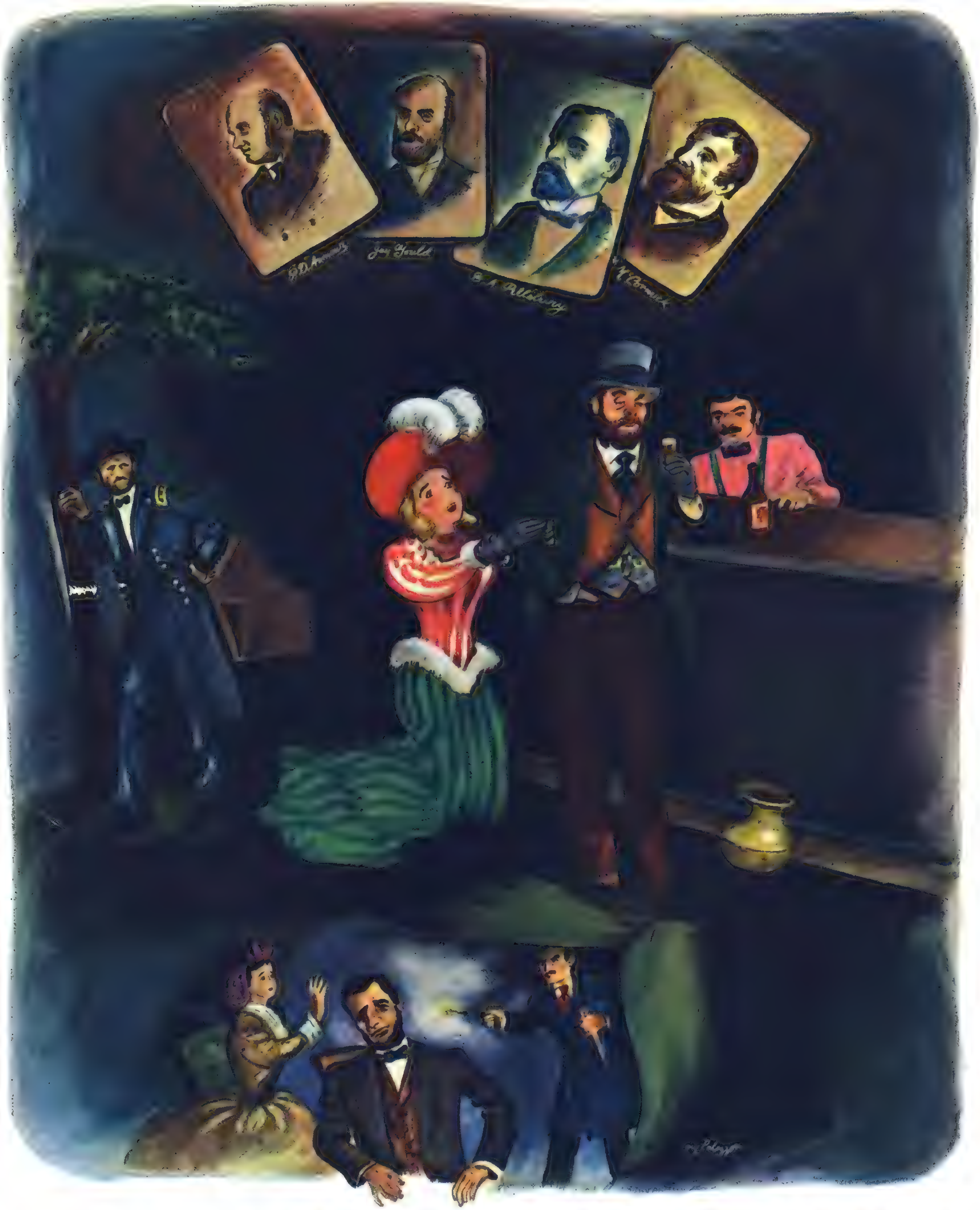
David's interest in communications was thus sired by necessity. He had to learn English quickly and, when his father died six years later, he had to peddle newspapers to support the family. Shortly after selling his first paper, he aspired to be a reporter, applied at the *Herald* office for a job, got into the Commercial Cable Company office on the ground floor by mistake, and found himself working as a $5-a-week office boy. One of his contemporaries told him about a strange and foreign young man, a wizard, who had a place where he manufactured lightning.

This young man was an intense and enterprising inventor named Marconi, whose company had a hole-in-the-wall laboratory where spectacular experiments with sparks and coils were performed. The company needed an office boy and David Sarnoff was taken on at $5.50 a week. This was on September 30, 1906. When (*Continued on page 125*)

GLANTZ

***Bonus Via Reverse Lend-Lease***

*Maintaining an American jazz kick in traditionally square England calls for a level of inspiration of which few can boast. Miss Beryl Davis, for whom singing is but one of several obvious assets, accomplished such a miracle. Theatre bred and born, she's been singing pop and swingy things as long as she can remember. At fourteen she toured with the celebrated Quintet of the Hot Club of France. Came war and she knocked about England, dodging buzz bombs and singing in front of real American backing. G.I. jazzmen of the caliber of Glenn Miller, Mel Powell and Sam Donahue featured the low-pitched Davis pipes. She was a solo sensation over B.B.C. and was featured in a British musical movie. Now that she's with us, she's shopping for Ellington's music and nylon stockings—in that order.*



## COME HOME, FATHER

*Painting by*
*Tony Palazzo*

This familiar scene from American life, circa Civil War, is one dear to the hearts of all temperance men and their fellow travelers. As the immortal song of Henry Clay Work tells us, the old man didn't come home at the stroke of one; instead he quaffed on till three, when he couldn't come home at all. Those were the days when America was feeling her oats and the Goulds, Armours, Pillsburys and McCormicks were compounding fortunes out of horse sense, hustle and a friendly Congress. U. S. Grant posed against a tree, resting for the big push through the Wilderness to Richmond. One year later, Lincoln was to be martyred by a ham Shakespearean actor who thus inadvertently gave to the ages the nation's most cherished legend.

**If you must gamble, forewarned on the odds is forearmed when the game gets under way**

# Figures Tell the Gambling Story

### by GEORG MANN

IRWIN HOFFMAN

Nobody knows for sure whether men of the Stone Age tossed little marked bones across the floors of the caves and bet their last fur wrap or stone hand ax on the result. But almost every people since has bet on the way the dice would fall, the cards turn up, or cheered on a horse with a noseload of denarii and drachmas.

Gambling is one of the biggest businesses in the United States. In 1945 more money changed hands in gambling than was spent on movies, radios, and War Bonds put together. Nobody can track down the take of the smallest punchboard, or keep books on the games where good friends take each other to the cleaners. But fifteen billion is a conservative estimate of the numbers of dollars spent on games of chance and games which masqueraded as such.

Pari-mutuel betting on horses, for example, now grosses more than $1,300,000,000 a year. And when the money taken in by the bookies is added to this total, only the astronomers can comprehend the figures. The most conservative estimate of handbook operations is two-and-one-half times the pari-mutuel take.

Numbers is the next largest gambling industry. According to one expert, half the money taken in by the numbers racket sticks in the pockets of the promoters, who do better than all right since the national numbers bill runs around $4,000,000,000 a year. Most of this comes from people who have a hard time paying the landlord.

Nobody has any reasonable idea of the money that flows into the pockets of the operators of football and baseball pools, nor how much changes hands as the result of whispered odds by the little men who sidle up to you outside the big sporting events. The amounts are big enough to make it worth-while for the professional gamblers to try to alter the outcome of these events in their favor. Recently the president of the University of Minnesota unleashed a savage blast at gambling because it threatened the existence of college sports. One college in New York found that some of its basketball players succumbed to gamblers' bribes. The National Football League play-off found two stars of the New York Giants fresh from being approached by gamblers. And Rocky Graziano was recently bounced from boxing in New York for being a little unclear about the details of another bribe offer.

But, in spite of all attempts to curb it, gambling is on the increase. The number of gambling houses more than doubled between 1943 and 1944. Small businessmen, former small-town chiefs of police, and storekeepers flocked into the business. The barbershop, the cigar store, and even the grocery have managed to fit themselves into certain corners of gambling.

The average horse or numbers player may not be up on his facts, but gambling has played an important role in the progress of mathematics. One of the first scientists to respond to appeals of gambling friends to improve their chances was the great astronomer Galileo. He compiled a little book which answered some of the mathematical problems bothering crapshooters of his day. Later a French gambler, named the Chevalier de Méré, went to the mathematician Blaise Pascal for advice. Pascal looked at de Méré's problem and called for the advice of his friend, the mathematician Fermat. The calculations of Pascal and Fermat form the basis of the science of probabilities, which is now used, among other things, to help an insurance company bet intelligently on how long you are going to live when they issue you a policy.

A knowledge of mathematical probability is vital for anyone who plays cards seriously, or bets money on any gambling issue. John Scarne, who wrote a series of articles for *Yank* during World War II, estimates that about one quarter of the money that changed hands during the interminable crap and card games of the war was lost simply because the loser didn't understand probabilities.

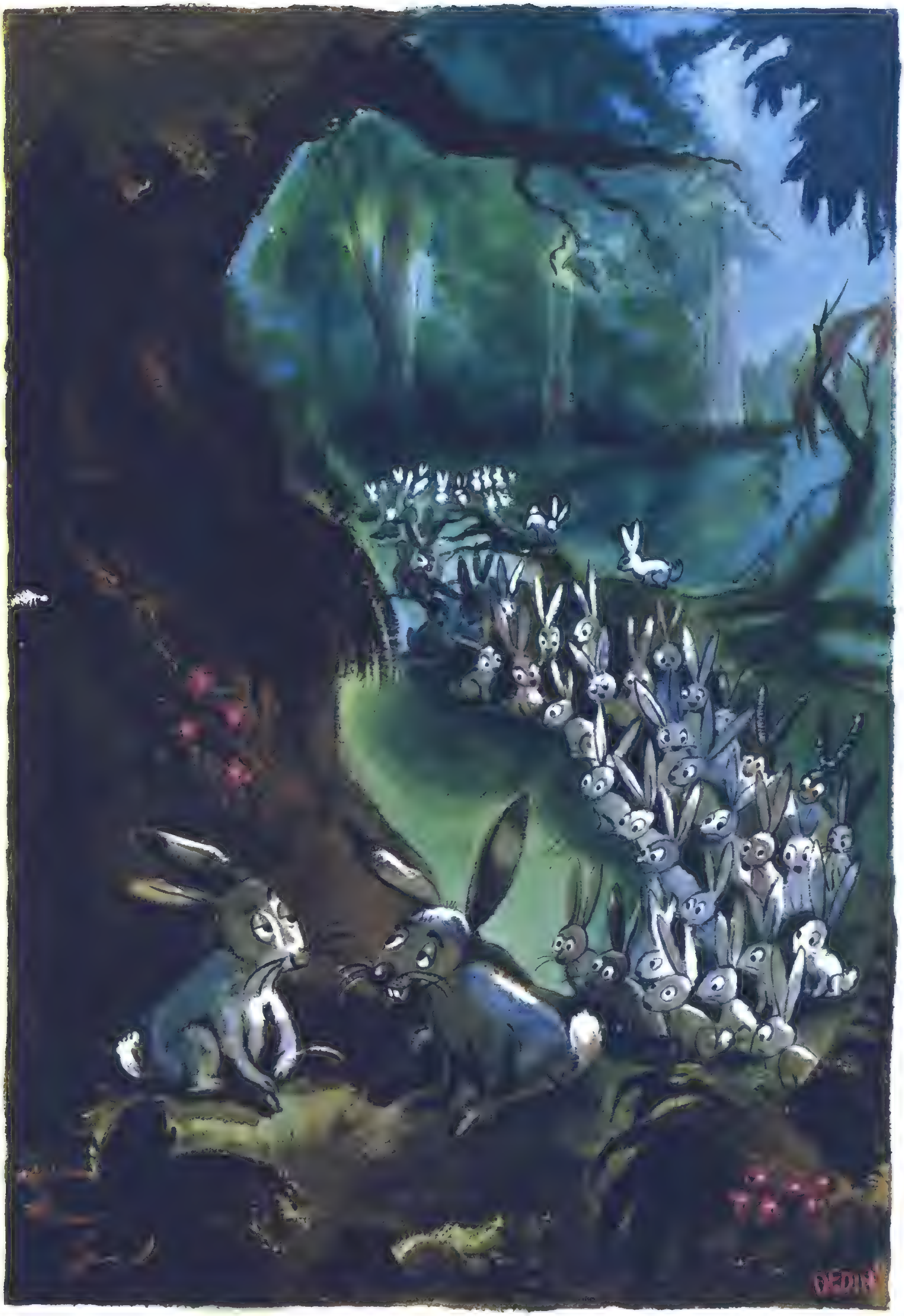
Most amateur gamblers have no knowledge of probability. And a good deal of what they think they know is wrong. Take, for example, the theory of the maturity of the chances, which tells you to bet on tails when heads has come up ten times running, on black after a long streak of red. Now the average citizen will tell you that in tossing a coin it is extremely improbable that heads will come up ten times running (which is true), and that therefore it is almost a sure thing to bet on tails (which is false). Actually, the chance of heads showing up on any toss of a coin are one in two, no matter what the coin has done on the previous tosses. As the great French mathematician J. L. F. Bertrand has said, "A coin has no memory." The same applies to the alternation of red and black on a roulette wheel, on the pay-off of a slot machine. Every turn of the wheel in roulette, every spin of the figures on a slot machine is a new event, and the probability is exactly the same for each, the same as it is before every turn, no matter what has gone before.

The second erroneous belief (*Continued on page 173*)

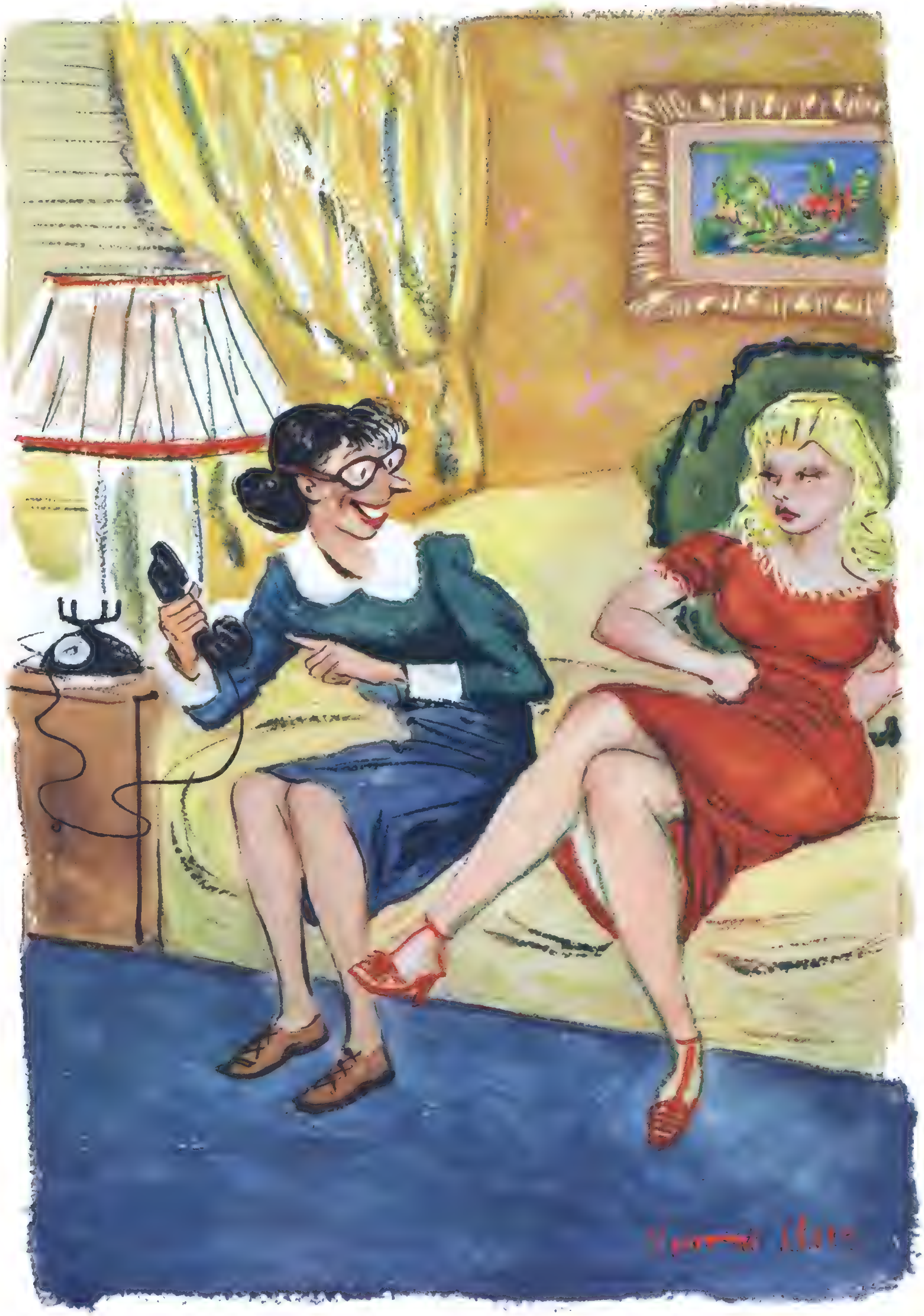
WRIGHT

**Laughter from Tears to Tears**

*Comics who rely on gestures, mood and character rather than on gags of paid ghosts are so rare to be precious. Peter Lind Hayes is one such, a young man with a talent for making people laugh till they cry over something that turns out to be rather sad after all. Chaplinesque in appeal, his impersonations include take-offs on real people and on people he's made up. Five months after leaving the Army in late 1945, he scored mightily at New York's Copacabana. A radio stint with Dinah Shore introduced him to millions and he's working on a movie called* Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid. *Those who keep an eye on such things predict the Hayes' star, for all its soaring, has only begun to rise. So, too, say paying customers who have carried home aching sides and hearts from his performances.*



*". . . he gave me custody of the children . . ."*



*"It's for me!"*

**The Greenoughs knew you had to get up early to outsmart the Dinwiddies in Blake County**

# Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast

### by JESSE STUART

Mr. Silas Devers was the man that hired me. He was the man that made all the plans. Even before daylight that morning, when we were getting ready to start with Al Caney, Mr. Devers got out a map. He had me to hold the flashlight while he went over the map. It was a map of Blake County. And he had little blue, red, and black pencil marks running all over the map. While he ran his big forefinger over these lines, I couldn't help but watch 'im. He went from one voting precinct to another. I happened to know all the precincts because I'd worked in many elections before. But never before had I worked in an election when we got up at three o'clock in the morning and were on the road before four o'clock. I knew something was in the wind. As Mr. Devers looked over the map, when his forefinger went to a voting precinct, he stopped and held his finger there while he checked in a notebook with his other hand and read some directions. He had a lot of stuff written down I could hardly read. But I did make out a different name for each precinct.

It took Mr. Devers several minutes to go over his map and read his notes. But that wasn't none of my business. I was working for my party, the Greenough party, and I was a-gettin' paid besides. A ten-spot for the use of your car on election day isn't to be sneezed at. But Al Caney just sat there in the back seat of the car and rolled his quid of terbacker around in his jaw and I didn't see how he could do it that early in the morning before he'd had his breakfast. But he did. He didn't do any talking when Mr. Devers was goin' over the map. He didn't even try to look on. Sometimes he rubbed his big bony hand over his beardy face to wipe a sliver of brown ambeer from his lip. Al Caney just didn't seem to mind what was goin' on. I wondered if he didn't have an understandin' with Mr. Devers same as I had. But what stumped me was, I thought I could remember when Al Caney was a Dinwiddie. I knew all the other Caneys were Dinwiddies. I didn't exactly understand what he was doin' with us. But I would soon find out.

"It's a close election this time, boys," Mr. Devers said, as he took a last look at the map, folded it carefully, stuck it in his coat pocket and settled down in his seat. "We gotta start, Dave."

"Okay, Mr. Devers," I said, as I started the motor and turned on my lights.

Mr. Devers turned off his flashlight and stuck it in his pocket. Then he climbed in the front seat.

"Which way, Mr. Devers?"

"To the Blackoak precinct first," he said.

"But Mr. Devers," I said, "that's on the other side of Blake County!"

"Never mind where it is, Dave," he said. "You're getting paid and you must listen to reason."

"Okay," I said.

"Step on it," he said. "We want to be there by six. Want to be the first ones there when the polls open!"

I stepped on the gas. I went down the road like a bat out o' hell. There was not a light in any of the windows. Everybody must've been asleep. And I cut the curves from one side of the road to the other. I drove so fast I almost scared myself. But Mr. Devers didn't mind. He was so big that he took up most of the front seat beside me, and when I hit a chughole, the watch chain across his vest gave a little tinkle like a sheep bell. And Al Caney sat in the back seat, never saying a word, chewin' his quid and spittin' out the window.

"While the Dinwiddies sleep, we work," Mr. Devers said, and then he laughed like a big-throated bullfrog.

"I'm gittin' hungry, Silas," Al Caney said, as he rolled his quid with his tongue from his mouth onto his hand and threw it from the car. "I've not had any breakfast, you know!"

"I've not had any, either," Mr. Devers said. "We've got to make Blackoak first. Then we'll talk about breakfast."

It's chewin' that green burley twist that's making him hungry, I thought. But I didn't say what I thought since it wasn't any of my business.

Al Caney groaned and complained with his stomach, and said he was about half sick.

"I'll fix all that half-sickness, Al," Mr. Devers said. "Just wait till we git to Blackoak. I know what you need. Our party'll have it on hand!"

Just before we got to Blackoak, Mr. Devers got out his notebook and looked at the name again.

"Remember, Al, your name is Casper Higgins, and you live on Sand Suck, if anybody questions you," Mr. Devers instructed Al. "Can you remember?"

"Sure can, Silas," Al Caney said.

When we drove up to the Blackoak school, there was a light in the windows. The polls had opened. But I didn't see a crowd hangin' on the outside like we always saw in Blake County on election days.

"My name's Casper Higgins, and I live on Sand Suck," Al Caney said when he got out of the car.

"That's right, Al," Mr. Devers said, as he rolled out like a big barrel.

Just to see what happened, I got out and went in too.

"We don't vote here," Mr. Devers told one of the election judges. "We're bringin' a man here to vote."

"Name, please?" one of the women clerks asked.

"Casper Higgins," Al said.

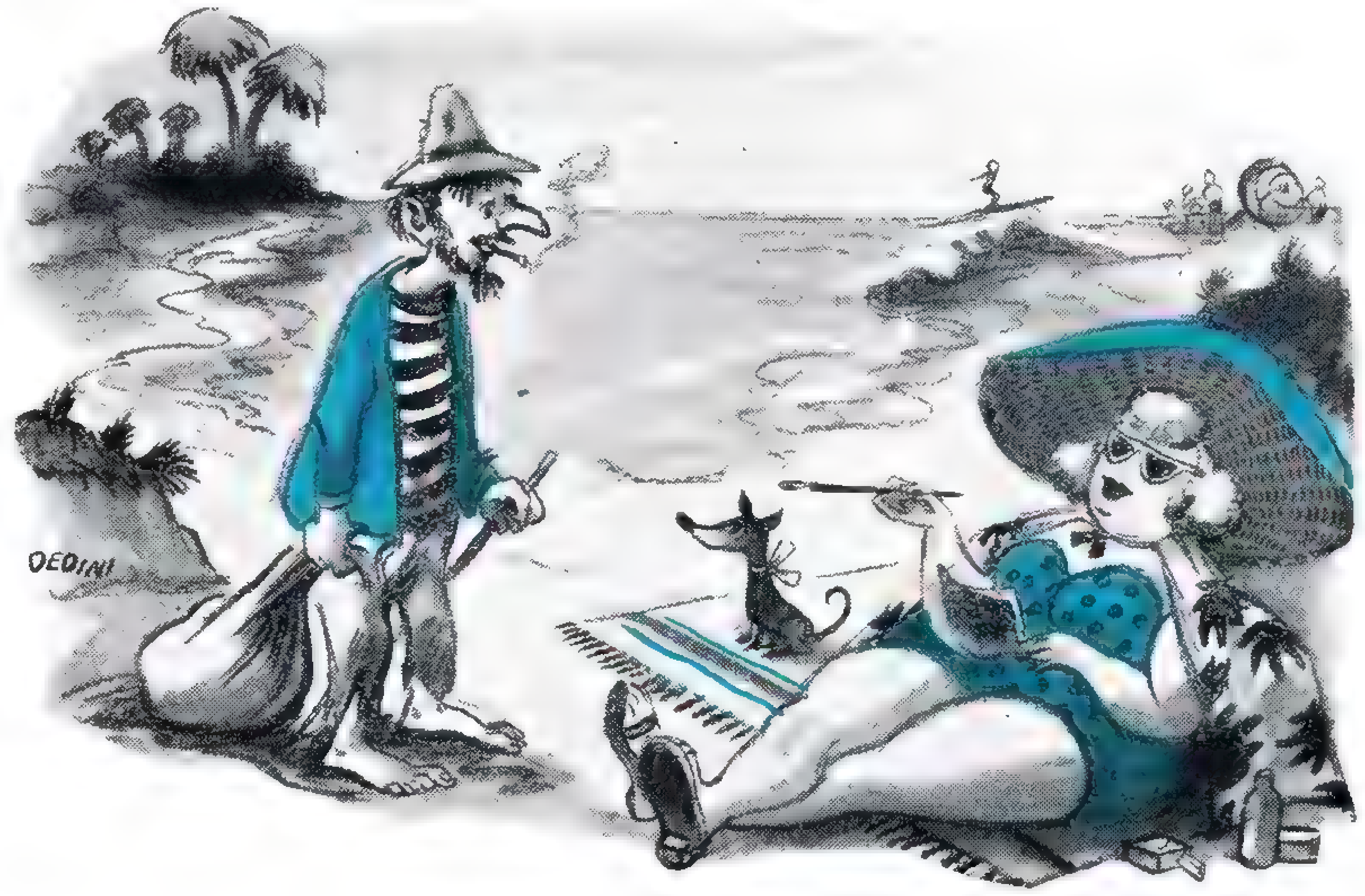
"Casper Higgins?" the clerk repeated. "Ain't he dead?"

"Dead! Am I dead?" Al asked. "I hope to tell you I'm not! Isn't my name on the record?"

"It's been marked out," she said.

"Mark it back in," Al said. "I'm goin' to

(*Continued on page 180*)



*"Yes, madame—I do run across a lot of peculiar things along the beach"*

**Whenever your id takes over, you're fair game for the psychiatric double-talkers**

# Your Dreams Make You a Bum

### by HERB GRAFFIS

RAPHAEL SOYER

HAVE you ever had an impulse to bury an ax in your loving wife's skull and, while she was picking it out, flee with a comely nymph and attend to said nymph comfortably and competently?

A psychoanalyst would charge you plenty to get the right answer from you. Furthermore, his business is so good now he might not be able to take you as a customer for months. In the meanwhile a jury would give you a treatment and the man would be throwing the switch on the chair just about the time the psychoanalyst would be calling "next" and expecting you.

It would be no help to you, just as your meat began to fry, to learn that you were being bum-rapped for a misdeed of your *id.* You don't know what your *id* is?

The eminent and departed Dr. Sigmund Freud wrote a long, long lecture on *The Ego and the Id* in which your *id* is described as the unorganized chaotic mentality you're born with. It is the primitive goose to the gratification of your animal requirements and satisfactions. It is why you basically are a bum. Dr. Freud explained that the *ego* is the acquired knowledge that you'd better keep your *id* policed or you will be out of luck.

The ordinary people learn about the *ego* the cheap way by having their families, the neighbors, the Sunday-school teachers and the coppers teach them or scare them. But those who can't learn or don't like to be scared and who can afford to pay for protection go to the psychoanalysts.

Psychoanalysis made tremendous scientific advances during the war. There seems to be no limit to the deep mysteries of the mind that psychoanalysis can answer. Military psychoanalysts were on the verge of another enormous discovery—that of the *al*, a technical term meaning alibi, which gives the *ego* an out on the *id.*

This research into the *al* was somewhat retarded by courts-martial conducted by brass *ids.* But in civilian life the *al* gradually is receiving legal recognition, due to profound testimony presented for the defendant by psychoanalysts. Science (and sometimes the state's attorney) still is appraising the validity of the *al*, as it has been noticed that in cases where the *al* apparently has received the approval of certain persons on a jury, those persons developed an unusual solvency which may have been the result of the *id* getting the duke over the *ego.*

In some cases I have observed as a studious amateur, the fortunate defendants, in addition to having had authoritative psychoanalysts in their corners, also were represented by criminal lawyers who know their way around among people with uninhibited *ids.*

But it is not major violations of the criminal codes that have provided psychoanalysts with the opportunities they have capitalized on so magnificently. The popular misdemeanor of being a human being supplies them with far more customers than the 300 or so qualified psychoanalysts can handle in their shops.

And, in sharing the guilt of being human beings, the psychoanalysts have applied their trade to the betterment of benighted mankind about in inverse ratio to the pay psychoanalysts get. In too few cases is expert psychoanalysis applied at court order to perplexed and perplexing offenders and handled by scientists steadily employed by state or city. What these authorities get paid is peanuts compared with the fees of psychoanalysts in private practice.

A matron who has a big roll and a young son who eats like a hound at a garbage can is touted to a psychoanalyst by her dizzy female chums. They have heard that the Great Cagliostro studied under Freud, Jung, Forel, Krafft-Ebing and the Sisters Everleigh, and have had an itch to take from the guy himself when in need of a convenient and substantial *al.*

Finally the matron talks her old man into okaying a treatment for big-gutted Buster, who actually is suffering from nothing worse than his *id* being fond of good cooking.

Then she takes Buster around to the psychoanalyst and lays a couple of "C" notes on the counter before the man's secretary. Buster's mama says to the psychoanalyst that Buster eats like Charles Laughton playing King Henry VIII, so what to do about it?

The psychoanalyst after a little sparring around asks, "Buster, tell me about your dreams."

Buster blushes and acts like he is cornered. Mama has just told the doctor how Buster on his way home from school will blow his allowance on ice cream bars, three sodas, a dill pickle and a hot dog to tide him over until he can sample the pantry as a warm-up for dinner. At dinner Buster gnaws his way through a bowl of borsch, three helpings of sauerbraten, potatoes and gravy, the outfield of trimmings, two pieces of mince pie and a quart of milk. Prior to retiring, Buster will eat the inside of the refrigerator down to the enamel, clean out the rest of the milk, make himself a hamburger the size of a pillow and top it off with a can of sardines.

Buster rolls with the punch of the query and replies, "Naw, I don't dream. I'm just hungry."

Then Mama will say, "Oh, come now, Buster. Tell the doctor. You are a big boy now, and it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"And what are your dreams, Buster?" the doctor asks, big-pal-like.

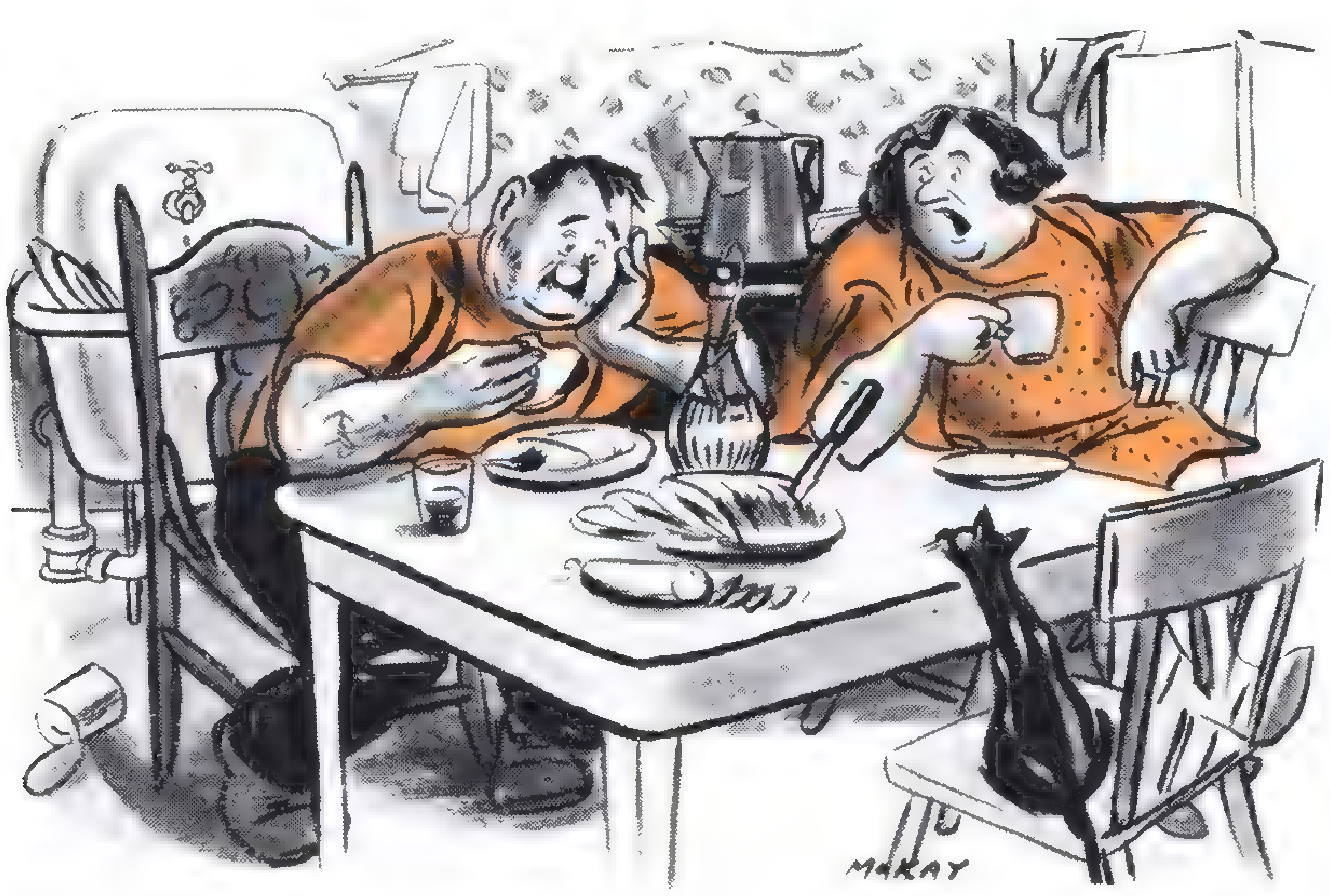
"Aw, gee, Doctor. I don't dream much."

"But the dreams you do have—what are they?"

"Well last night I dreamt I was standing in front of a bakery window and a man came along and threw a brick through it."

"Very revealing," the psychoanalyst muses out loud. "The man with the brick is the symbol of your son's *id.* His slumbering *ego* sees in the bakery window the obvious symbolism of a mob of attractive fresh tarts. His *ego* attempted to adjust itself to realities when along came the *id* with a brick, busted the window, and the *libido* had an open field."

"Wonderful!" gasps Mama. Then she adds, think-



*"Why don't you offer some sparkling dinner conversation?"*

ing of the yowl papa will put up when he gets that information for the $200 he had paid to get Buster's table manners corrected, "But how can we get Buster eating with his *ego* instead of with his *id*?"

"Buster, would you mind waiting outside while Mother and I have a little chat?" asks the doctor, muscling Buster toward the door.

"Roger," says Buster. "Ma, can I have some money for a chocolate malted and a candy bar and I will meet you in the drugstore downstairs?"

Mama gives Buster some change and he scrams. She does not realize that according to the supreme Sigmund's disclosures of the association between hunger and *libido*, which you can read in the chapter on *The Sexual Aberrations* in the Modern Library edition of *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, she is practically financing a visit by Buster to a house of ill-fame. Buster does not realize it either, or he would ask for more money.

"Was Buster a breast-fed infant?" asks the doctor, putting on his pair of big black-rimmed glasses with those 2 x 4 sidebars.

"Why, yes, Doctor," Mama says.

"As I surmised," the psychoanalyst comments with enthusiasm in keeping with the size of his fee. "And you, as a splendid specimen of the young mother, were endowed by nature in a manner that Buster associates with shapely and generous stacks of nourishment."

"Yes, Doctor," says Buster's Mama, eyes cast down modestly and bosom heaving in pride. "But what to do with Buster now?"

"I am coming to that," replies the doctor, who is wondering if Buster's papa will stand for another bite to have Buster's mama psychoanalyzed. "Similar interesting cases of children who eat like slobs are reported by Schrenck-Notzing in the *Jahrbuch für Kinder Was Essen der Spinach*."

"Yes?" murmurs Mama, thrilled at the prospect of having Buster the subject of a paper in a book for the medical profession.

"Now one more question," coos the psychoanalyst. "What does Buster's papa say when Buster shovels in the chow?"

"Oh, he scolds for a while and then says, 'Buster, if you eat any more you are going to bust.' "

"Stop right there!" cries the psychoanalyst. "Don't you see the association is plain? Papa thoughtlessly emphasizes the strong, primitive association of bust with eating in Buster's *ego*, *id*, and *libido* and Buster has three strikes on his table manners right there. So make papa cut it out and Buster will improve." The doctor arises from his chair and glances toward the door as a reminder to mama.

"Oh, thank you, Doctor," Mama gushes gratefully as she is elbowed through the door by another customer coming in.

Buster will continue to eat like a hog at slopping time until some cute little moll sniffs and sneers at him for his performance with a knife and fork. After that Buster will go at his fodder with the daintiness of a chronic dyspeptic. In the meanwhile papa, mama and Buster will continue to have dreams, in the sack and out, and dreams are such stuff as the psychoanalyst's fees are made on.

The bibliography of psychoanalysis has numerous primers which are getting a great play these days. People are so healthy the life expectancy, according to insurance-company statistics, is at record length; nevertheless the longer-lived mortals know there must be something wrong with them as they feel like hell, and the world is going around in circles viciously biting hunks out of its own fanny. What can account for that but the *id*, the *ego*, the *libido*, *algolagnia*, the "*endopsychic censorship*," *abreactions*, the *al* and other mysteries of the psyche? Add them all up and to the psychoanalyst the sum is dreams.

Too many dreams probably are nightmares, but even a simple little dream about walking through the Union Station naked Dr. Freud interprets as proving the dreamer is a show-off and maybe worse. Normally a fellow, if he remembers such a dream, will briefly deplore that he neglected to get the phone numbers of certain friendly parties he met during his dream, and then skip it. But if he goes overboard for psychoanalysis or falls into the trap of quacks who are lousing up reputable and careful explorers in the field, he will wind up goofier and more disturbed than he was to start with.

Three psychoanalysts who have been distinguished by their work rather than by ballyhoo have been good pals of mine. One specialized on rich customers. He died before his customers could drive him as nutty as they were. Another is applying himself mainly to straightening out hyperemotional college kids. The third one has been doing such a great job of bringing back into line people who tangle with the law that even police reporters and newspaper photographers who cover the courts are sold on the idea that the man has a lot of stuff on the ball.

Any of the three would have given me a reading in dreams, tea leaves or a poker hand, and for nothing, except for the poker. I know for certain none would be in a faker's racket. So why shouldn't I take a treatment and wash my soul free of sin and my behind loose of the lead that makes it difficult to move up to a typewriter and try to make a living?

The average nosy guy's reading about psychoanalysis gives the answer. Such reading is scary stuff. It makes you out from your dreams a worse stinker than you really may be, and chances are as a normal human being you are bad enough. Should I have a dream that wakes me up laughing, or one that wakes me up saying, "Thank God, that's over with," and then tell a psychoanalyst about it and have him put me down as a grown-up child frustrated at trying to lure a hired girl into a hayloft?

Why go to all that embarrassment with dreams because Sigmund Freud said so? There are other authorities you can consult if you want to get more acceptable interpretations of your dreams.

Among them are *Aunt Sally's Policy Players Dream Book*, *Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller and Dream Book*, and the *Napoleon Mascot Dream Book*. They interpret dreams in the same manner Freud does, but for less money. They also give you what *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud* omit, entirely, some tips on policy and ponies out of the latent dream content.

Aunt Sally, Old Gypsy Madge and Napoleon Mascot do not concern themselves with much heavy accent on the *id* or the *libido*, as their customers generally are the "feed 'em, fool 'em and forget 'em" characters who don't do much living in the hazy past.

Delicately these authorities touch on matters concerning the *libido*. This reference in the *Napoleon Mascot Dream Book* is an example. It says: "If a girl dreams of eating pickles, it is a sign some old bachelor will kiss her; if a young man dreams of eating pickles, he will be beloved by a maid older than himself, and probably of a sour and crabbed temperament."

It is possible Freud might have had a somewhat different interpretation of a dream about pickles. However, Freud would not have told the dreamer to give policy a beating on 4, 44, 59 in the generous manner of Napoleon Mascot.

Aunt Sally in her Basic Writings has a helpful catalog of dreams, accompanied by numbers to play for policy or the fleet steeds. Aunt Sally's policy-analyzed dreams include the following interesting subjects: Alum, anchovy, bathroom, bellyache, breeches, white cat, eating cheese, country squire, cutler's wife, dolphin, dromedary, genealogical tree, gillyflower, knife grinder, measles, riding school, rupture, smallpox, tombstones and torture.

You can see that kindly old Aunt Sally is a realist in the dream world and knows that the troublesome *id* gets post position, but with her calling in the *ego* carrying the lucky numbers, the dreamer has a chance to catch a hand of winning tickets.

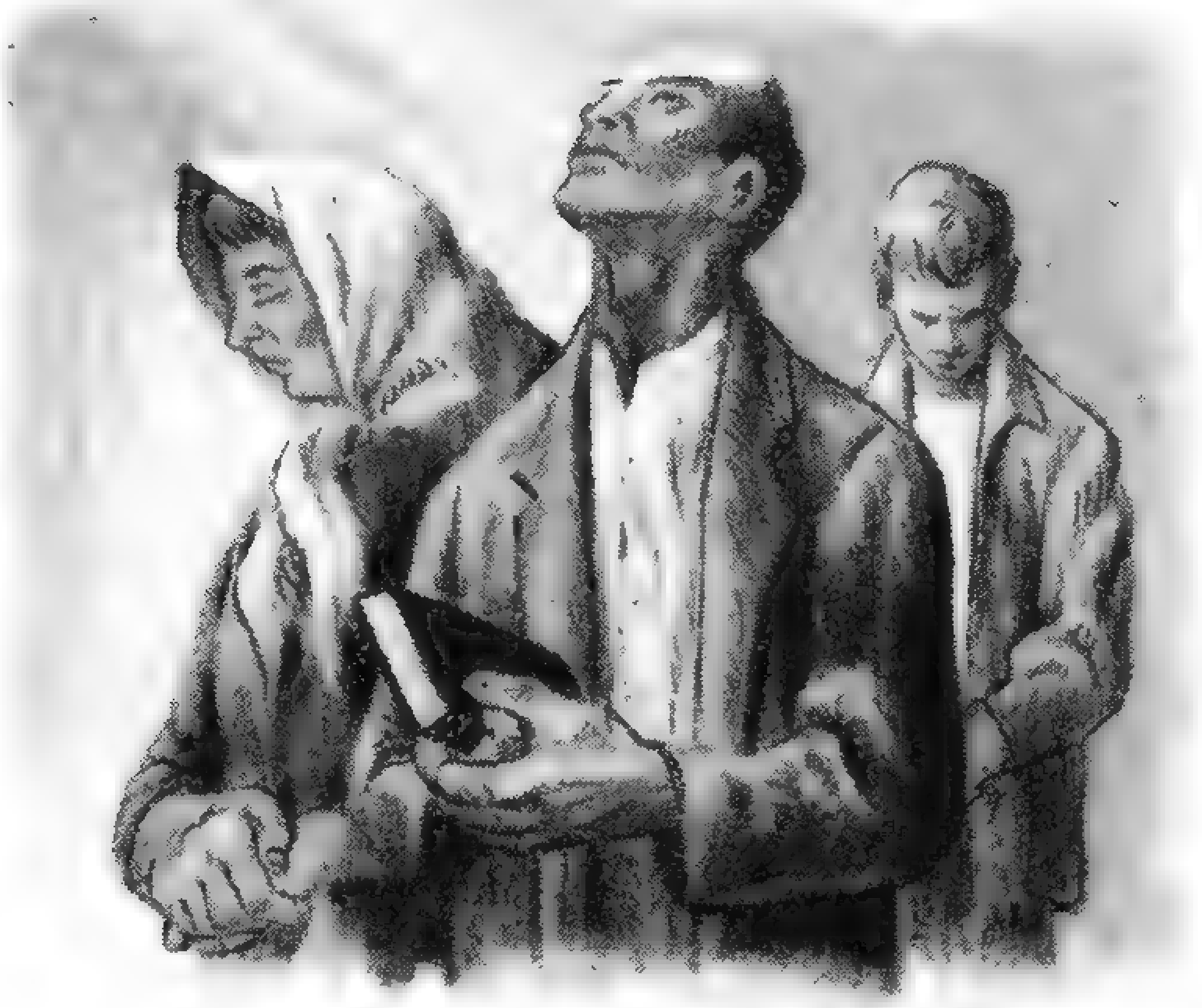
How far the psychoanalysis of Old Gypsy Madge agrees with that of Freud, Jung, Forel and other elder and modern psychoanalysts I cannot tell. My copy of Madge's book was taken by a student for his library, which previously had consisted of several copies of the *Daily Racing Form*. But don't hold that against me; probably my *id* shoved it into his hand and told him to get to hell out and leave me alone in my dream world. My *id* has no manners. #

*"Now, hold still"*

**Selling Bibles taught Martin supply and demand, and hunger a more worldly view**

# A Time to Every Purpose

### by EARL COLEMAN



REHBERGER

The car broke down outside of a New Mexico town that was a dot on the map; what gas there was left seemed to choke up like a person unwilling to say a hateful thing, and then the motor rattled once in death. The momentum of the trailer pushed them a few yards farther before they came to a complete halt. Martin jumped out of the car, tight-lipped against the curses he wanted to scream, and thrust his bull-like strength against the rear, while his father guided the car off the highway onto the shoulder.

Naomi poked her blonde head out of the tiny window. "Oh, dear," she said, "is there more trouble?"

Her mother's voice whined from somewhere behind the girl, "Joshua, we can't have an accident now."

Joshua laid his head down on the wheel and closed his eyes. Quite apart from himself his brain began to evoke the phrase, "How long, good Lord, how long?" It was out of control, this series of misfortunes that had begun centuries ago. The Lord's Word had ever been his word, and yet the blessings of the Lord had been few . . . and he rejected these thoughts at the same time—there could be no bargaining with God . . . in His good time would blessings flow, and not then in payment for good works.

His son stood near him in the humid night, panting a little from his exertion. "We had better hold council, son." They entered the trailer, Martin holding the door for his father.

Joshua in black, his Lincoln nose setting the tone for his face, his large and gleaming eyes now downcast, sat at the small table used for meals and readings, for sewing, and for making the little baskets.

Martin was a rock of a young man, stone in his magnificent chest and thick thighs. He sat in a camp chair they had picked up in their travels, the canvas and wooden frame straining under his weight. When he had been born eighteen years before, almost killing Laura with his nine pounds and three ounces, they had named him Martin after Martin Luther, the fighting man with the brimstone church words. Now he helped them make the little wicker baskets or canvassed with Joshua, selling the Bible and baskets from door to door, getting just enough to pay expenses. He was tied to them by the family strand only, unsmiling and silent, the acid of movement without goal saturating his heart as the years of poverty had not done.

Laura lit the kerosene lamp and placed it on the table, dispelling for a little space the seven o'clock semidarkness. She sat back in the rocker, her face in the shadow again, folded her hands in her lap and spoke straight ahead of her as though she were speaking to her God rather than to her family. "What are we to do now?" Her toneless words hung in the air for several seconds.

Joshua reached for the Bible on the shelf above the window. When he and Martin had built the trailer five years ago, they had thought of everything, shelves, bookcases, even closet space. It had taken all their money for material and tools, but in each of them there had been the feeling of deliverance, almost in the spirit of the Twenty-Third Psalm. Especially for the young Martin who looked forward to the adventure. God had not seen fit to lead them beside the still waters, but instead they had traveled the hard highways down into the South, hot and burning, and then across this flat and waterless desert, traveling as though they were fleeing, each town a strangers' town. He thumbed the Bible to the page he wanted and asked Naomi to read the passage aloud.

She bent her head forward to see the fine print, her eyes squinting. Before she could read, Martin was speaking in a low, intense voice.

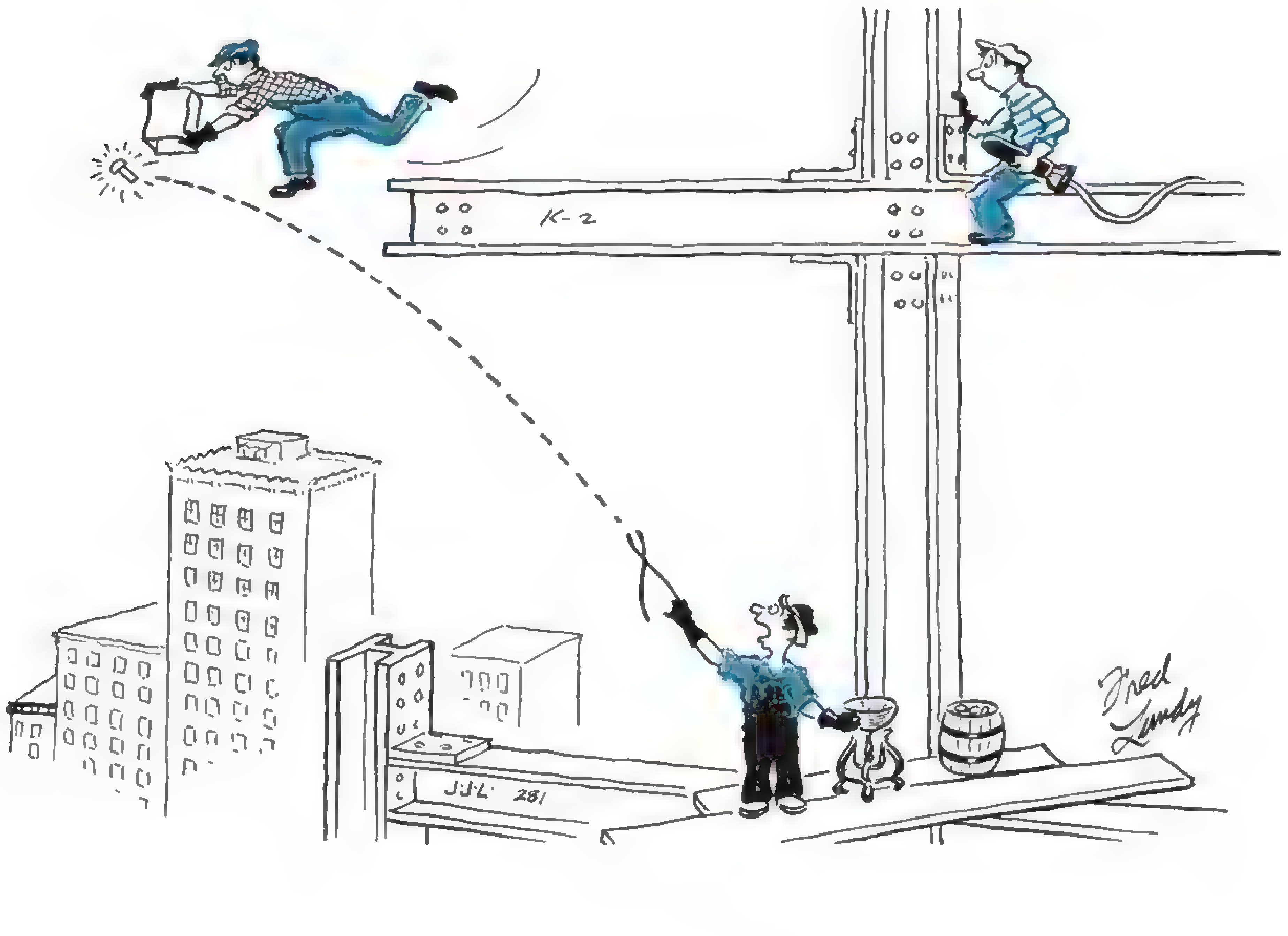
"How much longer are you going to stand for this, Mother, Naomi? Are you going to read now and pray again? Let me tell you where we are. We are seven miles from the nearest town. If our car holds together for another twenty miles after this repair, it will truly be a miracle. We have no gas. We have no food. We haven't eaten since morning. I'm going to do something about it."

"Son, to have dammed up your thoughts all this time, and then, in bitterness . . ."

"It's time I undammed them then, and damned instead your impossible . . ."

"Son!"

Joshua was standing before Martin, staring at him with lightning eyes. "There will be no talk like that before your mother and sister. I will not allow it. If you respect your father no longer, that further arrow I must accept, but . . ."

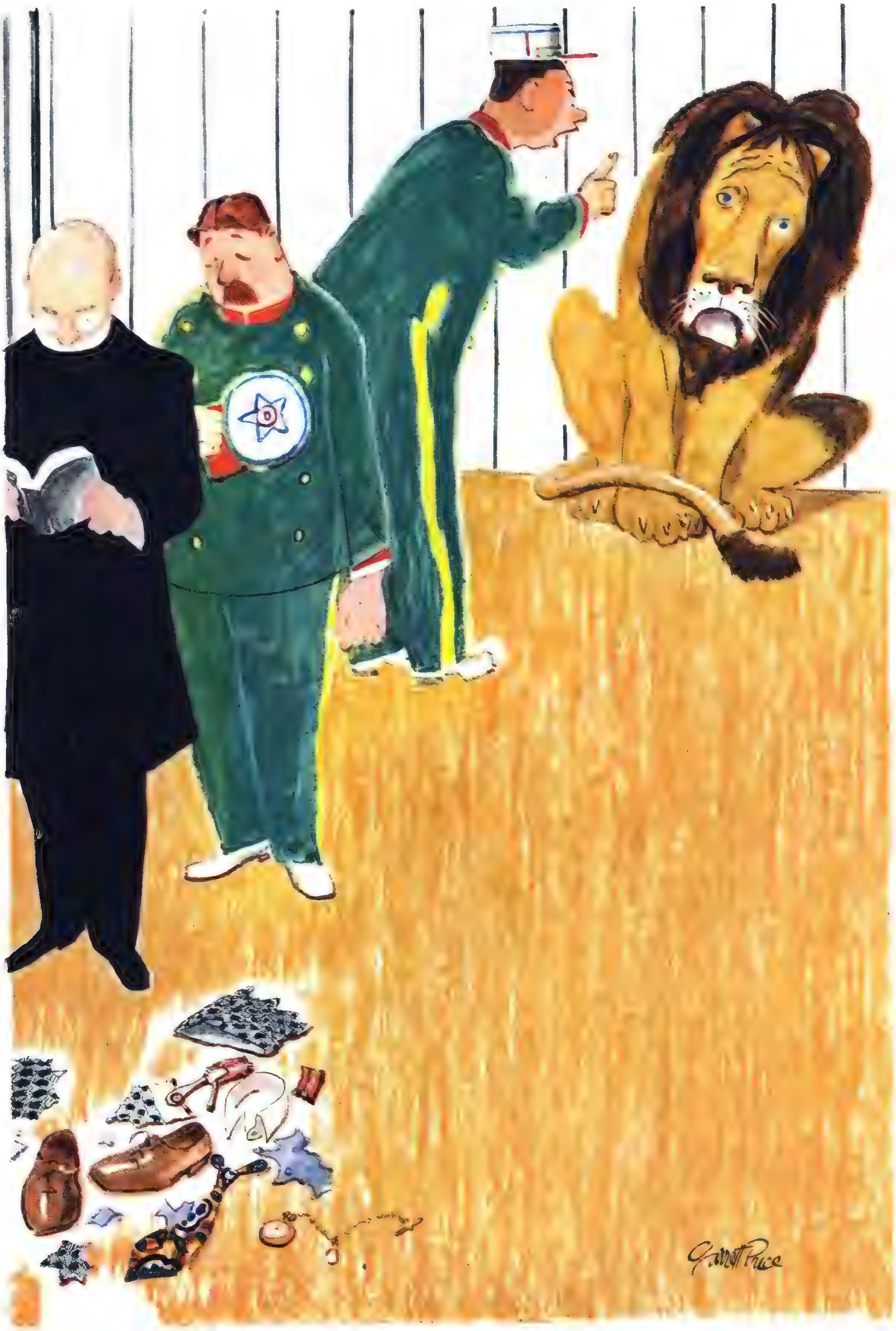


"I'm going to town now," Martin rose before his father and spoke with their faces not twelve inches apart, "and I'll be back with food."

He took one of the Bibles from the carton in the corner, put it into a basket and walked out of the trailer. The heavy night air clung to him in a suffocating embrace. He walked along the shoulder in the darkness, automobile headlights flashing past him occasionally. He was a little aghast at the tone he had used, but he was stricken even more at the evil crop of thoughts now rocketing through his brain. Had his respect for his father vanished? For Father was no ordinary man to be respected for nothing but that he was human, and, as such, deserving. Father had turned the light of his religion on all things and had taken positive stands on all questions. Was it not power and strength and will that had brought him this far?

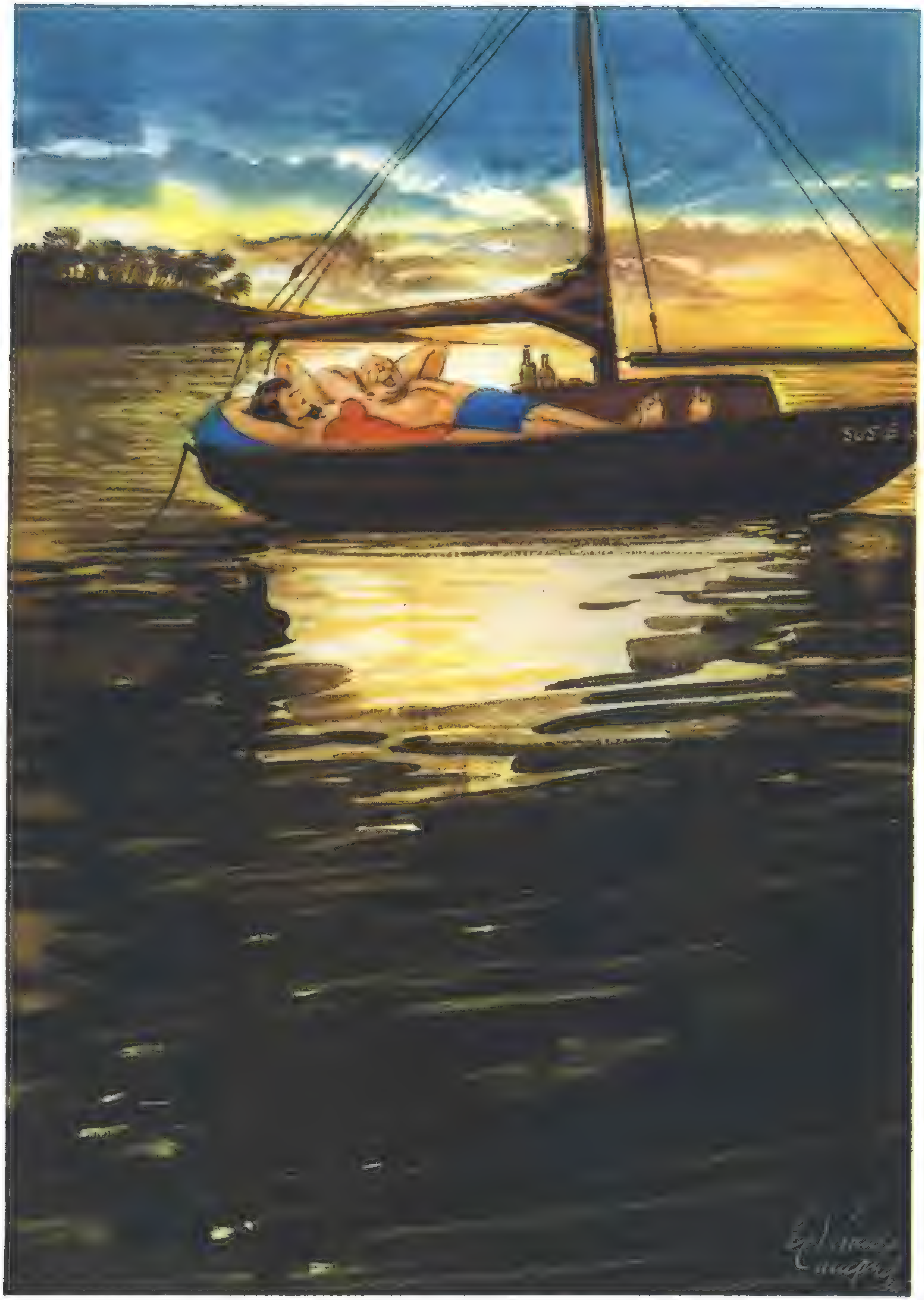
Martin wondered, as he strode along in the elastic earth by the side of the highway, whether things could ever be the same again after tonight's outburst. For even if he resumed his silence, his thoughts had fully awakened. He would have to make a firm effort to control himself if only for Mother and Naomi. It would mean never crossing Father again.

On the outskirts of town he came to a general store, with canned goods and bread among the other things in the window. There was no one at the counter on which he (*Continued on page 204*)



Garrett Price

*"Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"*



*"I imagine about now the bank has missed that $1,750,000"*

RICHARD BERGERE

**The platform had given way and the net had gone with it; in a couple of breaths there wouldn't be any more**

# All in Two Seconds

by **D. N. KNIGHT**

It was all very clear to Joe Williams. He had no sensation of falling. The waves below him looked like lead. They were grey, flat, and motionless—like they'd been painted on the bay. They didn't rush closer and closer like you'd think they would. They just stayed where they were, looking like they'd be hard when he finally hit them.

Two hundred and fifty feet is a long way to drop. He wouldn't walk away from this one.

As he looked down he could see the stripping platform below him, a few line ends reaching up toward him. Eleven tons they said it weighed, and it was falling no faster than he was, and he weighed just under two hundred. Fred, his partner who worked topside and who was always reading books, had told him that was how it would be. Not him and the platform, but that air resistance was what kept a heavy thing from falling any faster than a light one. Fred had been right after all. Maybe he would be watching now and noting that what the books said really worked out in practice. Well, now they both would know for sure.

The platform was tipping now, so that Pat, who was still clinging to the starboard rail, would be right under it when it hit the water. It was that damned platform that'd fouled everything up in the first place. If it hadn't carried away, taking the net with it, he'd have been on his way to Fort Worth day after tomorrow to see his mother, just as he'd promised five months ago. Didn't hardly seem fair; it wasn't like he'd said he was going to do something and then not done it, like when he came off that high job in Columbia with more than enough dough to get that little fruit farm he'd seen in Diego, but had gone on a bender instead. This time he'd have gone home like he'd promised. He'd even told the Supe to have his time made out Friday night so that he could knock off work in plenty of time to catch the 11 o'clock bus out of the Fifth and Mission Street station.

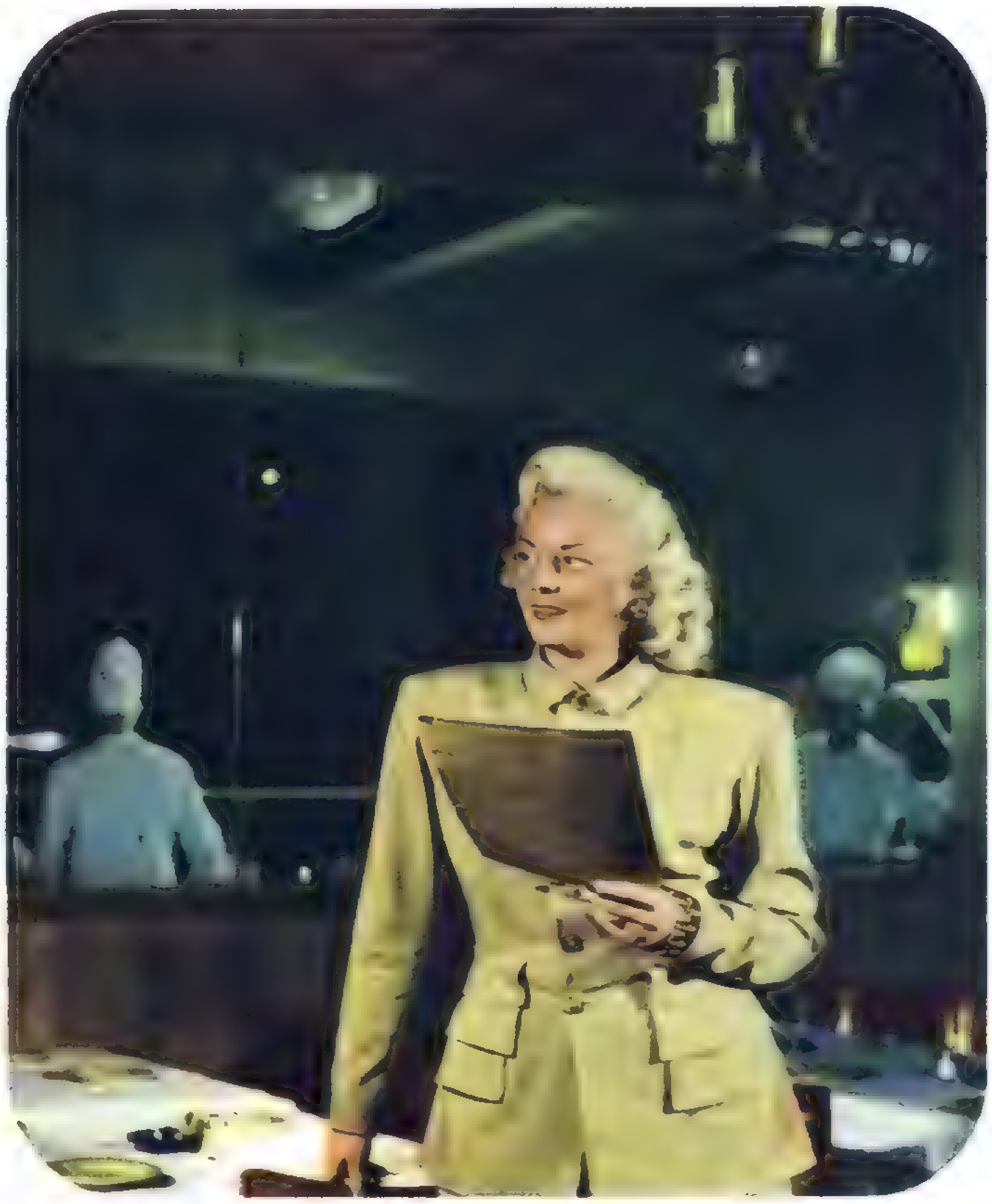
As he turned in the air he looked up to where the platform had hung from the underside of the bridge. He could see one of the boys—it looked like Tom Hanna—hanging by his heels and his hands from the "I" beam. Maybe if the boys topside worked fast enough they could rig Tom out of it some way, before it was too late for all time.

Maybe it wasn't the platform's fault. The safety net—the idea of a safety net was all wet. The fathead who'd thought that one up wasn't much help. He couldn't have been a steelworker or anybody who knew anything about the business. If he had been, he would have known that you should never try to make things too safe for a steelworker. Keep it tough and a man'll keep on his toes. Then he knows when he makes a bad move, that's it. That's all there is. That's the end. But with a safety net a man'd get careless; why worry? Fall ten feet and the net'll catch you. That's all Blacky had dropped—ten feet. But the net didn't help him any. When he'd hit the oil drum the edge had ripped off half his head. Since then the Supe had had him work on the net, walking the length of it every day looking for gear the wind had blown off the topside. It was like walking in deep snow—the net followed your foot up and you had to lift it high to get it clear for the next step. He'd make a line fast to anything he found and Fred'd pull it topside. A lot of good the net was doing him now—a lot of good the net was doing anybody now—coming down with him and the platform.

As he turned over on his side he was looking up the channel past Alcatraz to the other bridge. That was a nice job too, but not like the Golden Gate. There'd been some good guys got it on that job too, but not because of a Joe McGee platform and a safety net that didn't do the job. Some of the carpenters had fallen into the coffer-dams. If nobody saw them they'd just drown, or swim around like rats in a bucket and then they'd drown when they couldn't swim around any more. What a helluva way to get it. There was something almost indecent about it.

The wind twisted his body so that he got a brief, lopsided view of Frisco as he rolled over so that he was facing the water below him. He could see the whorls of the current better than ever before, and a large splotch of color, marking the spot where a can of red lead had hurried down before him. The stripping platform had already gone under. It seemed strange that he'd not seen any of the stripping gang with the exception of Pat and Tom. It was too much to think that they could all have got clear; he should have seen some of them on their way out.

The waves were bigger now, with plenty of motion. There was a big one rolling in now, large and deliberate and quiet, slow against the sweep of the ebbing tide. It didn't seem to move so much now. It was green and pale, with a lot of little lights inside it. It looked kind of like one of those things a fish restaurant has in the front window—he could see a fish in the wave—it was a pretty big one—maybe it was a porpoise. They always said a porpoise would push a man's body to shore. ꟸ


GLANTZ

***Blonde on the Green Rope: Lynne Gilmore***

*At Gilmore's Steak House in Manhattan everything is on display, including chefs and food, but the prize sight is the spectacular blonde proprietress. One-time Powers model, Lynne Gilmore has no competition as the nation's most beautiful restaurateur (she splits the take with her husband-partner), a consideration which undoubtedly keeps customers piling up behind the green rope, however excellent the food. Lynne turned to restaurants when weary of modeling minks and sables yet never having any of her own. Now she has a veritable covey of furs, a fantastically successful business, and, being the only one of her kind, a national reputation.*

**The Gargantuan load of grief foisted on an Olympics Sports Technical Director is the kind to give a man king-size headaches**

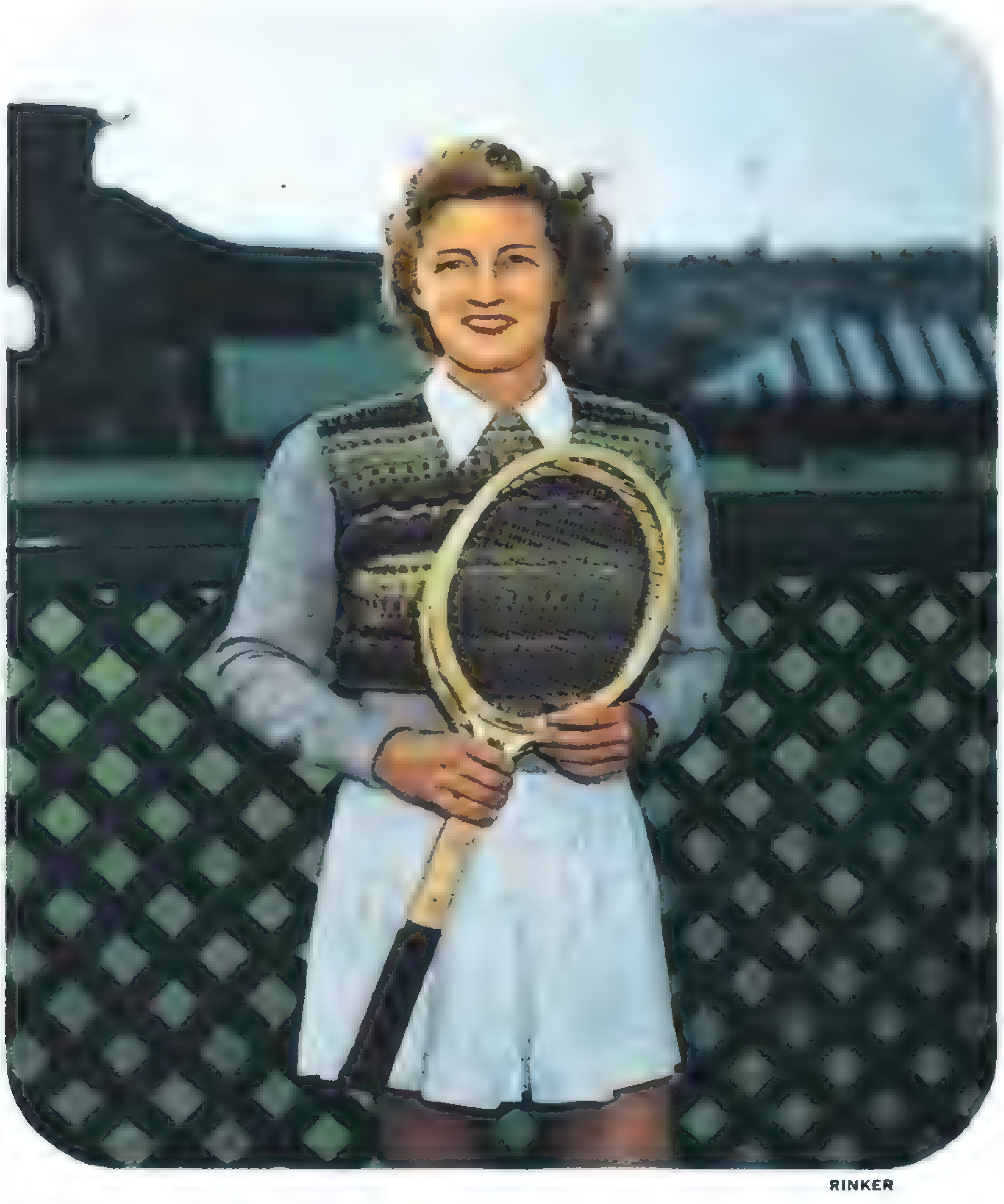
# The Biggest Sports Job

### by KEITH MONROE

FAULKNER

As stage manager of the biggest sports show on earth, Mr. William Mellors Henry of Los Angeles, Washington, and the world at large has already had enough headaches to last any normal man a lifetime. He was Sports Technical Director of the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932, and did such an airtight job that the International Olympic Committee sent him to Berlin to show the Germans how in 1936. He was in Helsinki doing a similar chore for the Finns (who were to have staged the 1940 Games) when the Russian armies moved in and all bets were off.

One might suspect that riding herd on an Olympics would be somewhat like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel—exciting, pleasurable once achieved, but not to be repeated. Most men who have been Sports Technical Directors were ready to stumble off to an Old Men's Home when the last of the visiting teams had at length departed. But Mr. Henry seems to thrive on the job. He has already accepted the invitation of the International Olympic Committee to advise the British with regard to the 1948 Games.


RINKER

**Chairman of the Betz Club**

*The line of championship tennis on the distaff side runs logically through Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody and terminates as of now with a strawberry blonde from Los Angeles named Pauline Betz. Miss Betz, whose unspectacular style emphasizes retrieving rather than smashing, recently nailed down her fourth U. S. Women's Singles title. Equipped with a Budgelike backhand, she has dominated her competition so completely that the tennis girls who travel the tournament trail with her are considered members of the Betz Club. Her recent suspension from amateur tennis gives club members respite, but bodes ill indeed for feminine pros.*

Henry—known as Bill to athletes all over the world—has apparently been a hog for punishment all his life. He is never happy unless he is up to his necktie in work, and he frequently is forced to deny a recurrent rumor that he has six arms. Starting as sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times* in 1912 and now a roving columnist and CBS radio commentator working out of Washington, he has between times played in tennis tournaments, arranged financing which launched the Douglas Aircraft Company, imported the crawl stroke from Australia, covered the war in Europe and the Pacific, and become a grandfather.

But the Olympic Games are still his most monumental hobby and pastime. "It takes nine years of preparation to stage the games as they should be staged," he says. "But I think the jolly old English will make a good stab at it in the two years they have."

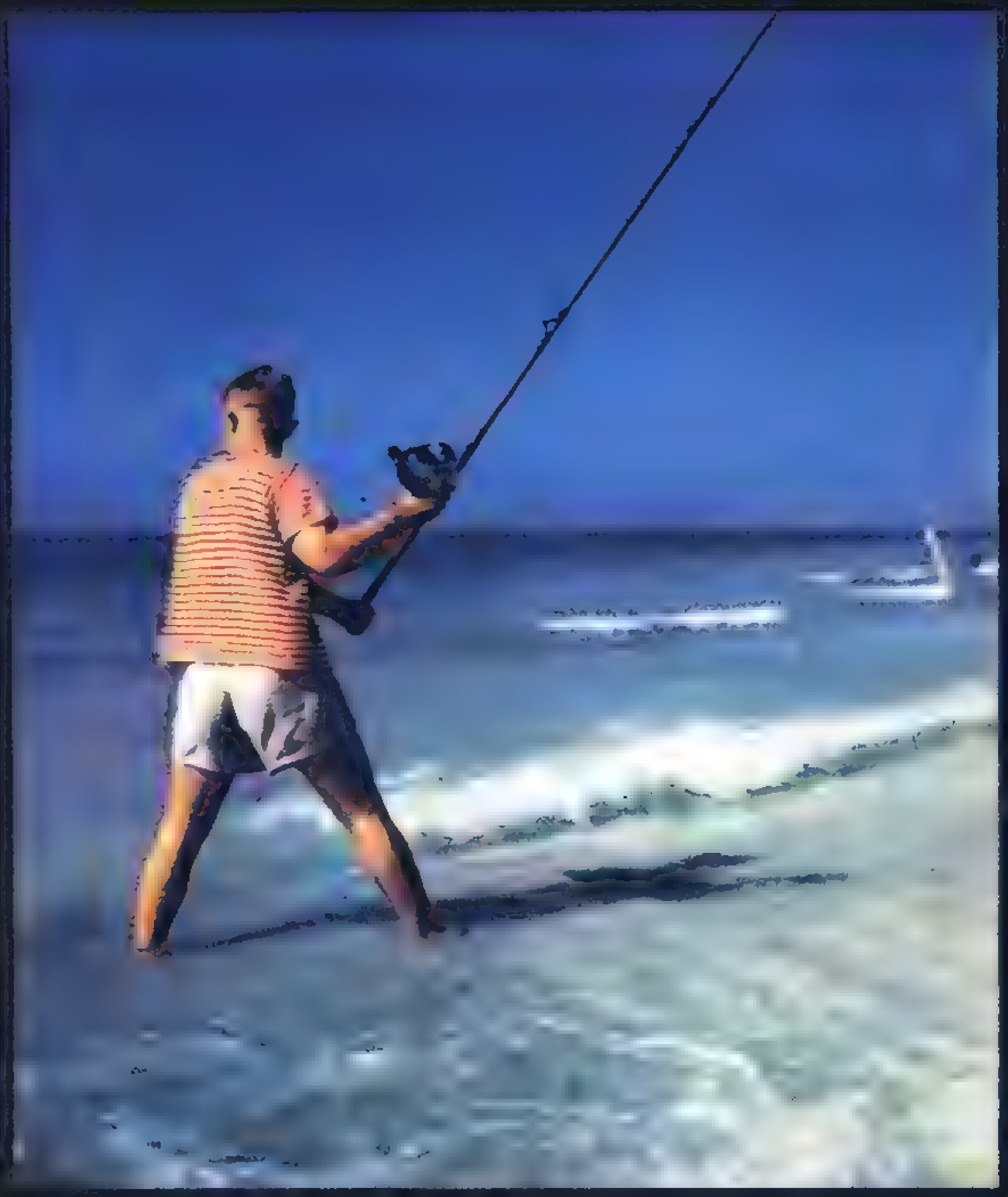
After twenty-three years and four Olympiads, Bill Henry knows all the short cuts. He got his Olympic baptism back in 1923, when Los Angeles landed the 1932 Games after three years of maneuvering and some time later appointed him a member of a five-man Executive Committee. Henry and his colleagues immediately buckled down to making the most of their nine-year period of gestation.

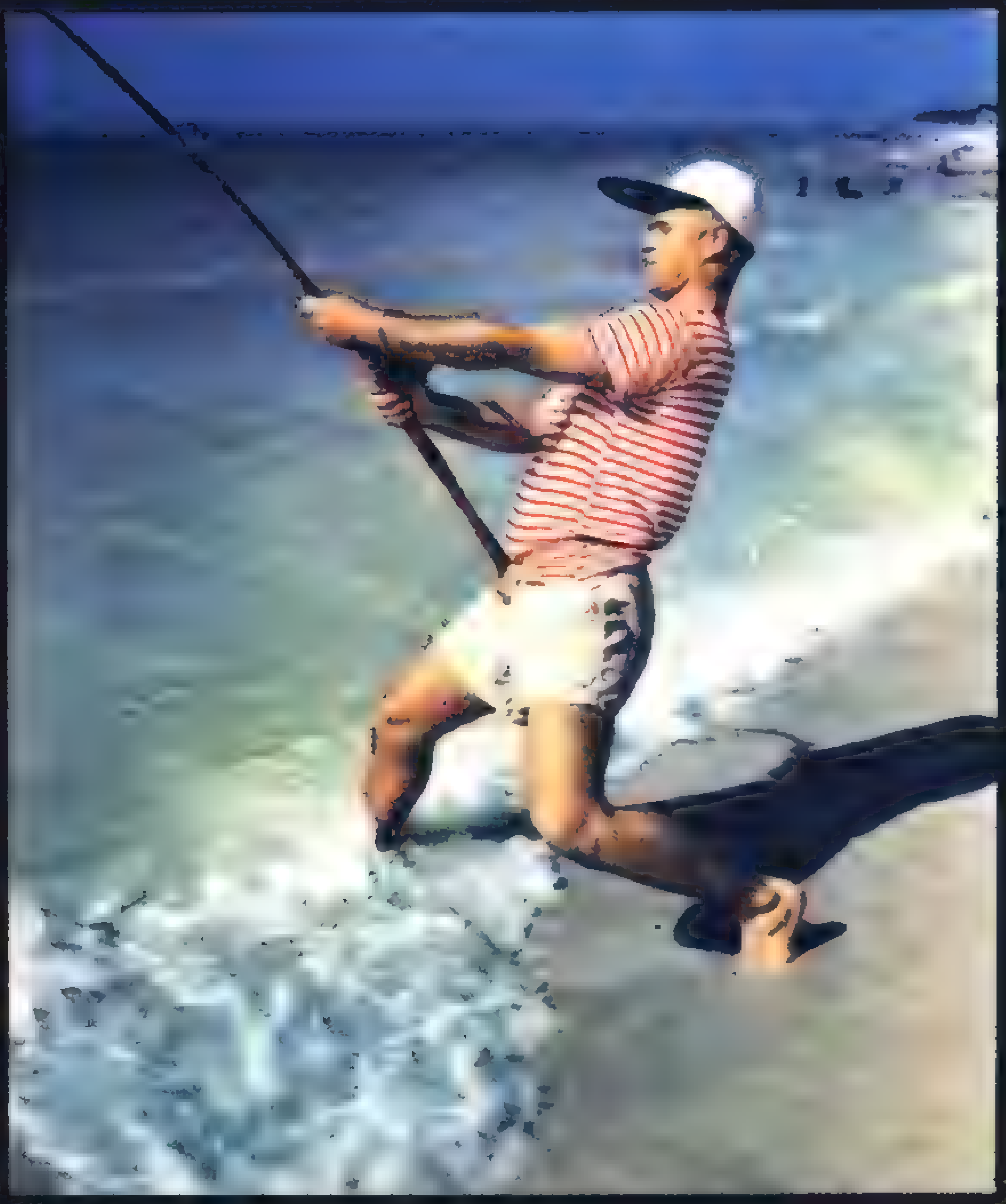
The city already had a vast coliseum for track and field, but what about an indoor arena for boxing, wrestling and weight-lifting? An Olympic Auditorium was built, to be used for private sports shows in the intervening years and turned over to the Games when the big year rolled around. What about polo and other equestrian sports? Pep talks to country clubs started expansion programs, and finally produced the magnificent layout which still exists at the Riviera Country Club. What about training facilities for 2000 visiting athletes? Several athletic clubs were encouraged and developed, with equipment complete down to the last foot bath, and the city government launched a drive to build new playgrounds and swimming pools. The area finally wound up with nine different Olympic stadia, auditoria and watercourses, plus innumerable well-barbered practice fields and tracks. All these princely facilities are still in use today by the sports public of Southern California, as they were before the Games.

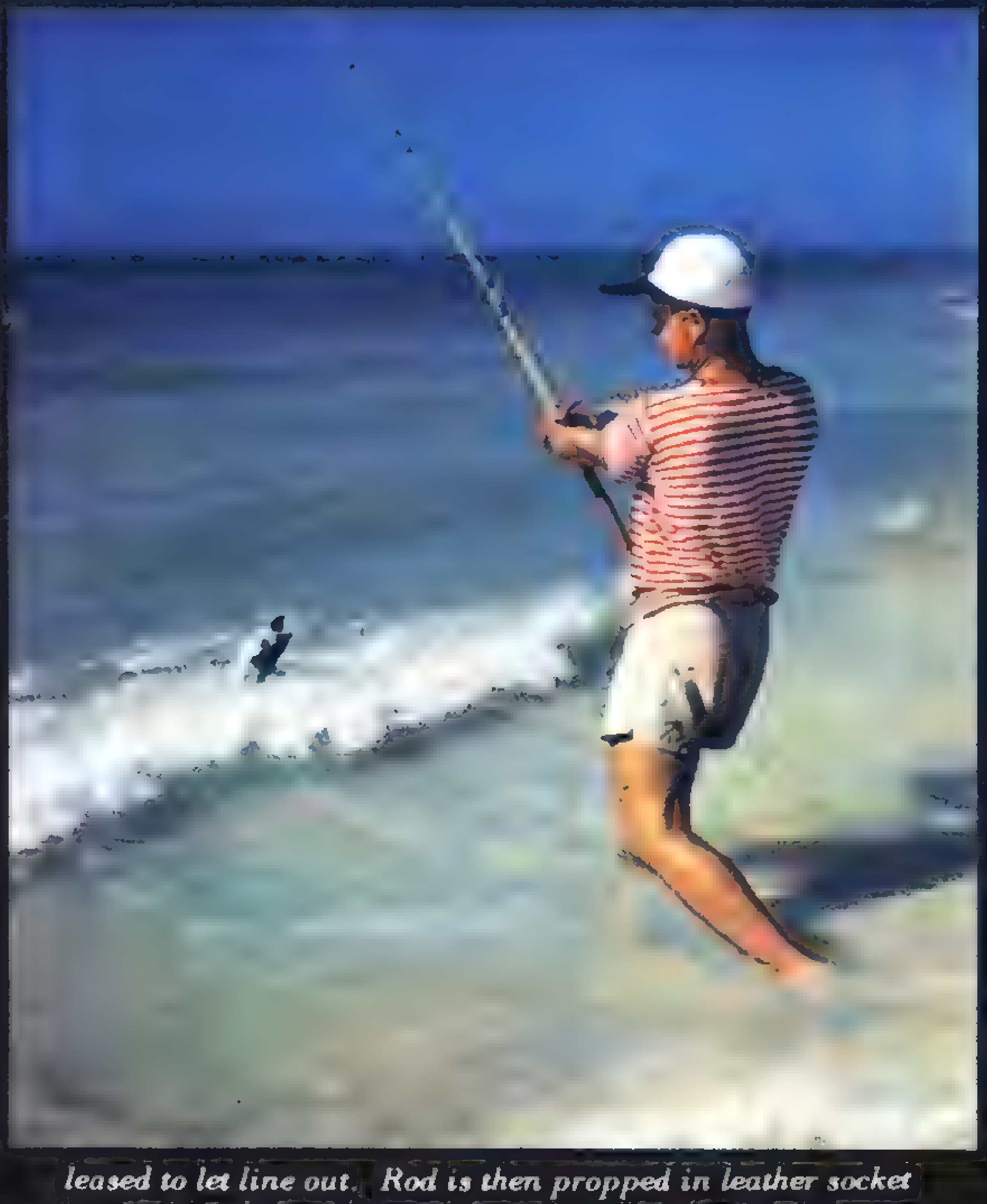
These weren't Henry's only problems by far, for three years before the first gun for the 1932 Games, pressure really began to build up. The first hot skirmishes were fought in the long battle against local and international opposition to the Games—a battle which continued to the very eve of the opening parade, as it has in every Olympiad. Back in the 1890's, when the first modern Olympic Games were proposed, the German athletic federation did not even reply to invitations to participate, the Belgians were openly opposed, and the French attacked the proposal savagely; but they all showed up at Athens in 1896. They didn't all show up, however, when the Games went to the U. S. for the first time in 1904 and the only European countries which sent teams to St. Louis were Germany and Greece and Great Britain.

A lot of people in 1929 were sure the St. Louis fiasco would be repeated at Los Angeles. Most European athletes are workingmen who can't take time off to travel halfway around the world, and their countries haven't an unlimited budget for their travel expenses. The Executive Committee, which included Bill, hammered these expenses down from $1500 to $500 by getting steamship companies to knock 20 per cent off their lowest previous rates, by arranging $100 round-trip railroad fares between New York and Los Angeles, and by piling up enough American cash to cover all but two dollars per day of each athlete's living expenses while in Los Angeles.

Linguistics and protocol were called into play in handling invitations, entry blanks, and rule books. In previous Games there had been a separate entry form for each event in each sport, in four different languages, involving 600 kinds of entry blanks and submerging the committee in a sea of paper work. Henry bridged all this by devising three basic entry blanks *(Continued on page 151)*







*The surf cast properly begins with the rod almost horizontal behind the caster and held with left hand at base and right hand just below the reel. Then arms are swung overhead, giving the fly plenty of height. As rod comes down, reel is released to let line out. Rod is then propped in leather socket belt and body braced for reeling in. Thereafter, it's all gravy or disappointment. Simply turn the crank and find—if lucky—a nine-pound kingfish, as Ed Hough has done.*

## CASTING BY THE SEA

***Photographs by Julius Fanta***

In terms of technique and sheer scope of operation, surf casting is to ordinary casting as tennis is to Ping-pong or baseball to softball. Masculine to the core, the shore-line casting art is a power game calling for a two-handed grip and an outsize thrust with an outsize rod. It is a sport which is fast catching on along the seacoasts, where the surf pounds white and frothy and big and not-so-big ones come in for a look-see at the beach. Ed Hough, the hearty caster featured in this series of Kodachromes, is here shown playing his trade on the Florida West Coast, where the Gulf of Mexico sets a very fine stage. Novices are advised to master the rugged Hough method and go forth to do likewise; the experience is worth it.

**A vehement dissertation regarding the myth that it is the husband who does the heavy housework while the wife flips the switches**

# Our Own Handymen

### by BARBARA HEGGIE

A SHORT time ago I read a story about a man who wanted to murder his wife. That was all right—she was an objectionable type—but what annoyed me was the way he plotted the crime. His careful plan rested squarely on his assumption that when he called his little woman's attention to a loose sill at the head of the cellar steps, she would fill her mouth with nails, kneel on the sill and fumble helplessly with a hammer. "Let *me* do it for you, dear," her husband would then say easily and, approaching her unsuspecting back, boot her headlong to a concrete floor, thus neatly and efficiently breaking her neck with the minimum of effort.

When I read this far, I ruffled back the pages in a gust of irritation. *Of course* the author was a man. Ever since I achieved matrimony, I have been baffled by the ancient dogma that, were it not for my husband's capable and trusty right arm, the beams of my home would rattle down smartly about my head. I would give a great deal to know just how this myth originated. Historians tell us that even in prehistoric days the male spent his time doodling uselessly on the walls of his cave, while the female industriously tended the hearth, chewed blubber or performed whatever revolting tasks were her lot at that time.

Or take the Pilgrim Fathers. All this stuff about the sturdy pioneer hewing a living out of the wilderness is, if you will pardon me, so much bushwah. Let's break the thing down. There was the soapmaking (women), the baking, sewing, cooking, carding, weaving, tanning (women), tending and teaching the children (women), shooting Indians (if you'll remember, when Indians appeared the husband was generally away hunting something, so we'll say women here too), upholding morals (women, and it was certainly uphill work). If a wife turned nasty and started to mention the spring plowing or a wing on the old log cabin, hubby just got a faraway look in his eye, packed all the available food in his knapsack, and set out.

"Got to follow this here river to its source, dear," he'd say. (In those days nobody, not even a wife, questioned the importance of following a river to its source.) Or: "Wonder what lies over yonder mountain range? Guess I'd better find out," and he'd disappear for months. What he actually did was go off and have a turkey fry with old Hocapontus, but just the same it was wife who did the spring plowing that year too.

Just on the surface of things, you could almost believe that men have turned over a new leaf and are currently wearing their little selves to the bone, in the laboratories and at drafting boards, to eliminate those pioneer hardships and make the home a housewife's heaven. From ads in women's magazines—written by men—you gather that the sight of a pretty woman bending over a hot stove is one to pierce the heart of the most callous male, and that the thought that preys incessantly on man's peace of mind is, "What, oh what can I do to get Nellie out of the kitchen?"

These same ads carol each jubilant advance. The iceless refrigerator! The electric stove! The all-in-one-operation washing machine! The dishwashing unit! What grandma wouldn't give, if she still has her wits about her, to have been born in such happy times! Perhaps you haven't noticed that the average grandmother, while she may let her daughter go her way, is generally ready to defend her old-fashioned icebox and her wood stove, if necessary, with blood. I can tell you why. The masculine attitude towards the electric kitchen is that it functions merely at the flip of a switch. To hear a man talk about any new household invention, you'd think it was some form of domesticated atomic energy that will, if looked at with the right expression, run till doomsday.

Just let a wife try telling her husband that the refrigerator is making a sound not unlike an outboard motor at close range (it'll be the fan belt wearing out), or that she thinks the washing machine needs oiling. First she'll get a look that'll freeze her to her inlaid linoleum; then he'll yell: "What have you been doing to that refrigerator *now*?" Or: "I *knew* that if I bought you a washing machine you'd ruin it in a month. Give a woman a machine and she wrecks it every time!" Then he'll slam his hat on his head and stalk out of the house, just like an early father, leaving wifie to crawl about on her stomach with an oilcan.

It is my personal opinion that the modern kitchen represents man's supreme effort to get away from splitting kindling and hauling water. The fact that women now have to wrestle with a lot of machine parts that would baffle a trained mechanic is, if anything, a cause for general laughter. Let me conduct a simple test. Will all those wives present who have had a leaky faucet in their kitchen sink for the last two years please

(*Continued on page 132*)

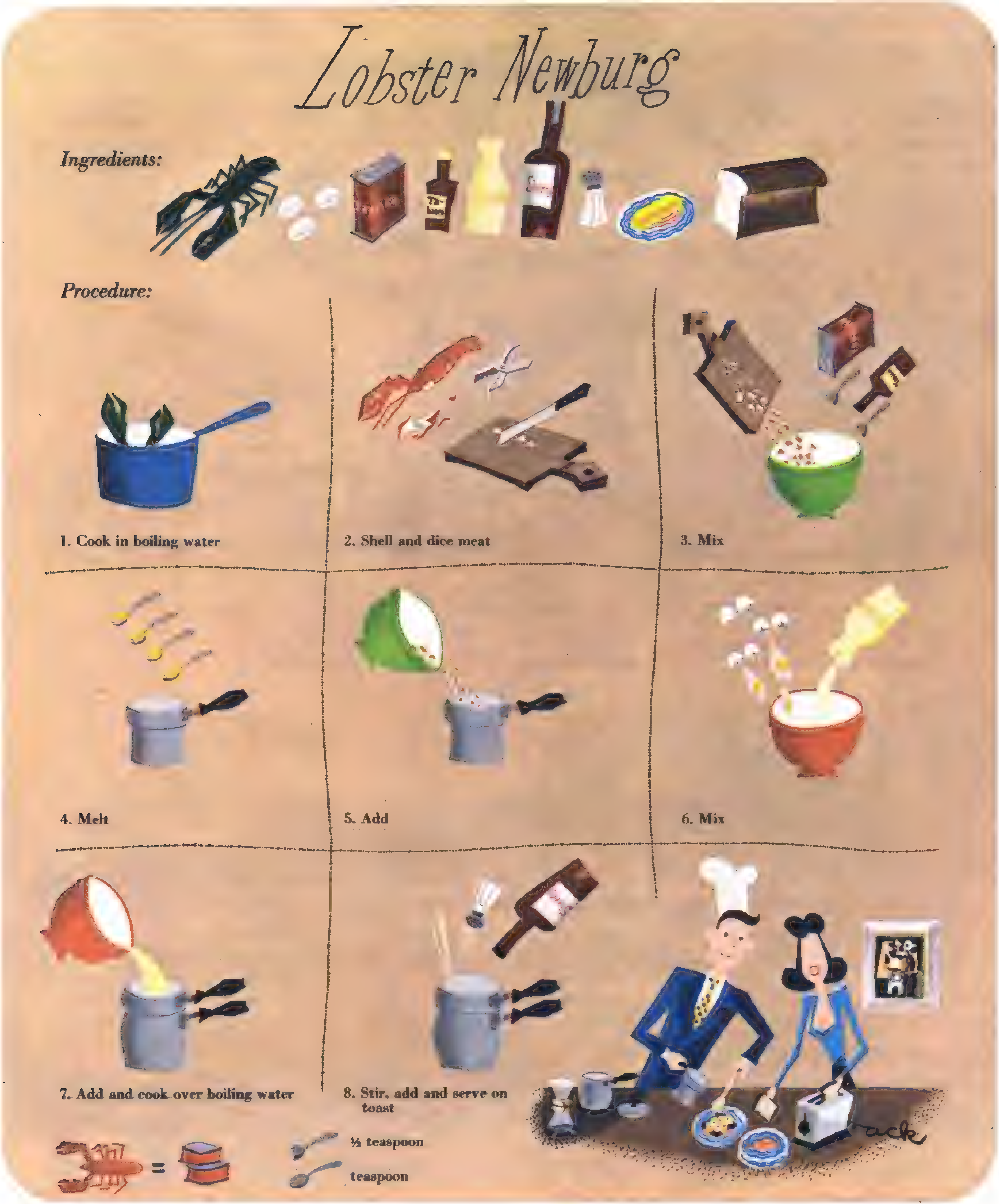
Ma vie au roi.
Mon coeur aux dames
L'honneur pour moi

GLANTZ

### A Trout with a View

*New Yorkers who like sea food with a French accent rejoiced when Chef Pierre Merle came back to the Penthouse Club after his wartime service with the Merchant Marine. Schooled in France's most famous dining and catering establishments (including Madame Prunier's, where fish is allegedly prepared in over 1000 ways), M. Merle came to the Penthouse Club via the Waldorf and Savoy Plaza. He enjoys the Penthouse diners because they are both gourmets and romanticists, who appreciate the magnificent view of Central Park and the glow from a hickory-log fireplace, as well as his Gallic concoctions. His popular Brook Trout Penthouse is prepared thus: Salt and pepper cleaned trout (half pound per serving), dip in milk and dredge with flour. Sauté in equal blend of oil and butter for half-hour over low flame; add thinly sliced mushrooms and allow the trout to become well browned. Serve at once with chopped parsley, chives, lemon juice and hot browned butter.*

# Lobster Newburg


Ingredients:
Procedure:
1. Cook in boiling water
2. Shell and dice meat
3. Mix
4. Melt
5. Add
6. Mix
7. Add and cook over boiling water
8. Stir, add and serve on toast
=
½ teaspoon
teaspoon

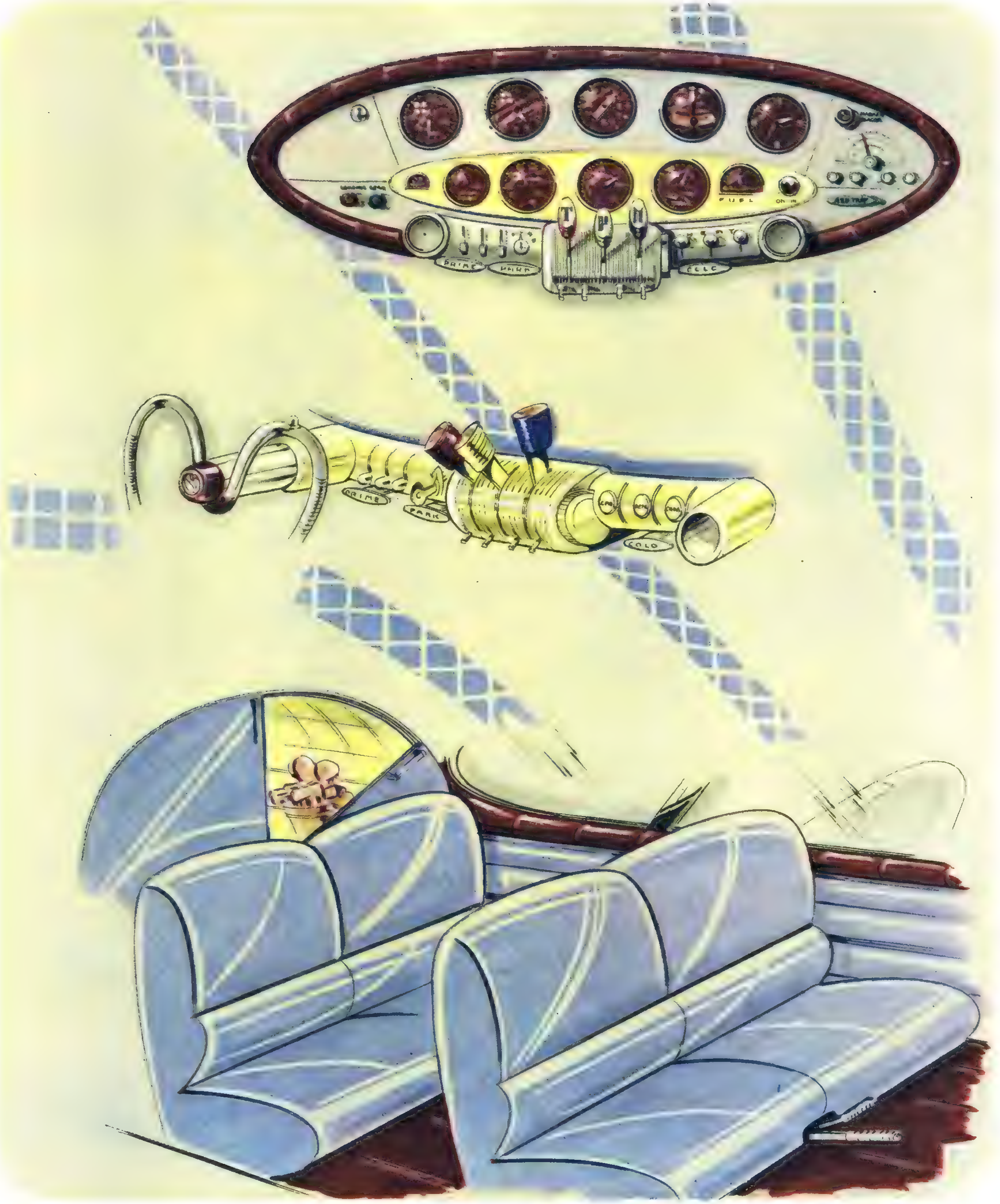
***Esquire's***

**LOOK AND COOK**

***Recipe No. 6***

*Sketches by Herb Ackerman*

Even in the life of the most conservative host there occasionally comes the urge to achieve something spectacular enough to set guests to boasting of his culinary prowess ever afterwards. For such an inspirational moment, then, Esquire recommends that favorite of trenchermen everywhere, however jaded their palates—Lobster Newburg. We've deleted the shop talk and done the thing up graphically in a picture recipe that is simple enough to guide anyone who has but a speaking acquaintance with the kitchen. Next time you plan a clambake for neighbors it's important to impress, give them a sample of this kingpin among entrees. Bachelors will, of course, have their own uses for this succulent and impressive dish.



## MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 13

### *Styling the Private Plane*

*by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky*

Ever on the hunt for new mechanical worlds to explore, Count de Sakhnoffsky here turns his attention to a matter that will soon concern Americans by the multithousands—the private plane. The novice plane owner, trained in the simpler gimmicks of automobiles, often feels strange when confronted with a formidable array of flight instruments. In the above design, instruments are grouped logically, those for "flight" above, the engine group below, radio group at right, retractible wheel-control blinkers at left. Uncomfortable interiors, another wrinkle in need of the iron, get attention with the design at bottom. Seats are both light and comfortable, there is a handy luggage compartment, and the whole is trimmed with padded leather.

**On a transatlantic flight one meets characters whether he wants to or not**

# Does This Plane Stop at Yonkers?

### by A. E. HOTCHNER

As occupant of seat No. 11 on the Ile de France, a four-engined airplane, I recently made a crossing of the Atlantic, west to east, and I must report that nothing about the trip impressed me quite so much as the nature of my fellow passengers.

Consider Mrs. Gottschalk. The wheels of the Ile de France had barely left the concrete of La Guardia Airport's runway when Mrs. Gottschalk called the steward and asked, "Where are we now?"

Unperturbed, the steward replied, "Over New York, madam."

Approximately three minutes later Mrs. Gottschalk again summoned the steward. "And where are we *now?*" she asked.

"Over New York, madam," he answered.

I cannot even approximate for you the number of times Mrs. Gottschalk went through her routine with the steward. I lost all interest after one exchange which went something like this:

"Where are we, Steward?"

The steward looked out of the window. "Nova Scotia, madam."

I looked out of the window right with him and saw that there was nothing in view except two layers of clouds and the left wing of the airplane.

"Look, George," Mrs. G. said, "Nova Scotia clouds."

In the restaurant at Newfoundland I was seated with a fellow passenger, a Mr. Finchley. We had just finished our soup when he said to me in a confidential tone, "I'm worried."

"About crossing the ocean?" I asked, naïvely.

"No, not about that." He looked about carefully, then leaned close to me. "About the cigarettes."

"The cigarettes?"

"Shhh! Not so loud. I've got five. Five cartons." He looked around again, lowered his voice even more. "We're only allowed one, you know. How many do you have?"

"Three."

"Aren't you worried?"

"No. Why worry? All they can do is take them away."

He shook his head. "In my case it's different. Because of this." He gestured at a brief case which rested on the seat next to him. "State Department," he said, and I realized that the cut of his mustache easily confirmed this. "But I've got a plan," he continued. "How does this sound to you? In the pocket of my topcoat I have one carton; the other four are in my valise. When the customs people ask me how many cartons I have, I shall point to my coat and say, 'One.' Technically, I shall be telling the truth, but I'm worried. Do you think they will take my word for it, or do they rummage through the baggage?"

When I went into the dining room in Eire, the following morning, I saw Mr. Finchley sitting at a table by himself, very forlorn. "Still worried about the cigarettes?" I asked him.

"Yes, and there's something else," he said, asking me to sit down. "Do you know the liquor rules?"

"You have a bottle, Mr. Finchley?"

"Shhh! Not so loud . . . Are we allowed a bottle?" Under his eyes were small puffs which had not been in evidence yesterday.

"I don't know. I was told that we're not allowed to bring in any liquor at all, but my information was not official."

"None at all?" He wiped his hands on his napkin. "My! How foolish of me. I have a bottle of brandy."

"You're bringing brandy *into* France?"

"It's a silly thing to do, isn't it? Should I give it to a waiter here in the restaurant?"

"Why not put the bottle in your brief case? If the customs people find it, simply tell them it's for official purposes—for entertaining diplomats."

His eyes brightened. "Yes. Yes, of course. For official purposes. Diplomatic immunity." He lit into his scrambled eggs.

The maître d'hôtel piloted to our table two men whom I recognized as occupants of the tail section.

"How are you, Mr. Finchley?" one of them asked.

"Fine," Mr. Finchley said, mopping up the remnants of his eggs.

"I wish I could say the same," the man said.

"Bad night?" Mr. Finchley asked, wiping his mouth.

"Well, yes. You see, I'm worried about the customs. I got nylons."

"Nylons!" Mr. Finchley said.

"Shhh! Keep it quiet." The man looked to his left to see if anyone had heard. "Six pairs," he added.

Mr. Finchley buttered a piece of toast. "I think I can help you," he said. "I don't mean to encourage you in this, but what I suggest is that you put the you-know-whats in the pocket of your coat. If customs should ask if you have any nylons, point to the valise and say, 'Not a pair.' It's a little trick someone told me about."

"What do you think of that?" the man asked his friend.

"Sounds good to me," the friend said. "I think I'll do the same thing with my American dollars."

The forty-some-odd passengers of the Ile de France stood in line waiting for customs, each stationed behind his luggage. They looked like a crew of expectant fathers. Each suitcase, each overnight bag contained some terrible secret which the owner wished he had left in New York. Personally, I would gladly have sold my excess two cartons at cost. All eyes watched the door marked CUSTOMS.

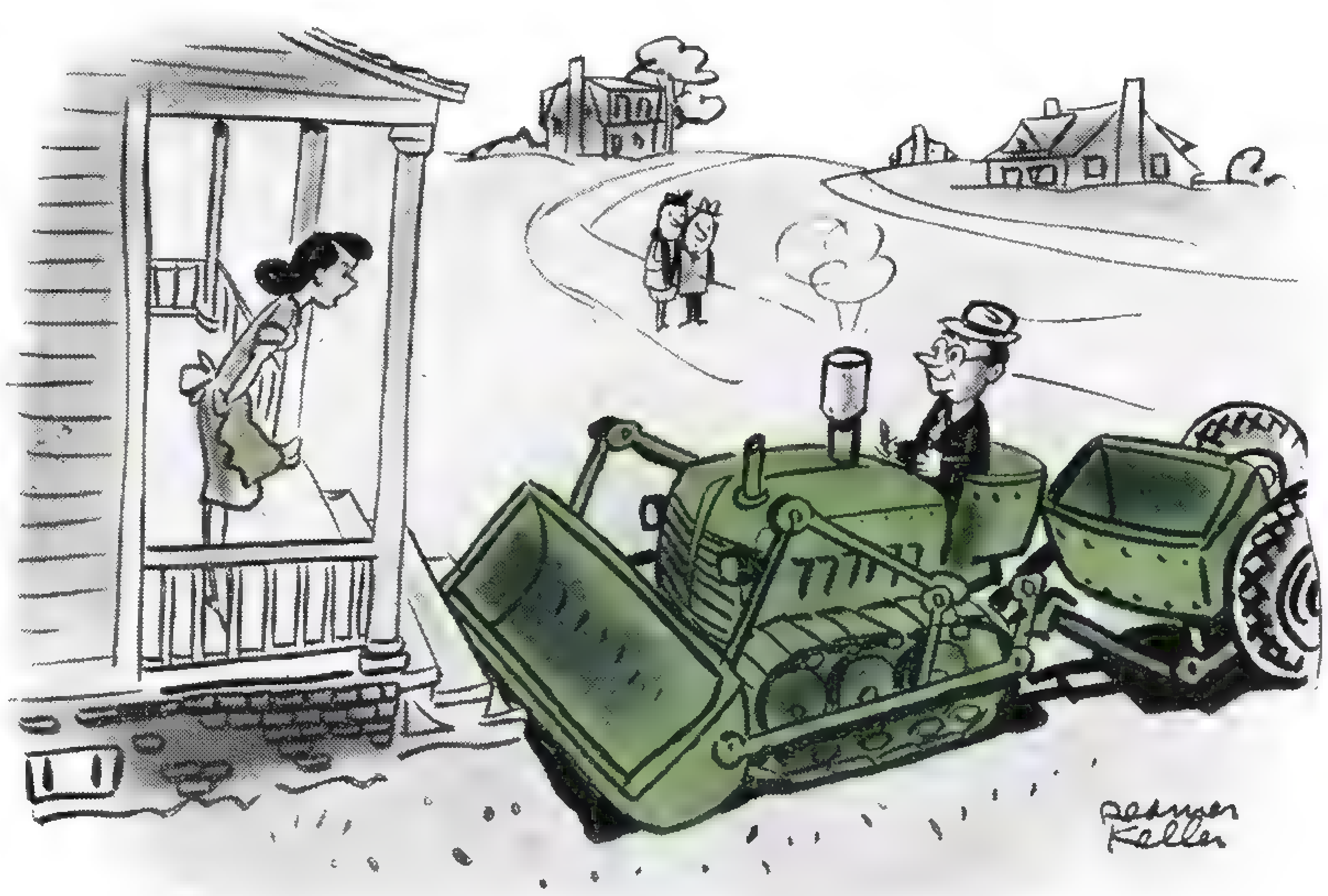
It opened at last and everyone stiffened. A very old policeman with sad eyes hobbled into the room. He looked at us over his glasses and said: "*Vous avez quelque choses à declarer?*"

Forty-some-odd angels smiled upon him and said, "No."

"*Bon. Passez,*" he said, and hobbled out of the room.

As I started to get into my taxi I caught sight of Mr. Finchley, who was putting his luggage into a taxi farther down the block. His worried look had been replaced by a big smile. He tossed his valise into the rear seat of the taxi and hopped inside.

Mr. Finchley was a new man. ⌗



*"Edwin Bradwell! If you don't stay away from those surplus property sales!"*

# Writer Wrong

## What with the high cost of nuisance value and the higher cost of theft, plagiarism suits are giving authors the legal willies

### by HAL N. COLTON

A FEW months ago, after having spent $250,000 on sets, costumes, salaries, and other preparations for a new movie, one of the film companies discovered its legal department hadn't cleared the rights to the story. However, the studio was smart enough to discover its mistake before making the picture and thus winding up with a plagiarism suit! Could its competitors say the same?

The answer—as all Hollywood knew too well—was an emphatic "no." For despite huge legal departments staffed to the walls with copyright brain twisters and strict protective rules about returning unsolicited manuscripts unopened, Hollywood handkerchiefs are still being wadded with the tears of those who've had to pay tremendous legal fees in proving they are not literary thieves, or enormous damages when the courts decide they are. Among the A productions current and recent on Hollywood's legal docket are:

Konrad Bercovici's suit against Charles Chaplin. His claim, among other things, is that he gave Chaplin a number of scenarios, including one on Hitler and dictatorship, covering the idea of producing a motion picture of a nonentity paper hanger or barber resembling Hitler, who is forced to impersonate him when the real Hitler is erroneously thrown into a concentration camp. Chaplin turned it down, says Bercovici, declaring the story was politically too hot to handle, and a while later produced it as *The Great Dictator*.

Mrs. Marie Cooper Oehler Dieckhaus Swanson's suit against Twentieth Century-Fox. She says *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was based on her unpublished novel, *Love Girl*, submitted to the studio through a literary agent. One judge agreed and ordered the studio to pay her a percentage of the picture's $5,000,000 profits. Similar judgments in the past have awarded twenty per cent, so if Twentieth's appeal had not been successful, she might have realized $1,000,000.

Harold Lloyd's three suits against Universal Pictures, who he claimed stole comedy business from his old movies. One suit, now on appeal involving *Movie Crazy*, awarded Lloyd $50,000; two others are pending. A queer twist has Lloyd suing on one picture, *The Freshman*, over which he was once ordered to pay damages to H. C. Witwer from one of whose stories the trial court felt *The Freshman* had gotten some of its material. Upon appeal, Lloyd was exonerated.

Movie director Frank Capra's suit against Harry Cohn and Columbia Pictures for twenty-five per cent of *A Song to Remember*'s profits, on which Capra claims he contributed to the preparation of the story when originally scheduled to do that picture for Columbia.

Defendant in *A Song to Remember*, Columbia Pictures is at the same time plaintiff in another case. They recently accused Norman Krasna of having infringed on their rights in *Dear Mr. Private*, a story owned by Columbia Pictures, in writing his hit play, *Dear Ruth*. The trial judge decided in favor of Krasna; on appeal, the appellate division affirmed the previous decision in favor of Krasna, but Columbia is now contemplating a further appeal. Columbia is in busy company. Krasna is also being sued by Helen Grace Carlisle, who claims resemblances between her novelette, rejected by Warner Brothers as screen material, and *Princess O'Rourke* which won Krasna an Oscar for the best original screenplay of 1943.

Who are the plagiarism suers, what makes them think they have grounds for suit, and what happens to their cases? They run the gamut from Park Avenue professional writers to mountaineer amateurs. Some bitter defendants feel they include almost everybody who can read and write, "and even some who can't." Only one in a hundred cases has good legal grounds. The other ninety-nine are thrown out of court because they can't even prove the first requirement—that the defendant had access to the plaintiff's story. In cases where access can be proved, because the author succeeded in getting an agent to submit his script to the studios, the suits are likewise invalid because it is the story in toto, its sequence of events, which is copyrightable, and not its isolated ideas, characters, locales, settings, or individual incidents. But that doesn't stop those who think their brain children have been violated. There is such a thing as nuisance value and it can carry a high price tag.

Well-known song writer Albert Hay Malotte became just about the world's highest paid writer when he received $400 a word for five words, Song of the Open Road, simply because he had once had a song published with the same title Charles Rogers used for a movie he produced. Rogers might have fought the claim, but to do so, even had he been successful, would have cost him more than the $2000 he paid Malotte. While the case was pending, an injunction might have restrained showings of the picture.

Even when a movie company wins, it pays dearly for its triumph. When Robert Sheets, a Tennessee store clerk, claimed that *Road to Glory* was stolen from his story, Twentieth Century-Fox won its case by tracing the typewriter on which Sheets said he had typed his script. They proved the machine did not come into his possession until ten months after the movie had been released. The studio spent $150,000 in handling the suit.

Some of the suers have so little initiative that they can't even dig up their own scripts to sue over. Years ago William de Mille was sued over a vaudeville skit. Reading about the case, six more complainants joined in. Seeing potential profits being spread too thin, five soon yelled, "Lemme outa here." The other two were thrown out of court.

But all seven weren't as pesky as one barber who sued de Mille and David Belasco. The barber said that de Mille had stolen his melodrama, *Tainted Philanthropy*, in writing his hit play, *The Woman*.

When the barber brought suit, de Mille and Belasco hit upon the idea of producing the barber's play for the judge hearing the case. First the cast put on de Mille's play. Then they enacted the barber's little epic. Brought to life on the stage, the two scripts were more dissimilar than ever and a verdict was subsequently granted in favor of de Mille. While leaving the courtroom the tonsorial artist

REMEMBER THE MAINE
DOWN WITH THE KAISER
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
Fred Lundy

accosted de Mille and complained: "Many people in the theatre have told me that my play is better than yours."

To which de Mille snapped: "My dear sir, I have denied the similarity, not the superiority, of your play." However, the barber was able to boast that he had had a play produced by David Belasco.

In the same genre is the fellow who got sore and threatened to sue John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman for plagiarism if they dramatized Marquand's own novel, *The Late George Apley.* It seems he had had the idea of dramatizing Apley first and if Messrs. Marquand and Kaufman went ahead with their plans, he would bring suit and demand an account of the profits.

Accustomed as it is to litigious people, it was quite a shock to the literary world to learn that a Brazilian woman, Carolina Nabuco, refused to sue for infringement, even when it was repeatedly pointed out to her that Daphne du Maurier's best seller, *Rebecca*, resembled her own best seller, *A Sucesora.* "So distinguished is the Brazilian family from which Miss Nabuco springs that she considers it degrading to sue for plagiarism," said her lawyer.

One of the defenses made in an article on Miss du Maurier's behalf was that all of the novels were thematically adapted from a story in public domain, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, and that all are variations of one of literature's six basic plots, the Cinderella story.

Rain on the Roof
TAHITIAN HUT Menus
DEDINI

*"There must be a leak in the roof—I've finished my drink three times"*

It is a curious phenomenon that, outside of the movie colony, famous writers rarely sue each other for plagiarism. When one name author thinks another name author has pilfered from him, he is apt to snarl between the pages of the *Saturday Review of Literature* or *Publishers' Weekly*, but he practically never goes to court about it.

That's what happened when Christopher Morley accused the late Oscar Odd McIntyre of stealing Morley's phrases for his gossip column, *New York Day by Day.* Taking McIntyre to task, albeit with good humor, in a magazine piece, Morley ended with a P. S.: "It just occurred to me to look up Odd in *Who's Who.* It says 'educated at Bartlett's College, Cincinnati.' The college of quotations?"

On another occasion, famous writers became far more violent, but they still did not go to court. The late Theodore Dreiser and Dorothy Thompson both wrote books about Russia. A Los Angeles book critic made a to-do about similarities of certain passages in their books. Attorneys were said to have been called in, legal fists doubled, and then the matter dropped. Three years later Sinclair Lewis, then married to Miss Thompson, was called upon to speak at a dinner. He got up and, looking at Mr. Dreiser, said: "I do not wish to speak in the presence of a group which includes one man who plagiarized three thousand words from my wife." Dreiser answered with a series of slaps "that were both hard and repeated." After regaining his composure, he declared that both he and Miss Thompson had used the words of leaflets they received weekly from the Bureau of Public Information at Moscow. "And, in addition," he said, "I was gentlemanly enough to give some of my findings to Miss Thompson when we met in Russia while doing research for our books."

Noel Coward once neatly side-stepped a possible charge of theft from his outspoken fellow Britisher, Bernard Shaw. Coward had just written a script which, after reading it over, seemed to him to be faintly reminiscent of a Shaw play. He sent it to Shaw, asking if he thought there was any great resemblance. Shaw replied: "I don't think you have plagiarized from me but, on the other hand, I would suggest that you never again read anything I write."

Such innocent theft, arising usually from admiration of a writer, and imitation of his work, happens frequently, although most authors are less fortunate in discovering it in time. Shortly after Wolfe Kaufman's *I Hate Blondes* was published in April, 1946, it was voluntarily withdrawn from sale because it reproduced about thirty sentences, almost verbatim, from Eric Ambler's *Background to Danger.* Kaufman explained he has a photographic memory, trained by years of newspaper work, for which he never took notes.

One of the most fascinating and longest cases in copyright annals was that of Fendler versus Tully and Morosco. With the death in 1945 of Oliver Morosco, the principal defendants are gone, and whether or not plagiarism took place is something no one will ever know.

Reared in Hawaii, Mrs. Grace Fendler, upon moving to the United States as an adult, wrote a play, *In Hawaii*, about an American doctor who comes to the islands to work among the natives and falls in love with a royal native whom he threatens with leprosy unless she marries him. In March, 1910, Mrs. Fendler sent her play to Oliver Morosco, a rising young producer in Los Angeles, where they both lived. A few months later the producer returned her script, praising her knowledge of native lore and customs, but rejecting it for production. A year later, Mrs. Fendler sent her play to a New York producer who asked her to come east to discuss production; but on her arrival he called her angrily to task for trying to defraud him by offering him a play she had already sold to Morosco. Was not her play, now entitled *Bird of Paradise*, even then having a prosperous run in Rochester prior to coming to Broadway!

Bewildered by this attack, Mrs. Fendler attended the opening night of *Bird of Paradise* and, convinced it was her play, brought suit against Morosco and Richard Walton Tully, author of the play.

In his defense Tully said he had submitted an outline for his play to a little-theatre group in New York some time before Mrs. Fendler had submitted her play to Morosco. This group encouraged Tully to write the play and he left for Hawaii to do research, stopping off first in Los Angeles for a visit with Morosco. This was during the time Mrs. Fendler's play was in Morosco's possession. When Tully had finished his play, the group which had encouraged him to write it had folded. He then sent it to Morosco, who presented it, starring Laurette Taylor. Mrs. Fendler was denied a preliminary injunction and returned to Los Angeles, feeling herself the victim of a gross miscarriage of justice.

For the next twelve years the case was the motivating factor in the Fendler household. Her son, Harold, worked his way through Stanford University and became a lawyer, specializing in copyright, so he could help fight the suit for his mother. In 1924 Mrs. Fendler and Harold journeyed to New York to reopen the case. Apparently Morosco and Tully had no defense prepared. They astounded everyone by agreeing that plagiarism had taken place, but on the part of Mrs. Fendler. This tack was easily bowled over when she proved that her play was based on a short story she had written as far back as 1904. She was awarded damages of $781,990, one of the highest amounts ever granted on a literary theft charge. After twelve years and many heartaches, a fortune was in her grasp. Morosco and Tully appealed once from this decision and their appeal was denied. They still had the right to one more appeal, this time to the highest state court. Their appeal was upheld and Mrs. Fendler never got a penny. Today her son, Harold, is one of the world's most successful copyright lawyers.

Even a couple of mice have been the victims of plagiarists and had to squeak "Halt, thief" at a couple of other mice several years ago. A popular cartoon short used to show animals in barnyard scenes, among them Milton and Mary Mouse who were just part of the mob. When Walt Disney created Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Milton and Mary Mouse were suddenly starred in the shorts, and began to act and eek like Mickey and Minnie. Finally Mickey and Minnie brought suit. "What enraged me most," Minnie squeaked through her mouthpiece in court, "was Mary's nerve in yelling 'yoo hoo' affectionately at Milton just the way I do at Mickey." It was a tough fight, folks, but Mickey and Minnie won it.

Come television into every home, radio broadcasting stations anticipate new angles to plagiarism suits, involving the unauthorized use of famous faces for advertising purposes on video screens. Theatrical stars and other public figures are already in a huddle over the problem of copyrighting their faces. #

**When the handsome Viking violinist, Ole Bull, bared his soul, men cheered and women fainted**

# A Nineteenth-Century Swoonsong

REHBERGER

### by SCOTT HART & RICHARD RATHJE

When today's bobby-soxer lunges toward her favorite crooner, her eyes dilated with that sent-by-Sinatra look, it is just the emotion her great-great grandmother knew in 1843. Only then it wasn't a microphone baritone who gave women the palpitations. It was a Norwegian violinist named Ole Bull. Ole Bull had everything, a figure and a fiddle; and he symbolized the three most desirable things of that day: Culture, Success, and the Mellowed Years of Europe for which America hungered.

Europe lay at his feet, struck down by the power, the tone of his violin, his whole surpassing virtuosity. Men tore the horses from his carriage in order to honor themselves by pulling him. And women tore at their suffocating corsets to free their emotions for flight under the bewitchment of his performance and the craggy suggestiveness of his blond Norwegian virility. And so, when he came to America, women tried to buy from hotelkeepers small souvenirs of water from Ole Bull's baths and offered bribes to hide in his room. His mash notes perhaps would have papered the walls of every hotel he used.

Ole Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1810, and almost in infancy could tap perfect time with his feet to the rollicking fiddles in his home. At five he was presented a lemon-colored violin bought at a country fair and without instruction played it at once.

Papa Bull had wanted this son to be a preacher. But Ole was touched almost mystically by the ethos of his people. In him too were the raging winds and the calms of silent valleys, the bird notes, the exuberances of native dances, the blazing fires of the free spirits, the sounds of lake waters on the shores at night. And all of these he imitated with his violin until he mastered them, until the instrument seemed the voice and poetry of Norway, the timeless voice of Nature everywhere. Uncontrollable, he would leap from his schoolhouse window and strike through the Norwegian spring into the hills, a tall, craggy Viking boy, a violin hugged under his arm for his mystic communions with the winds and sounds, the trolls and the hulder maiden.

There was just one rub: such extravagances and the piling on of improvisations is sublime in nature. But in man it can be so doubly sublime as to become counterfeit and caricature, corn and ham. And Ole was to overdo the moods in his coming great fame, and the classicists, while recognizing his technical ability, were to cry humbug. But the people were to shout bravo. They had no interest in abstract music. They wanted descriptive content and sentiment. Art was valid when it interpreted nature and God and ethics. They wanted it both in the instrument and in the artist's suffering and joyful face. It helped them understand. They wanted exactly the extravagances Ole Bull had mastered. And someone was to ask him who had been his teacher and he was to say with dream-touched eyes and a mastered showmanship: "God—the Infinite."

They would have called it destiny in Ole's day and believed it, because everything conspired to send him along. From too much fiddling, too little study, he flunked the entrance exams at Christiana University, joined the local orchestra, became passionately enmeshed in the Nationalist political movement, and when the orchestra leader died he took his place. His blazing love of Norway made him substitute his country's music for the greater classics. He was rent by conflict—his personal ambition to become Europe's greatest violinist and the equally flaming urge to stay home and lead a cultural renaissance. This he resolved by determining to fare forth, become the Great Violinist and, in traveling salesman fashion, sell the glories of Norway with his thrilling violin. He moved faster than he expected. Following a forbidden political demonstration in 1829, Ole lammed it from the country in such haste he forgot his fiddle and was thus rendered musically speechless in Germany until friends could send him the instrument.

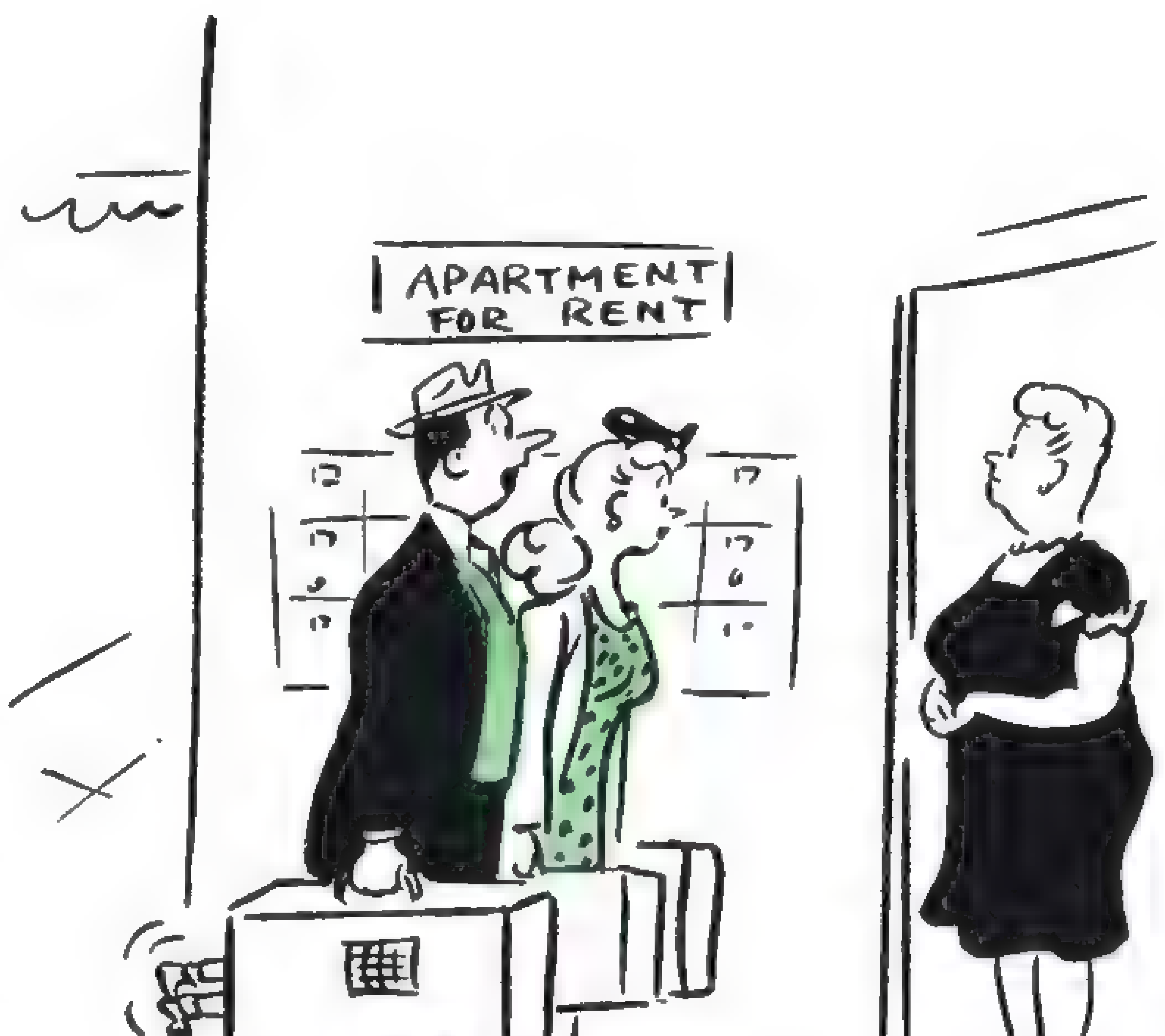
He would see the great Spohr and perhaps, after all, take a few lessons. Even genius could improve itself. But Spohr was distant, cold. Who was this northern bumpkin? Come, said Spohr to Ole Bull, to my next concert if you want to hear me perform. Bull went and was disillusioned. If this was classical music he wanted none of it. It seemed colorless, spiritless. He felt then that his own naturalistic and romantic interpretations were superior. He would depend entirely on his own genius, would concentrate on unlimited personal expression, emotional force and sheer virtuosity. Besides, his pride was hurt.

He swung across Germany with some roaming troubadours, leaving a trail of beer and music. Once his colleagues became too drunk to perform and Ole Bull, enraged, shouted "dumbhead" at one of them. He was challenged to a duel, but since he was unfamiliar with dueling, was allowed two days in which to prepare for it. Then he left his opponent slightly wounded on the field. The story, upon reaching Norway, held that Bull had killed a man after an insult to his country. His keen sense of showmanship, which later was to leave millions faint in their carriages, made him let the story stand.

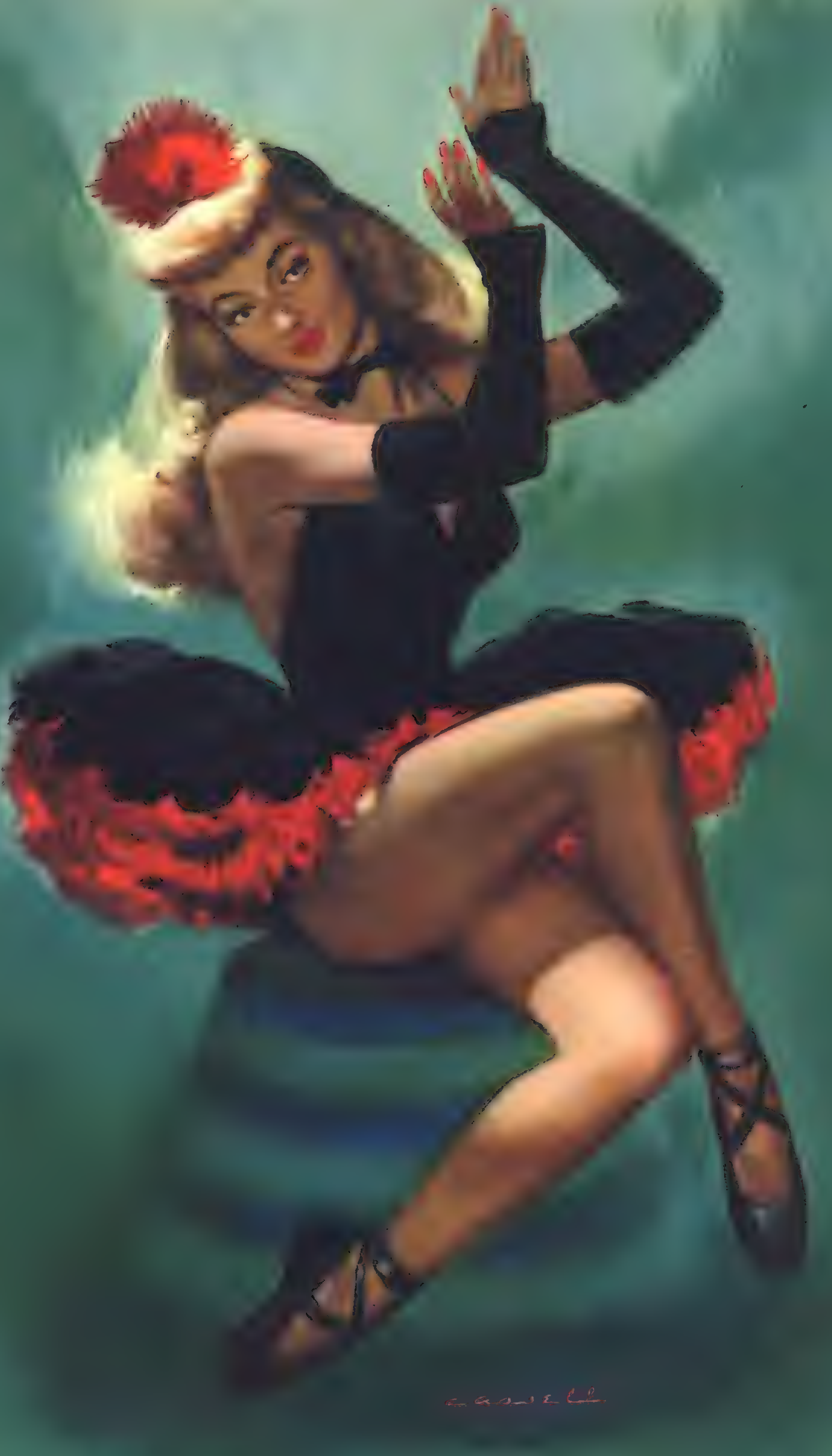
Ole Bull returned to Norway, gave concerts generously, and was acclaimed in his own home town. Now he was off to Paris and gained entree through his country's Embassy to the select houses and salons. Rich rewards loomed, but he was too much the individualist to conform. They asked him to try out for the Opera House, but when requested to play a simple piece Bull asked caustically, "At which end do you wish me to begin?" Angrily, the offer was withdrawn. And he declined to enter the Conservatory, fearing he might distort his natural genius. It was unfortunate. He was a genius; but he needed musical discipline to restrain and temper his natural gifts.

He lived high and then he lived low, almost penniless. With the unawareness of a country boy in town he was tricked finally out of his fiddle. Ole Bull walked the streets jobless, exhausted. Finally he got a room and there spotted the landlady's fifteen-year-old-granddaughter, whom he would later marry. Cholera spread an aching death across the city, but it was brain fever that overcame him.

Outside, the cholera epidemic subsided and entertaining in the old grand way was resumed. Bull, once re- (*Continued on page 149*)

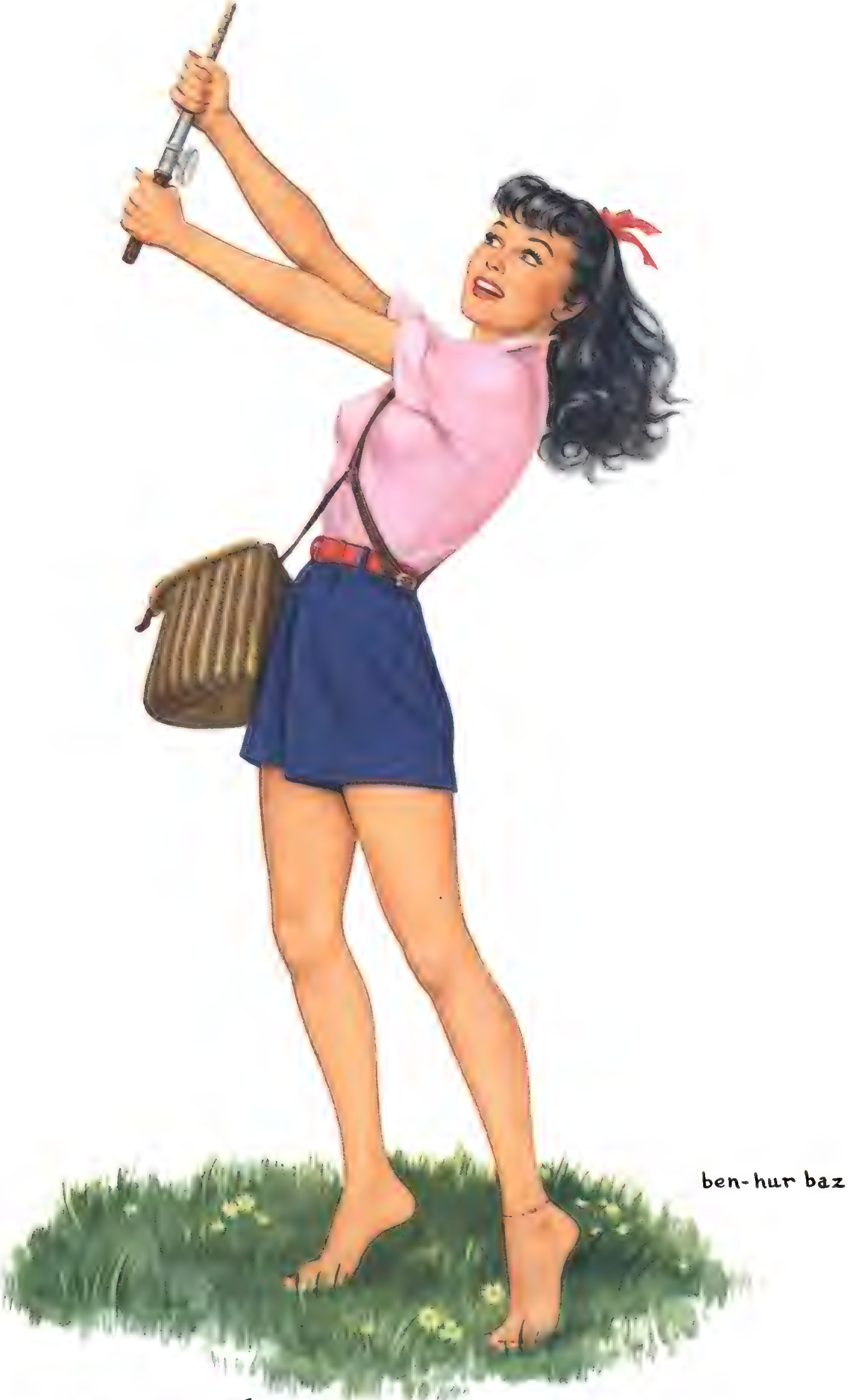


*"No, there's just the two of us"*



## *Grace* by BOB CASSELL

A beautiful woman is a potent factor indeed, but a beautiful woman graced with a beautiful manner is a force no man can withstand. Our Esquire Girl of the moment is a ballet dancer, fully equipped with the native accoutrements of the trade; a lithe figure, the face of an angel, the hands and feet of a true daughter of Pavlova. But her major strength derives from that most formidable of all female weapons, knowing how to use what she has. Gallery customers will glimpse the fact from their dollar seats almost as clearly as will the more fortunate in the orchestra. The rest of us can draw our solace from Mr. Cassell's excellent effort above.



# *The Compleat Angler* by BEN-HUR BAZ

The sport of fishing, like the game of romance, is largely a matter of luck, moods and weather, in which prudence and folly, storms and sunshine, moonlight and swift-changing currents play their unpredictable roles. Incessant expectation adds spice to both games. Obviously the artist, Ben-Hur Baz, has equipped this golden-skinned, sinuous angler with every conceivable lure for landing the fish she'll encounter both singly and in schools—loosely classified as *Homo sapiens*. As for methods and rules of the game, Izaak Walton and Dorothy Dix can go climb a tree. Feminine instinct tells her how to case a trout stream or a cocktail party, where to toss out her baited line, and how to capture the trophy worthy of her creel.

FAULKNER

# Me and My Delusions

**It was a very nice asylum with friendly inmates and everything would have been fine if they only stopped calling him crazy**

### by VINCENT CLOUD RIMSITE

I AM sitting in the solarium of the Jerkins Asylum for mental cases and watching a lot of people, who are supposed to be crazy, walking around in the garden and looking no different from other people. The doctors say I have delusions of grandeur, which is the craziest thing anybody ever says I have.

I am thinking about my life and how I get to get in this place. So help me, there is nothing that I have ever done that makes me out a guy off his sluice. . .

I never get past the fifth grade in school. My mother dies and since my pop is a bookie, I do not have anyone to look after me like other kids. A long time, while I am growing up, I am thinking about being a bookie like my pop is, until one day he takes in a big bet on a long shot and he is unable to pay off. After that I am an orphan and I lose all interest in the bookmaking business.

So I get myself a job as bus boy in a cafeteria and there I am having my career. All I am doing is living a normal life and saving my money like any other workingman who knows he is going to get old someday and will want to take things easy. I ask you—does all this sound like a guy with the delusions?

I am a pretty lonely guy. I am not what is known as a fella with average looks. I am not that lucky. The gals always laugh when I ask them for a date, which I do not think is at all funny because all I want to do is take up some of their time so they are not lonely. But I do not care because I like to see people laugh and not be sad and lonesome.

Every day after work I walk up and down Broadway a few times because I like looking at people's faces. When the faces are laughing I am feeling like laughing and I like the feeling of wanting to laugh. Always there are happy faces and sad faces, but the sad ones are always making me miserable because I know how the sad ones are feeling.

One day I am walking up Broadway and I do not see a happy face around. Everybody is so sad and miserable and lonely and depressed that I am awfully, awfully unhappy about the whole thing. Then and there I make up my mind that something is got to be done and pretty soon about the messy way things are on Broadway.

I stop off in the Paddock Tavern to have a slight refreshment. After a few brews, the idea hits me hard. I do not know if it is a good idea, but I aim to take a chance on it because I just will never reach my old age, anyway, if the sadness keeps up.

I run all the way over to my room and I take out all the money I am saving for the old age. I stuff the bills in my pockets without counting them, but I figure there is about two thousand singles in the batch. I hurry back to Broadway and set out to make a little laughter on the street.

I start at 52nd Street and I work my way downtown. I have a fist full of singles and I start with a lot of nonchalance to throwing singles in the air and letting them fall where they may. The people are looking at me bewildered and I am thinking my plan is failing because they are not picking up a single single. They are thinking that I am playing a joke on them and throwing away counterfeits. Everybody is just standing silent and wondering what is going on. Finally a little newsie picks up a single and shouts excitedlike that the dough is the real stuff. The newsie is picking up as many and as fast as he can. Pretty soon everybody is picking up singles and forgetting that there is such a thing as loneliness and sadness. The people are yelling and laughing and being friendly. I am still flipping singles in the air and by the time I work my way down to Times Square, I am getting more people on my tail than that Pied Piper fella had mice. Everybody on Broadway is laughing and being companionable and having one wonderful good time. And I am being happy that everybody else is happy and my plan is working even better than I have hopes for it.

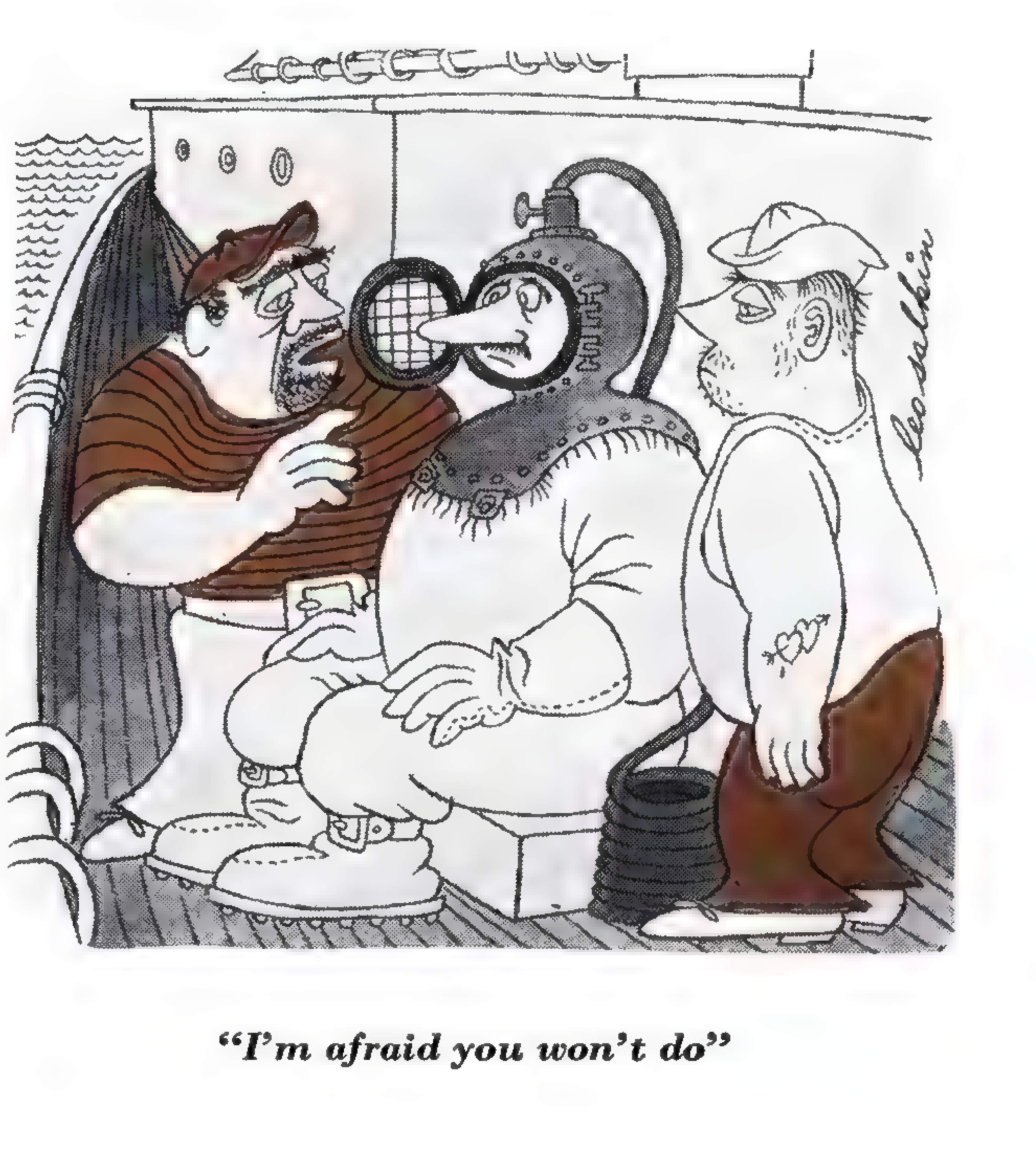
I am stationing myself in front of the newsstand at the Times Building with about fifteen hundred singles still remaining. All the people are crowding the Square like it was New Year's Eve or maybe Frank Sinatra is singing for free. A cop comes over and he is holding off the people from mobbing me and he is laughing his sides sick. Pretty soon all the traffic is halted by the people who have already taken up all the space up to 47th Street.

Well, everything is going fine until some crank is calling the mayor and he is calling the commissioner and he sends out the emergency squad and the reserves. And before I can get rid of my last five hundred singles, I am being led into a police chariot. The people are resenting the interference to their companionship and happiness and are starting a mild riot. And that is all I know because they have me over in Bellevue before I have a chance to find out what is the final result of the riot.

There the doctors are asking me a lot of questions and I am telling the truth like I have already said and they are deciding that I am having delusions of grandeur. Fifty times they are asking me my name and fifty times I am telling them that I am J. P. Morgan. Then fifty times they are saying that there is no doubt about my having the delusions. So they take my last five hundred singles and they send me to this place which is an asylum for insane people.

I am not minding staying here and I am not particular about leaving. I am having a good time here and I am finding good friendly companionship for the first time in my life. It is just that I do not like the idea of anybody saying that I am crazy when I am not. The swell bunch of fellas in here agree with me . . . Willie Shakespeare, who is a writer, and a soldier fella called Napoleon, and a singer who calls himself Bing Crosby.

But what I cannot figure out is all the time the fellas are asking me what is good on the market today and so help me, I do not know a thing about matters like that. And they are always saying are you not J. P. Morgan the great financier and I am always saying that I am not and they are laughing and saying that there is no sense in my being incognito when I am among friends. But, so help me, I do not know a thing about that . . . All I know is that I am the son of Swifty Morgan, the deceased bookie, and I have always been very unhappy about my pop playing a joke on me and only giving me the initials J. P. for my name . . . But come to think of it maybe he has done me a favor . . . I am here and for the first time in my life I am not lonely or unhappy or miserable. ⌗



*"I'm afraid you won't do"*

**A capsule *Life with Father*, proving that a sturdy man is ever beloved by his son**

# Dad Always Believed in Education

### by BOOTH MOONEY

FAULKNER

DAD and Mother had six children, staggered like stairsteps, and for about a dozen years four of us were in school at one time. Dad thus felt he had a vested interest in the local public school system. One manifestation of this feeling was a war he carried on for a decade or so with school-board members and teachers. Although Dad never said in so many words that he aimed to effect a far-reaching reformation of the school system of Wise County, Texas, he waged many a lone battle against policies and actions he deemed unfair or stupid or directed with peculiar malice at him and his children. He wanted us to be educated, but he certainly would have welcomed another method of achieving that end than sending us to school. Sometimes it seemed to Dad the school authorities were in a double-barreled conspiracy to keep his children ignorant and to bring about his financial ruin. He was not one to take that kind of thing quietly.

A prime source of irritation to Dad, especially after we children had transferred to town school, was the fact that we were continually having to buy school supplies of one kind or another. There was always a dramatic Dad-defying-the-system scene when we came home with the announcement that the teacher had said we would have to purchase some article. Whether it was a notebook costing five cents or an anthology costing as many dollars, Dad's reaction never varied.

"The State of Texas provides your textbooks," he would shout, striding about the living room on his long legs or flinging down his silverware at the supper table. "I pay taxes that help buy these textbooks, and there's not a blessed thing in the school law saying you've got to buy this extra stuff. Go back," he would say dramatically, his blue eyes belligerently widening, "go back to school tomorrow and tell that teacher your Dad said nothing doing. And tell her I'm seeing that you study and if she holds you back because you don't buy this stuff there'll be trouble, plenty of trouble."

Naturally we never delivered these messages. Instead, at school we kept stalling off the teacher and at home we kept reiterating daily that the teacher said we had to have the anthology or notebook or whatever it might happen to be. Finally Dad would give in, although he never became reconciled to the cost of educating us the city way.

Football was another sore subject to Dad. None of his sons was big enough to play football, but we had numerous digestion-destroying mealtime scenes about our going to games, especially out-of-town games, so we could join in the activities of a group known horribly as the pep squad. To tell the truth, Dad considered most of the town children loose-living kids and figured if we took up with them we soon would be smoking cigarettes and leaning against the front of the town's drugstores. Besides, he thought any sons of his looked awfully foolish jumping up and down and screaming stuff like "One-a-zipa, two-a-zipa, three-a-zipa, ZAM, We're for the Eagles and don't give a razzle-dazzle, hizzle-boozle, Sis-boom-BAH, Eagles, Eagles, rah, rah, rah."

Dad once won a notable victory on the football front. The high-school coach, who also was the instructor in mathematics, became carried away with enthusiasm as the date for The Game approached and promised that all of his students who journeyed over to a neighboring town to see the Eagles beat the Bullies would be excused from taking a monthly examination. I incautiously mentioned this at home as a reason why I should be allowed to go to the game, and Dad hardly hit the ground twice before he was in unquiet conference with the high-school superintendent and then the chairman of the school board. The outcome was threefold: everybody took the examination, the Mooney boys didn't go to the ball game, and the coach was fired at mid-term.

Another time Dad burst into the assembly hall at high school an hour after we were supposed to have been dismissed for the day and hauled my older brother and me away from ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of golden miniature footballs to members of the team. He told the superintendent a thing or two about wasting our precious hours with that sort of foolishness.

Dad's main objection to football was that it took up time he felt we should be devoting to study. Education was a serious matter to Dad. What he really liked was to see us come home in the afternoon with our books, do the chores, eat supper, and then settle down to good hard learning until bedtime. He felt he had a right to be angry when it seemed that the school authorities themselves were interfering with the progress of our education.

Until my older brother was ready to enter high school, we went to the country school in our neighborhood. The business of education was on a highly personal plane there. The school had only about thirty-five or forty students and two teachers, one for pupils in grades one to five and the other for sixth- and seventh-grade students. These teachers, usually girls with the ink hardly dry on their teaching certificates, knew and were known by the parents of all their pupils. Theoretically the school's policies were set by a board of three trustees, elected by the taxpayers of the community. Actually no parent ever hesitated to cut through channels and have his own say about the way the school should be run. I guess the youthful teachers had a pretty hard time.

Once Dad's children were barred en masse from this country school by order of the chairman of the board of trustees. It was for a very short period of time—less than an hour, I should say—but it was interesting while it lasted.

This happened after a brother of Mother's had inconsiderately come down with smallpox while visiting us. All the family were vaccinated, of course, and we were quarantined. When the quarantine period was up, by which time my uncle was well on

69438
Angelo

*"Mother tells me you've been a bad boy"*

the road to recovery, the doctor said we children might as well go back to school. The next day we did.

That year's teacher had always regarded us with approval because we mostly knew our lessons and were quiet in the schoolroom, but she made no welcoming address on our return. In fact, immediately after school took up she said, standing in front of the roomful of students so all were able to hear of our shame, that we would have to go home at once. My older brother, as spokesman for the three of us who were then in school, asked why.

"Mr. Lee said I was to send you home if you came back to school this week," said the teacher, looking as commanding as her slight, girlish figure would permit. Lee was chairman of the board of trustees, a self-important little man whose principal claim to distinction was that he never did any farming on his farm, but made a living of sorts by renting out grain-threshing equipment to his neighbors every fall. Dad disliked and despised him, considering him, I believe, an embodiment of the evils of an economic system which allowed a man to live in indolence on the returns from owned property. Dad had vigorously opposed his election as trustee.

"The doctor said we could come back today," my brother told the teacher.

"The doctor is not running this school," the teacher said. "Mr. Lee said it would be dangerous to all of us for you to be here this week, and he gave me instructions. You will have to go home."

We gathered up our books and left the room. As soon as we were outside, my younger brother and I burst into tears, and we blubbered loudly as we walked the half mile to our home. Our older brother made no attempt to console us, feeling as keenly as we the disgrace of our public expulsion. He walked a little in front of us, muttering "Durned old Lee" all the way.

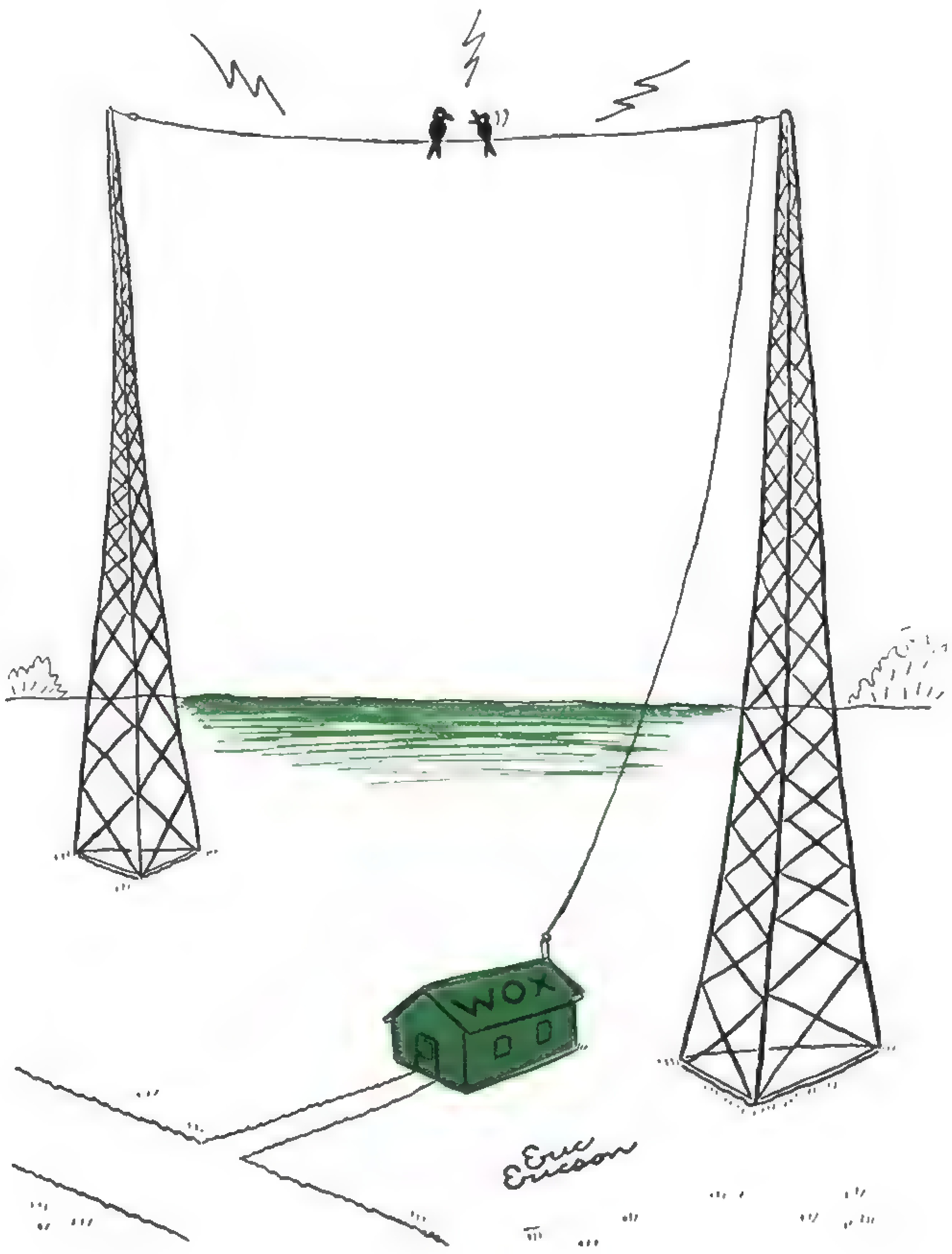
It was he who told the story to Dad when we reached home, while the other two of us sat disconsolate and sniffling on the back doorsteps. As soon as he saw us, Dad jumped up in great alarm; no child of his ever before had been sent home from school. His thin, long face reddened slowly as my brother talked, and he flung down the tools with which he had been repairing the porch.

"Come on," he said. "You're going back to school."

"But the teacher said—" my brother began to point out.

"Never mind that. We're going to see Lee first," Dad said.

We followed his gangling six-feet-three to the Maxwell. Before we reached it we were almost running to keep up with him. We sat in the back seat without talking as Dad took the car along the road as fast as it would go. We roared past the schoolhouse, turned Hutchins Corner in a cloud of dust and headed toward the Lee farm. Dad hadn't said a word since we left the house. The back of his neck was red as a beet and he was sitting stiff as a board in the seat.



*"Boy—feel that rhythm!"*

We were still several hundred yards from our destination when Dad started jamming on the brakes. Peering from the back of the car, I saw why. A farm wagon was approaching, and I recognized the team of horses as belonging to the chairman of the board of trustees.

"There he goes off to town to loaf all day," Dad said. He brought the car to a jerky halt and was out in the road before the wagon reached us.

"Hey there, Lee," he bawled. "I want to see you." He stood in the road and as the wagon stopped he strode toward it.

The little man in the wagon took one look at Dad and hopped out of the wagon on the other side. Dad started around there. Lee retreated, circling the wagon. His face was surprised and alarmed. He began to make motions with his hands.

"Now, Matt, you leave me alone," he said. "Now what's wrong with you anyway?"

"You know good and well what's wrong," Dad roared, starting to run around the wagon after Lee. "I'll show you what's wrong. Having my kids sent home from school."

Lee ran, screeching, "Leave me alone. You're bigger than I am."

Dad was, in a manner of speaking. He must have been at least eight inches taller than the other man, though their weight probably was about the same, for Dad never in his life tipped the scales at more than a hundred and thirty-five pounds. When Dad was mad at somebody he didn't care whether his antagonist was big or little, weighed a hundred pounds or two hundred. He and Lee continued to run around the wagon. Dad was gaining.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he yelled in a strangled voice. "You stop or I'll kick the pants off you."

"Don't you dare hit me," said Lee, running. "I'll swear out a warrant if you hit me."

"Bring the law into this and you'll have more trouble than you can handle," Dad said.

My brothers and I tumbled happily out of the car. "You want me to trip him, Dad?" asked my older brother.

Dad turned his head. "Stay out of it," he ordered. He was about to catch Lee. "You better stop," he panted.

Lee didn't stop, but he suddenly left the wagon and started to head toward a pasture at the side of the road. Dad, running on his heels, reached out a long hand to grab him by the collar and, when Lee ducked, Dad let go with the side of his foot, kicking the school trustee in the most natural spot. Lee fell flat on the ground. Before he could get up Dad had him by the back of the collar.

"Drive his wagon over to the side of the road and hitch the team to a post," he told my brother. "Now listen, Lee. You told Miss Olney to send these kids home and you're going with me right now to tell her you didn't mean it. The doctor said it was all right for them to start back to school. Quit wiggling around," he added sharply.

"I didn't tell her to send them home, Matt, I sure didn't."

"Don't lie to me," Dad said, giving him a little shake. "You come along." Keeping his grip on Lee, he escorted him to the car and plunked him into the front seat. "Stay there," he said.

Not one word was uttered in the front seat during the drive to the school. Lee kept looking over the side of the door as if he might be thinking of bolting, but he actually barely moved at all. In the back seat my brothers and I kept nudging each other and snickering, although not loudly enough for Dad to hear.

When we reached the school Dad turned and looked at the little man beside him. "I'm not going in with you," he said. "I'll go as far as the door, and then I want you to take these boys inside and tell the teacher you've decided it's all right for them to be back in school."

Lee said nothing.

"You understand that?" Dad asked. "Remember I'll be right at the door listening."

Lee winced. "All right," he said. "It's all a mistake anyway."

"Then I'll drive you back to your wagon," Dad said. "By rights I ought to make you walk."

All of us got out of the car and walked up the steps to the door of the schoolhouse. Dad stopped there. "All right, go on," he said, giving all four of us a shove toward the entrance.

As we marched down the aisle, I was pleasurably aware of the students goggling at us and of Miss Olney getting up hurriedly from her desk. When we reached the front of the room I turned around a little and could see Dad's face at the door. The teacher saw him too, but she was more interested in Lee's face, which still bore evidence of his headlong tumble into the dirt road.

"Why, Mr. Lee, what—?" she began.

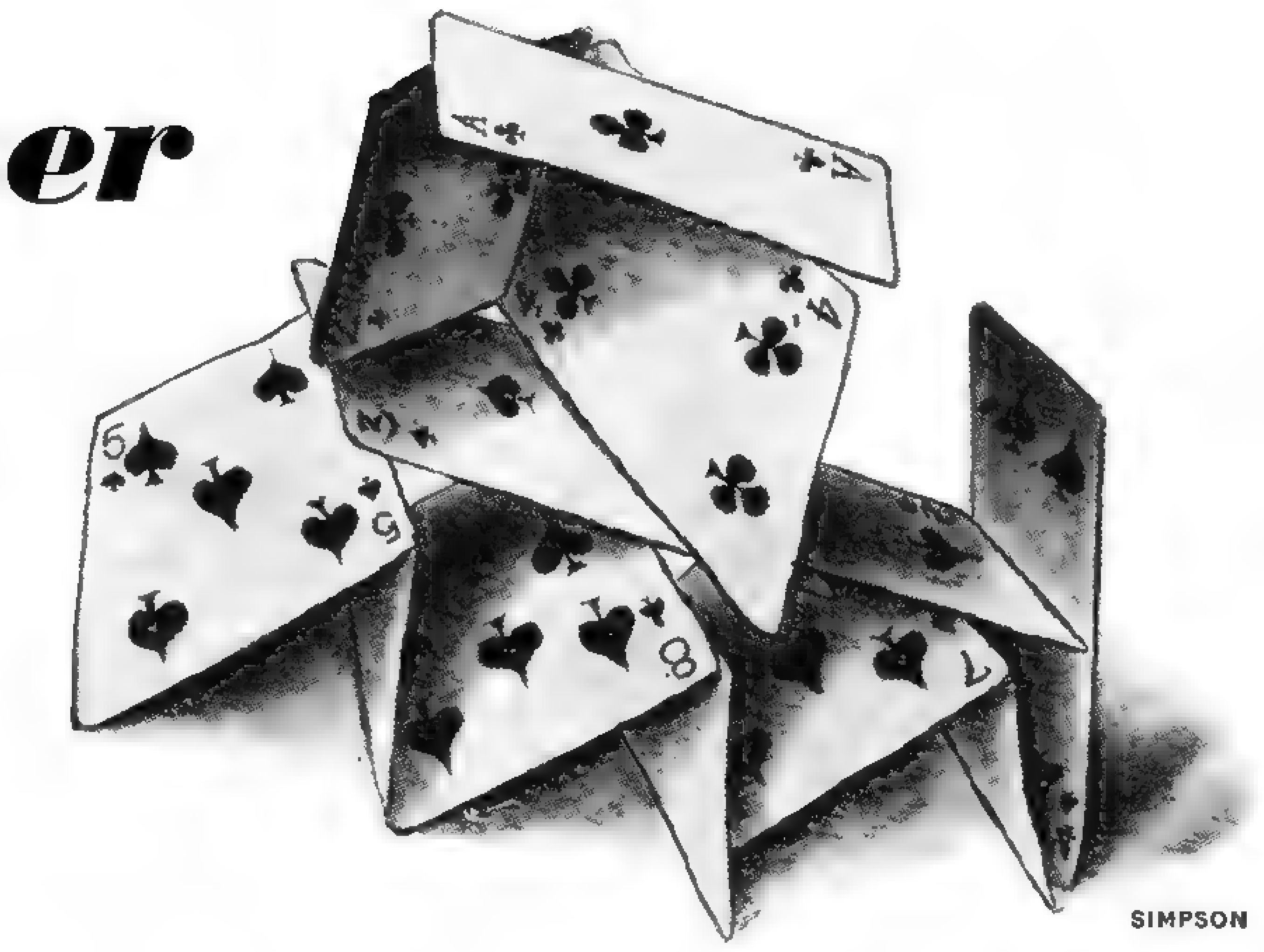
"It's all right for these boys to be back in school, Miss Olney," Lee interrupted hastily. "The doctor said it's all right." He turned, without waiting to hear what she might have to say, and scurried back to the door and through it. A moment later we heard the roar of the Maxwell's motor.

It was a big day for me and my brothers. We had plenty to tell the other boys at recess. Proudly describing what had happened by the side of the road, I felt there had never in all the world been another man like Dad. ###

# When Poker Was Poker

**Back in the days before one-eyed Jacks, seven card, high-low and similar weird games, fortunes hung on a single deal**

by **ALBERT A. OSTROW**



In these days of penny ante and two-bit limit, your average poker session is likely to be a cozy family-style affair involving such hopped-up variations as Dr. Pepper, a seven-card stud in which deuces, fours and tens are wild and pots high-low.

But it wasn't always like that. Before wild cards, high-low pots, seven-card hands and other variations came into favor, the excitement of the game was in the clash of poker skill and guile. And a man had to be prepared to back his judgment with his last dollar.

Big hands were uncommon then, and when one came along it was accorded a proper respect—as in this anecdote of the days before the straight flush, when the highest hand was four of a kind.

The cashier of a Denver bank found a trio of weary men waiting for him one morning when he arrived at work. One of the men was holding up a sealed envelope in plain view of his companions.

"I need $5000 right away," said the fellow with the envelope, "and I've got collateral here that can't be beat. I've been in an all-night poker game down the street and there's a whopper of a pot on the table right now. All my money's in it and the boys have given me an hour to raise some more." He held out the envelope. "My hand's in here and I want you to look at it. But don't give it away to these fellows. They're in the game with me."

The cashier shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I can't help you. I don't play poker. Besides, this bank doesn't lend money on cards."

Just then the president of the bank came in. What he saw in the envelope made him grab some bags of gold coins and follow the others down the street. Minutes later he returned with the original gold, plus a handful of twenties which he handed the cashier.

"Credit this to interest," he said. "And in the future please remember that four kings and an ace are sufficient collateral."

Poker lore is studded with accounts of games between sharpers and their intended victims. A story along this line, but with a reverse twist, is the one that Herrmann, the old-time magician, liked to tell.

He got into a game one night with a chap he had just met who fancied his poker prowess. The magician decided to take a fall out of the newcomer. No chips were available, so the betting was done in cash, and Herrmann saw to it that the young fellow won at first. Then Herrmann manipulated the cards, cleaned him out, and, in an expansive mood, ordered wine, paying for it out of his winnings.

"Do you know with whom you've been playing?" he asked.

"Certainly," the young fellow replied promptly. "Herrmann, the magician, and he's a darn good poker player."

This was a surprise and, since the gag was over, Herrmann tried to give him back his money. The young fellow insisted he could take his licking and refused the money, said good-by and left the room.

A moment later the waiter came back and returned Herrmann's money. The bill was counterfeit. An examination of the rest of the magician's winnings revealed that the supposed patsy had taken all the good money out of the game and substituted worthless paper.

The advent of stud poker gave rise to new poker stories. The best concerns the origin of stud itself, supposed to have been the accidental result of a high-stake game between one Poker McCool, a Mississippi River gambler, and a wealthy planter named Brady.

A feature of this contest, staged in the Summer of 1875, was the facing of a card for each player from time to time to determine who would pay for the next round of drinks. At one point Brady had already dealt the first cards of a new hand when McCool asked to have a couple of cards turned for drinks. Both cards came up four-spots, so it was agreed to face new cards to break the tie. McCool offered a side bet on the result, and the planter covered it. The next cards were fives. Again a bet was put up. This time sixes turned up. The suspenseful development gave the game an unexpected turn and it was agreed to decide the issue without the conventional draw. They bet again and the final two cards were dealt.

McCool's card was an ace; the planter's a deuce. Brady had a potential straight while McCool had a likely pair, possibly as high as aces. Both men backed their hands to the limit until every dollar McCool owned was on the table. He offered his horse, a magnificent stallion much esteemed for stud, as his final stake for the pot. Brady put up $4000 against him and then flipped over his hole card, revealing a three-spot—and a straight.

By 1884 studhorse, or stud poker had become so popular in the West that the California legislature passed a law against it. California had long been a red-hot poker state and some tremendous poker contests, with pots as high as $100,000, were staged in San Francisco. However, the most fabulous game of them all is said to have taken place in a Santa Fe saloon in 1889 between John Dougherty, a famous poker figure of the times, and Ike Jackson, a wealthy cattle baron.

Riding on this no-limit battle was the poker championship of the Southwest, and among the interested spectators was the governor of the Territory of New Mexico. There was $100,000 on the table when the big pot came along, and Jackson had just raised it a like amount with a deed to his ranch and cattle. Unable to meet the raise, Dougherty asked for paper and pen and wrote something. Then he handed the paper and pen to the watching governor and drew a pistol.

"Governor," he declared, "much as I would hate to do it, I will kill you if you don't sign this paper. It's your life or my reputation as a poker player, and I value the latter more."

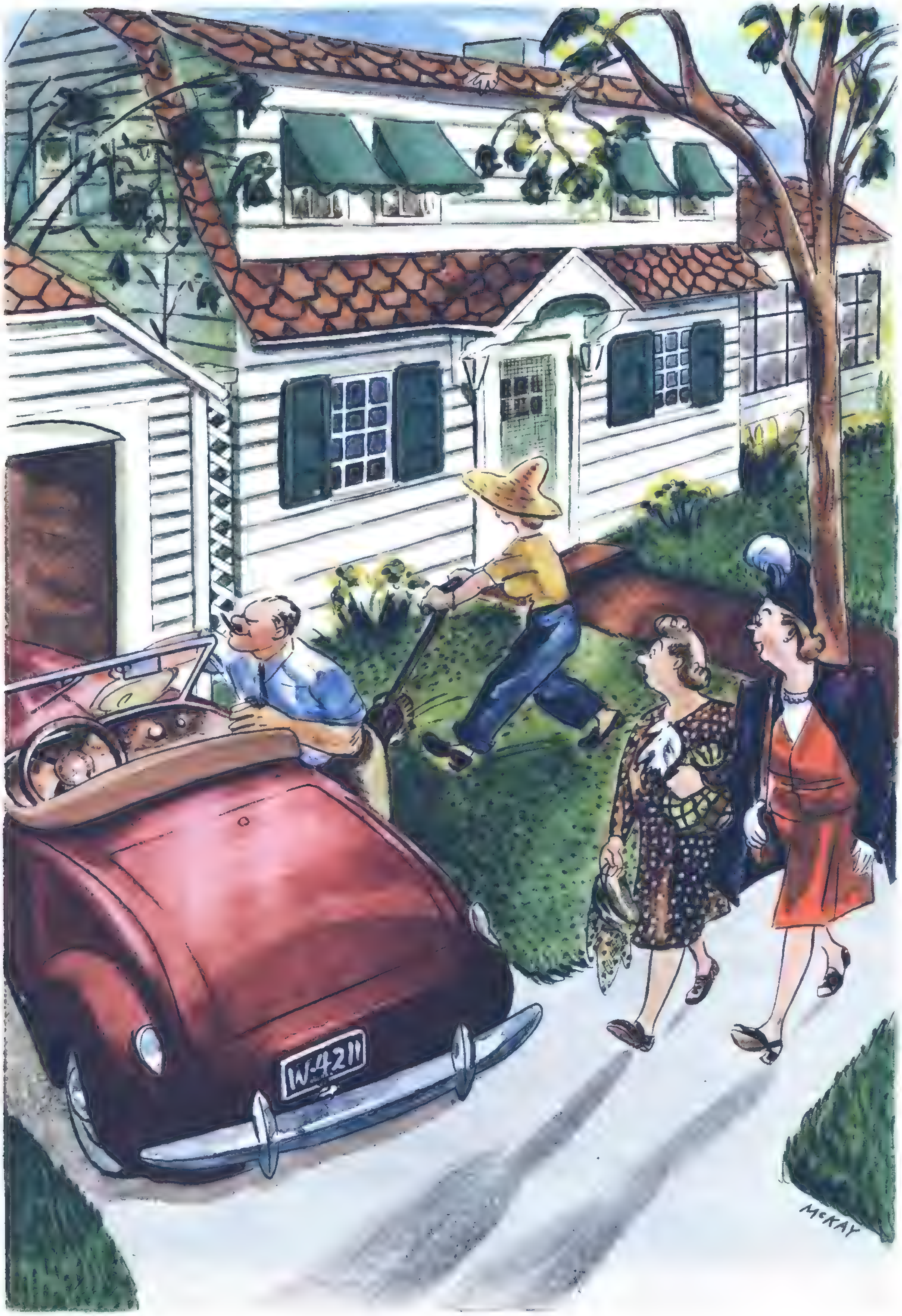
It was obvious he was in earnest and the governor hastened to sign the paper without reading it. Dougherty tossed the document into the pot.

"I raise you the Territory of New Mexico," he said triumphantly. "Here's the deed."

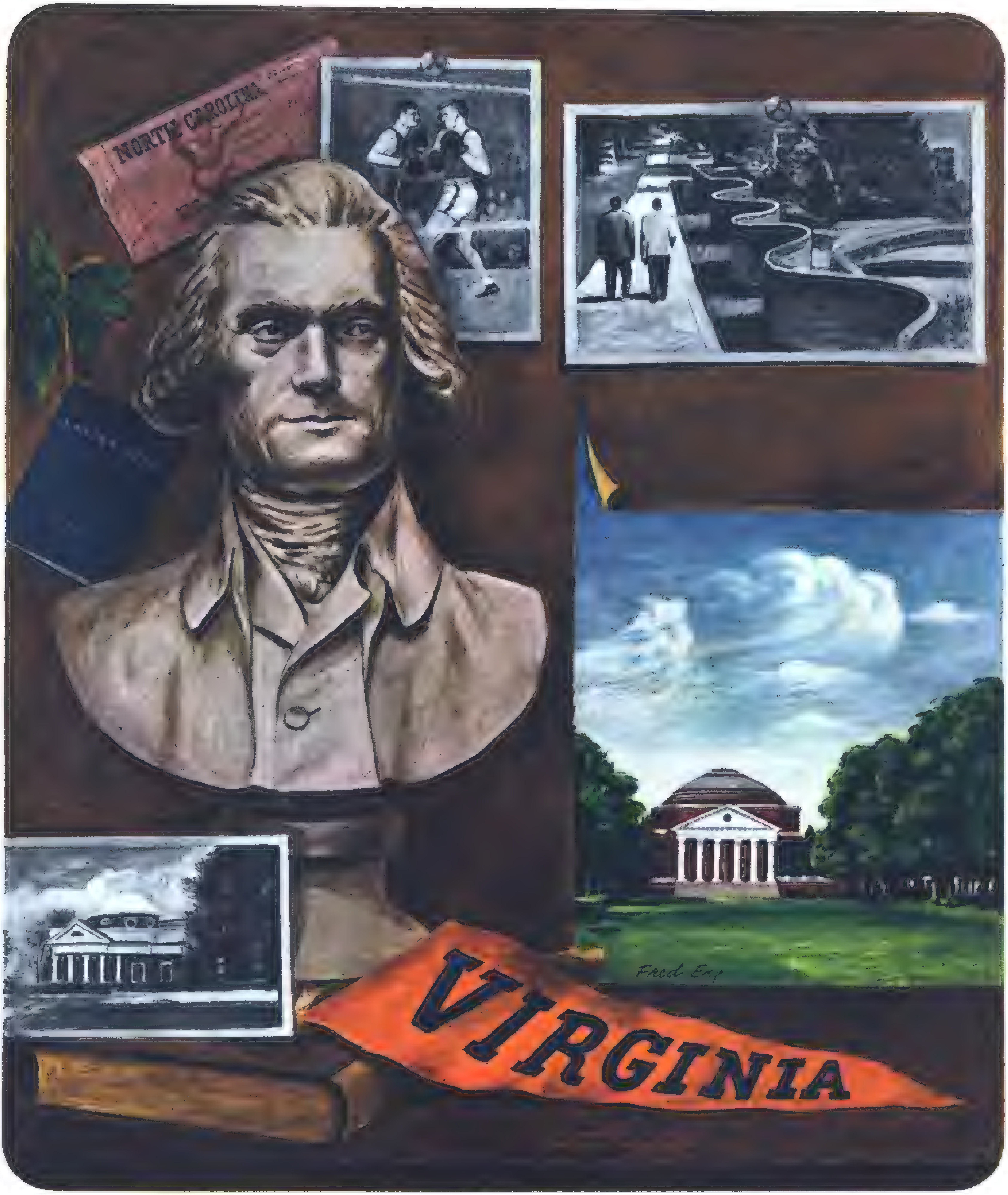
The cattleman slammed down his hand with a mighty oath. "You win," he said, "but you're sure lucky the governor of Texas wasn't here." ⌗

UNITED NATIONS
BOHAVIA
GREGARIA
DEDINI

*"How do you say 'louse' in Bohavian?"*


W-4211
McKAY

*"They're wonderful managers! They did it all out of his expense account"*



## UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

*A Profile*

*Painting by Fred Eng*

The home of the Cavaliers, for all the length of its history, remains faithful to the image created by Mr. Jefferson when he devoted the latter years of his career to the "Academical Village." The same red brick baked from Virginia clay casts the same lovely purple shadows across the same green lawn where at the head stands the Rotunda, designed by Jefferson himself. The serpentine walls, winding snakelike and one-brick thick, perpetuate more of the essential Jeffersonian flavor that marks the school as distinctively American and possessed of a tradition as proud as any. By contrast, boxing, for all its hoariness at Charlottesville, and football and the already ancient rivalry with Carolina seem almost like modern interpolations.

### CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

# University of Virginia

**Mr. Jefferson's "Academical Village" has grown in a manner that would do him proud**

### by LOUIS SIDRAN

The University of Virginia was Thomas Jefferson's personal monument born of his last years. He conceived it, designed it and supervised its building. When he died, his epitaph immortalized his pride in the project. He wanted to be remembered as "author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

The way things have turned out since U. Va. opened for scholastic business in 1825, the great democrat's pride was not misplaced. The grounds and buildings of his "Academical Village" remain as he planned them—an impressive blending of red brick, white trim, green grass and purple shadows. The school maintains the highest entrance and survival standards in the South. And it has a personality which is compounded of a generous geography, an unwritten code of honorable behavior, and an academic policy which is devoted to T. J.'s original vision—forming students "to habits of reflection and correct action," all of which in turn render them "examples" to others and happy beings within themselves.

If the above sounds stuffy when laid word to word, consider that the stress in Virginia has ever been on the end product rather than on the trappings. Students aren't plagued with the common kind of regimentation which has been known to make Joe-College neurotics out of undergraduates elsewhere. A Virginia man is a gentleman until proved otherwise and the rule isn't just cavalierish sentimentality. It's standard operating procedure. The man who steps out of line is put back on the track by a jury of his peers. The system—unofficial as it is—works.

All down the Virginia line the individual is rated more important than the mass—the theory being that the mass is, of course, merely the sum total of its components. In athletics, for example, the rule is no high pressure for the team, plenty of same for the athlete. Boxing fits that mold, and U. Va. has for many years turned out squads which rank with the nation's best. Football does, too, and though Cavalier teams have still to make A ranking nationally, they have produced players of the caliber of halfback Bill Dudley, Collegiate All-American '41, Professional All-American '42, Service All-American '44—a performance unmatched in gridiron history.

A massive record of standout graduates, including a rash of government officials, judges, writers, Rhodes scholars and businessmen, testifies to the fact that at Charlottesville students are exposed to more than salubrious climate and historic surroundings. The Law School has long been celebrated (two alumni twice have sat together on the Supreme Court), and Southern students who want Ph.D. degrees in a variety of scientific subjects ranging from astronomy to zoology take them at U. Va. or not at all. Quite logically, American history is another academic strong suit.

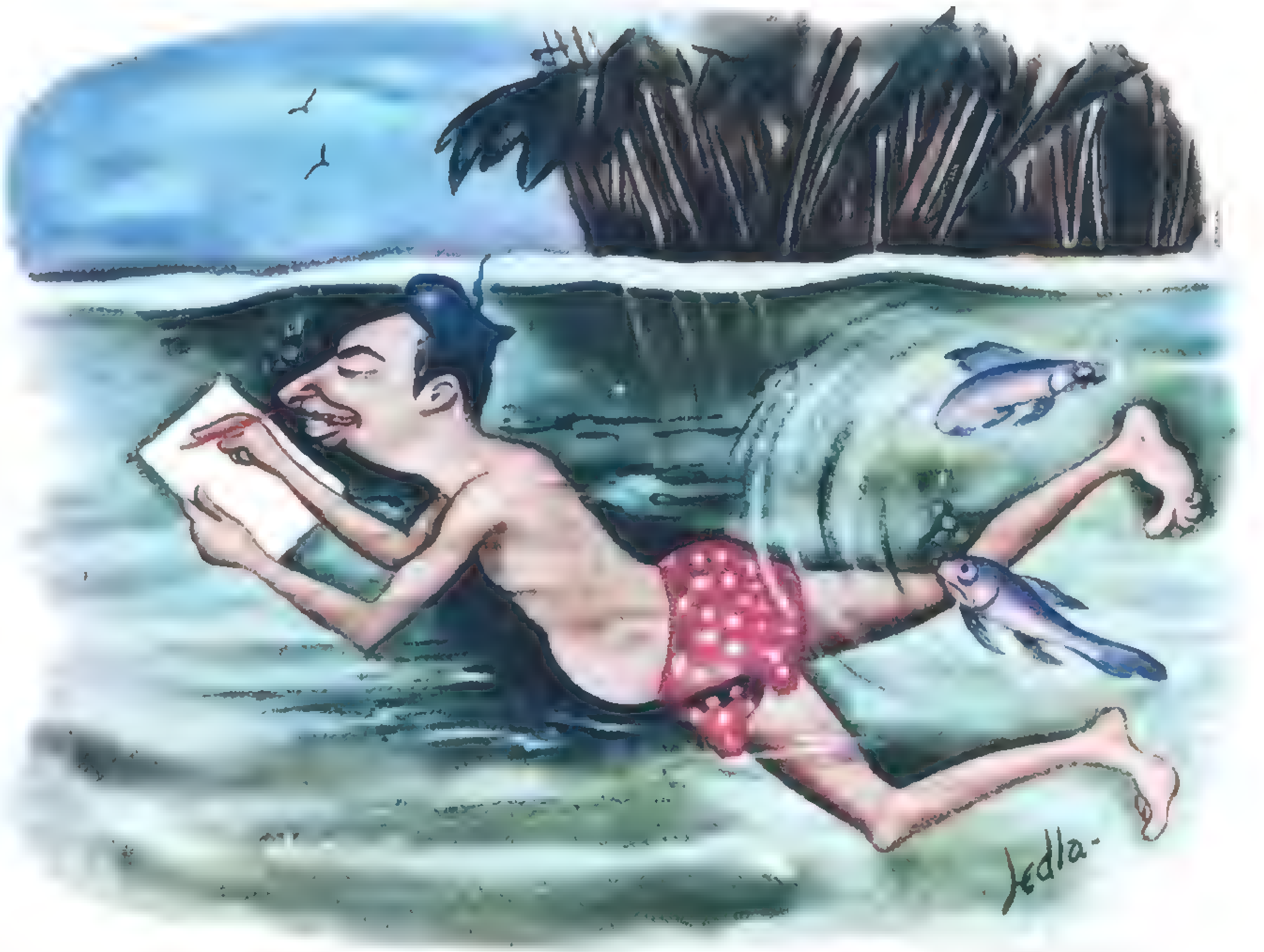
On the social side, the climax of the year takes place in a veritable Mardi gras during Easter Week, a windfall of dances, parties, athletics and drama which ends up night after night for the more fortunate with a ride to the top of Blue Ridge, where couples can watch the sunrise, among other things. This June another pleasant habit was reinstated with the return of Alumni Day, celebrated with the usual nostalgia, handshaking and a Virginia special—a king-size barbecue and stew (the latter concocted from a time-honored Albemarle County recipe). Thus again, the blending of old and new into something original and very fine.

Like colleges everywhere, U. Va. now finds itself swamped under a deluge of returning and entering veterans, some of them equipped with families. Thus rooms about the Lawn are harder to come by than ever, and Copeley Hill now looks like a defense village. The immigration flow has also temporarily upset the deliberate enrollment balance which traditionally runs half Virginian, half out-of-state. Of the 5000 student population, over 3000 are veterans.

Students who now literally commute to classes can no longer indulge the nostalgic urge to sit in the open on the Lawn of a spring evening doing their studying via old-fashioned lapboards, even as alumnus Edgar Allen Poe (a good student, incidentally, apocryphal stories notwithstanding) once did. But they can, quite happily, stand before Mr. Jefferson's Rotunda and drench themselves in the magic shadows which ricochet from the red brick and fall unbelievably purple across the Lawn.

For a school whose distaff undergraduate enrollment averages out at about 150—count them—U. Va. still does better than all right by its men in matters of afterhour affairs. Within two hours driving time in various directions out of Charlottesville can be found a veritable bonanza of colleges where the girls live in a kind of reverse monasticity during the day and gladly welcome Cavaliers with dates on their mind. Thus it is that for the more intrepid Virginia men there remains the traditional pilgrimage to "The Patch"—there to ponder the unanswerable question which has pleasantly plagued Cavaliers these many years: Are Sweet Briar girls more delectable than those from Hollins, Chatham, Randolph-Macon, Mary Washington, Mary Baldwin, Fairfax Hall?

And for all of them—not excluding even Murgatroyd Meatball—there is always the not insignificant privilege of a bull session at The Dry Dock in Mad Hall when the evening's empty and somebody else has your girl. Such things have a way of looming large in later years when old faces dim, but old conversations somehow do not. ⌗



CARICATOON BY JEDLA

**AN XAVIER CUGAT CLASSIC**

*"They gypped me—this pen does not write under water"*

### THE SPORTING SCENE:

# A Million in Nickels and Dimes

**Thanks to sports fans' enormous appetites, ball-park hucksters don't work for peanuts**

### by JIM CROSSETT

THREE years ago a very rare event took place in sports. The Helms Athletic Foundation Scroll, a top award, was presented to Jacobs Brothers—a *nonathletic* concern—for their contributions to baseball. Jacobs Brothers operate Sportservice, an organization whose main job is selling peanuts, popcorn, hot dogs and programs. The award was only belated recognition of the importance of such an institution to sports, however strange it may seem.

The fact is that the business of hawking sandwiches and score cards at athletic events, prosaic as it sounds, is a major American enterprise, beneficial to hawkers, spectators and sports alike. It has snowballed along with the growth of sports generally. Once upon a time a kid stationed himself outside a ball park and peddled peanuts before the game. Later on the kid moved inside with the crowd. From such midget beginnings the enterprise blossomed into a giant which now grosses in the multimillions.

Two great operators have emerged on the scene in the persons of Jacobs Brothers and Stevens Concessions. Their gross is compounded out of such American stand-bys as his majesty, the hot dog, soft drinks, beer, ice cream—in fact anything from a cheese sandwich to a full-course dinner.

Today the average big-league ball park will count a take of some six hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand greenbacks per season of seventy-seven games. Most of this gross is racked up by independent concessionaires, the clubs themselves having long ago given up the job of peddling their own frankfurts and mustard. The Chicago Cubs are an exception to this rule, since gum king Phil Wrigley, Jr. still prefers his own methods of vending under the able direction of Ray Kneip.

It is saying a good deal for the enterprise that the uniformed basket toter who patrols the stands dealing off morsels of meat and bun is scarcely noticed by the spectators except when he blocks their view of a close play at the plate. His cry of "Get 'em while they're hot!" has become as commonplace as the umpire's call, "Play ball!" He's integral to the game itself—and in more ways than meets the eye.

To begin with, he's a solvent citizen, however bedraggled he may look at the end of an afternoon's work. Peddling fifteen-cent hot dogs (with or without) and ten-cent four-ounce bags of peanuts nets him an average of some $20 a day. For a small investment (strong lungs and an eagle eye for snagging dimes in flight) this deep-throated huckster is doing better than most of his customers in keeping the wolf from his threshold. Many of his colleagues now follow the seasons like birds—south in the winter and north in the summer.

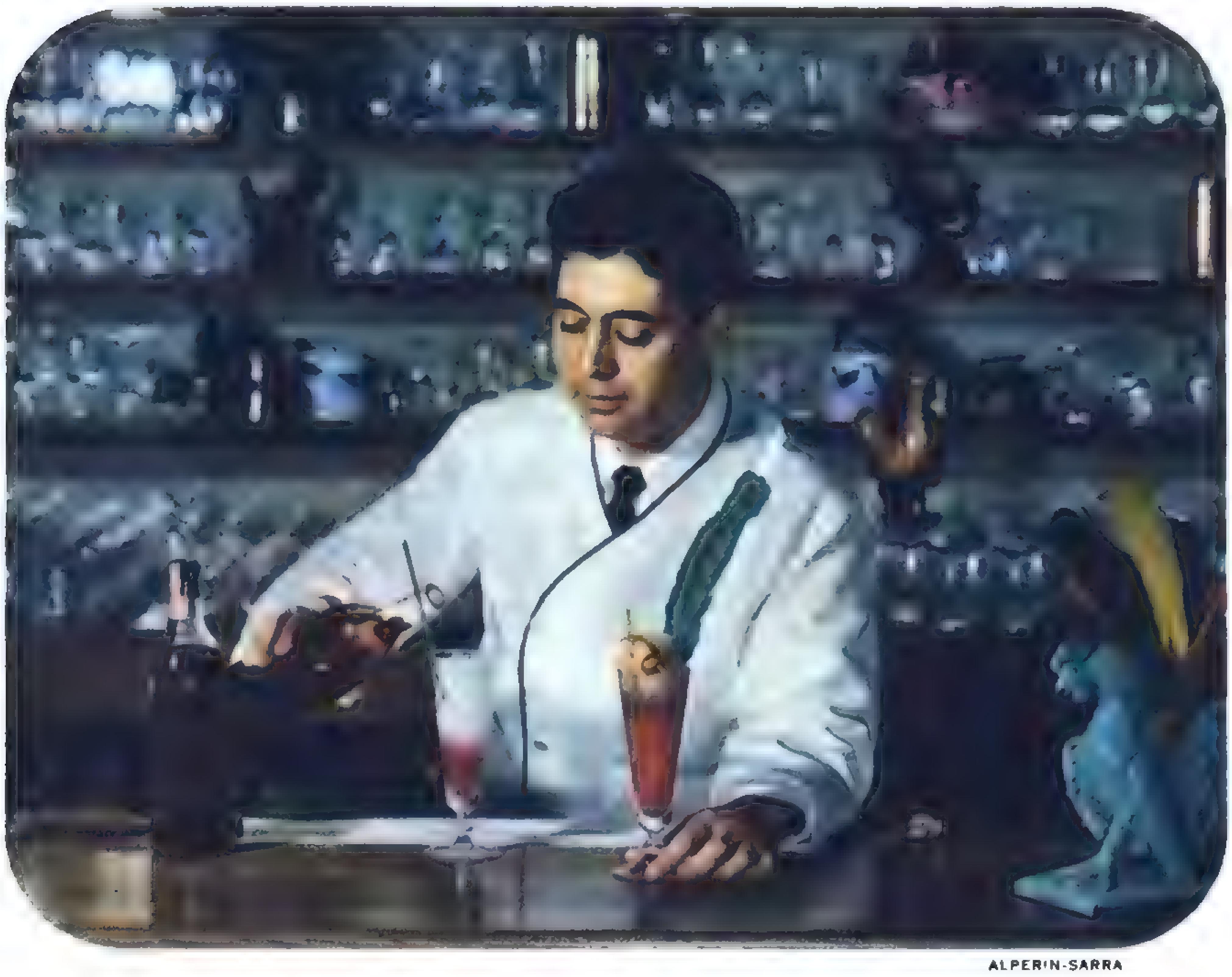
The average ball-game hawker will walk twenty-five miles during the course of a busy afternoon, and if he's good, he'll be rewarded. The most efficient venders get their pick of items to sell. A hot day at the park means that beer will "go," so the supers choose the brewed fluid. When you work on a percentage basis (most get twenty per cent), it is wise business to study the weather and the crowd.

Just to give the unsuspecting umpire baiter an idea of his ravenous appetite at a game, let's quote a few figures on food and drink consumption during the contest he second guesses. An average weekday crowd will absorb over 300 pounds of hot dogs while cheering the home team at a big-league park. Comes a warm Sunday or holiday afternoon and as many as 6000 pounds will go the way of all frankfurters. When you translate that into actual hot dogs measuring about twelve to the pound, you have a small mountain of hot-luncheon meat at fifteen cents a morsel. Add to this item approximately 105 gallons of mustard and small wonder bicarbonate is popular.

Beer, of course, is strictly a warm-weather item. A cool day will take only 150 cases while a good hot-Sunday crowd will quaff as high as a thousand cases of the stuff with foam on top. The same goes for soft drinks. Coffee works in reverse order, hitting a high during cool football weather of as many as 7000 cups an afternoon.

Warm or cool, peanuts and popcorn are the fan's delight. Three out of every five patrons eat a bag or box at each and every sitting. And ice cream, the nation's own contribution to the gourmet's pleasure, goes down the hatch at a rate of 3000 dozen cups per game on a hot day before a full house.

All in all, the concerns who have built ball-park vending into big business have long served sport in a way that goes well beyond merely keeping the spectator fed and informed. For instance, it is common knowledge that Jacobs Brothers laid money on the line to keep several ball clubs from folding when they came upon rough weather. It would be an excellent second guess to assume such services were taken into account when the Helms award was presented to the Jacobs concern. And who is to say the award wasn't well deserved on the evidence? ###



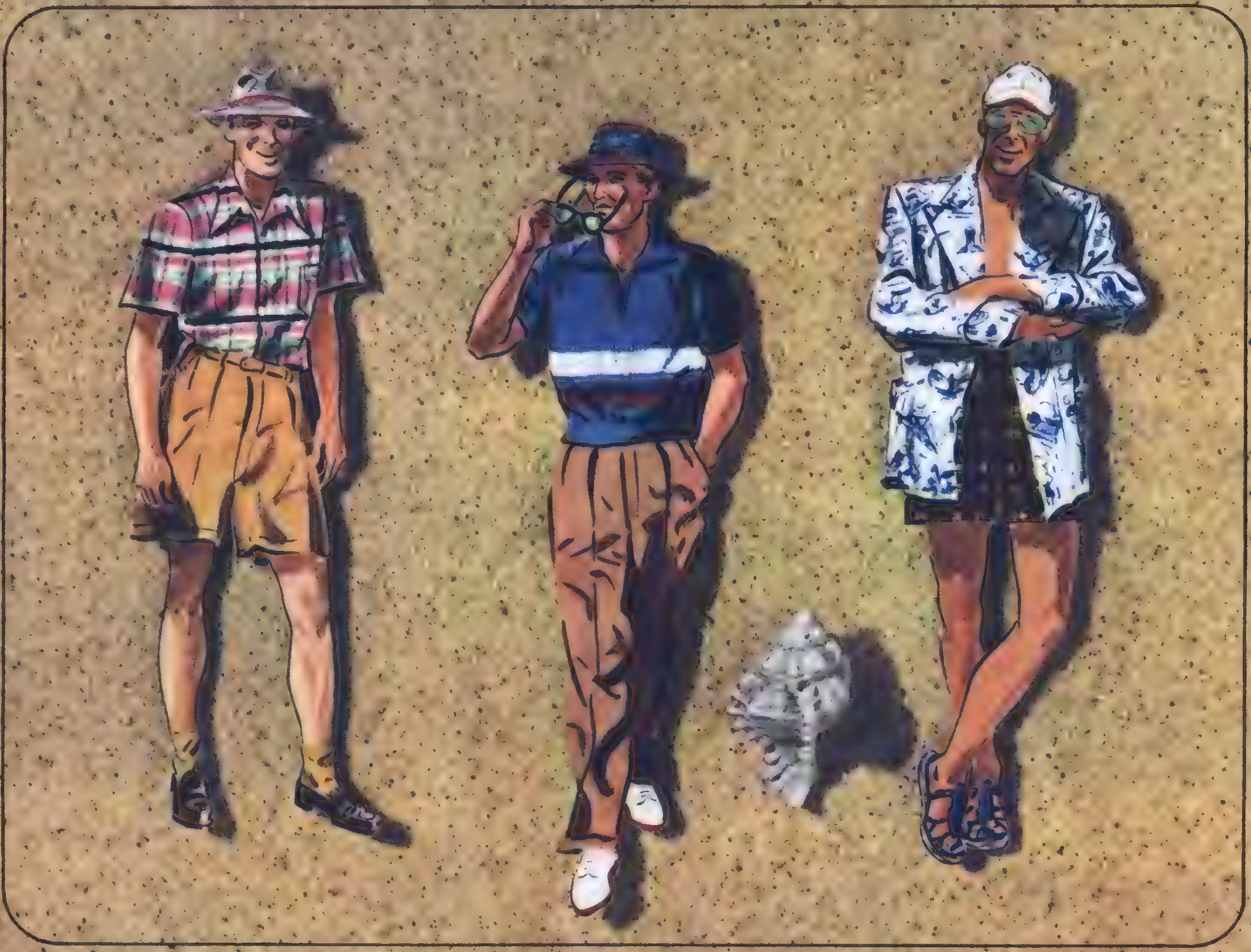
***Cocktail with a Cock's Tail***

*Tipplers from Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, occasional or constant, swear that the Tail o' the Cock, a rum concoction dispensed by the restaurant of the same name, can transport drinkers from the seventh circle of despair. Disarmingly gentle and hence possessed of a pleasant punch, the Tail o' is recommended to all in search of a whispering drink with a hidden clout. Bartender Ricardo Moreno mixes it so: Squeeze half a lime in 9-oz. glass with stem, drop in hull. Add 1½ oz. tropical punch (orange, lemon, loganberry juice), and shaved ice to capacity. Add 1 oz. each of Puerto Rican light and gold rum; ½ oz. of Puerto Rican heavy, dark 151 proof. Then ½ oz. cherry brandy, stir well and float ¼ oz. Jamaica rum. Garnish with orange, cherry and—by all means—the tail feather of a cock.*

# Warming Up for July

A few hints on how to please the Old Man on Father's Day, some beach-and-sun lore, and the latest on day-to-day fashions for men about town, and away from it

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



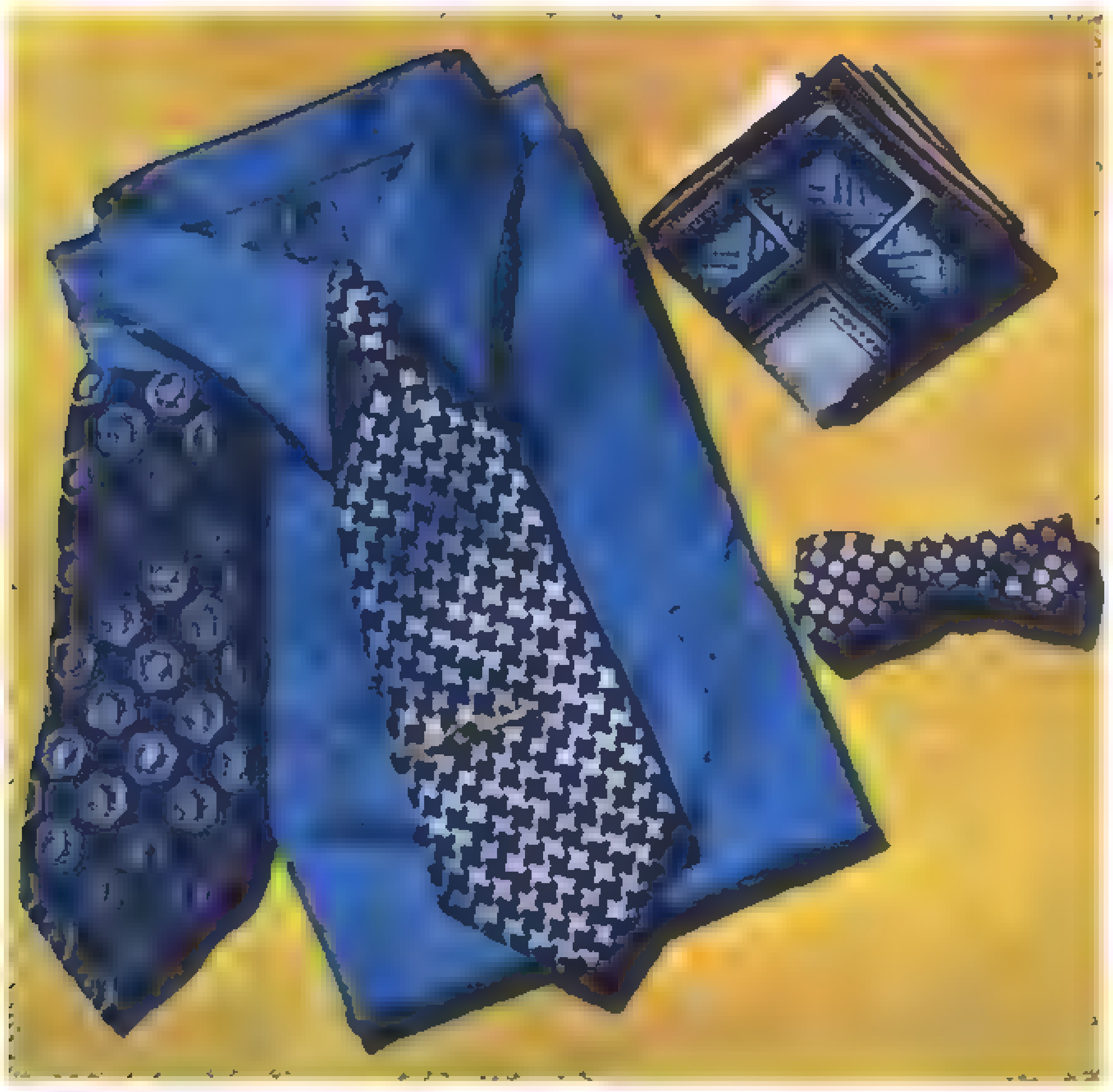
**SUN WORSHIPERS' WARDROBE**

*Drawing by A. J. Pimsler*

Those cynics who say there's nothing new under the sun still have to see the outdoor garb in store for summer's leisurely life. King Sol's worshipers have enough to choose from to wish they had time for all. Here's a trio clad in true sun-cult style and from port to starboard you see a multicolored giant-plaid cotton sport shirt you'll see more of, pinched-crown mesh hat, tan shorts and anklets, and moccasins to boot. Front and center there's a pair of rust-colored linen slacks and white buck shoes that will please many a man, broad-puggreed coconut palm hat and knitted cotton shirt with cutaway collar. Finally there's the plaid swim shorts with printed beach coat and topped by a white cotton round-crown capital cap.

# Esquire's Parade of Father's Day Gifts

To honor the head of the house on Father's Day, June 15, it is well to present a gift to him that expresses the homage due all Dads. Esky's parade of gifts, illustrated on these pages, contains a variety of articles designed to please different tastes. Keep in mind his preferences.



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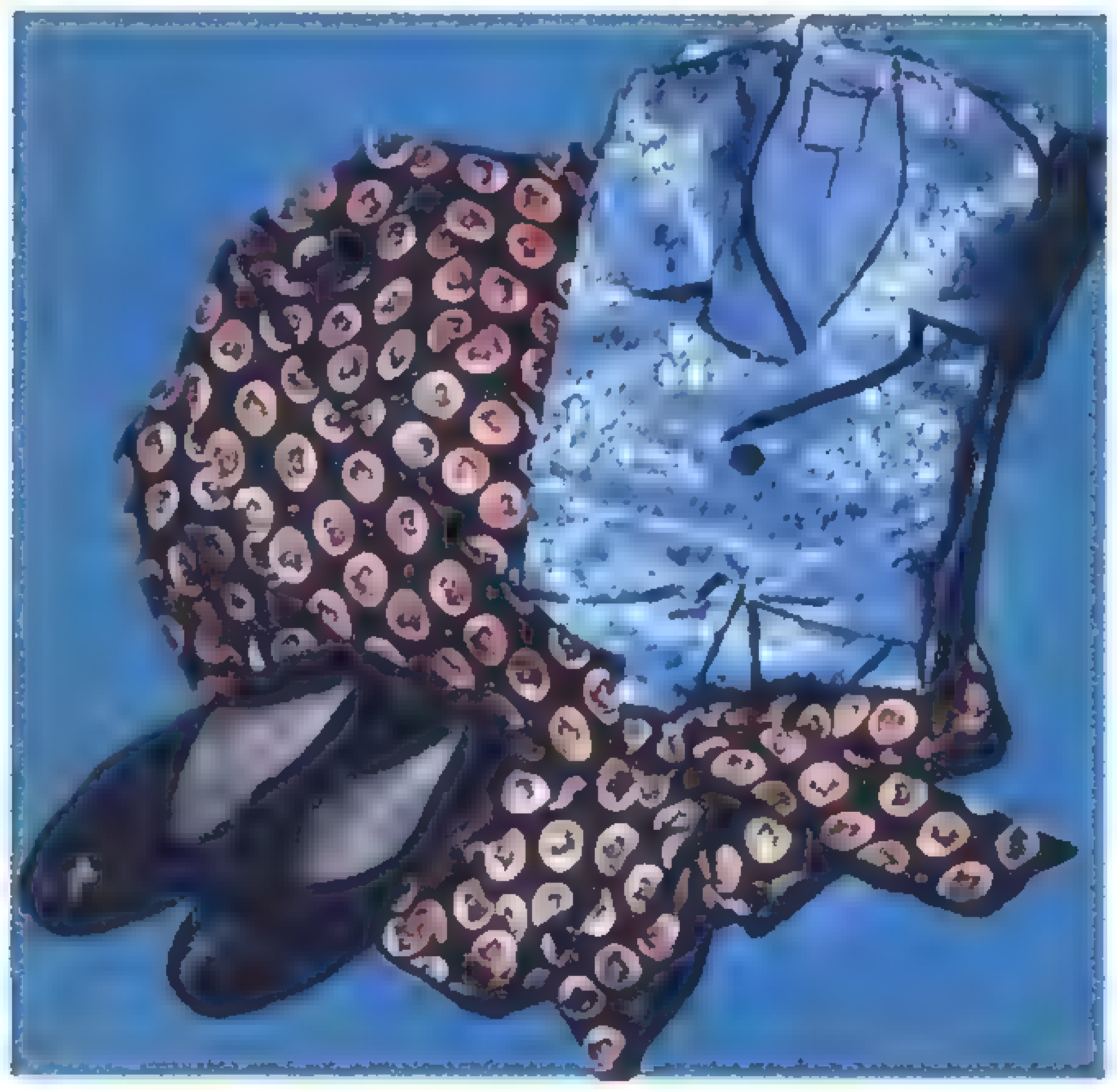

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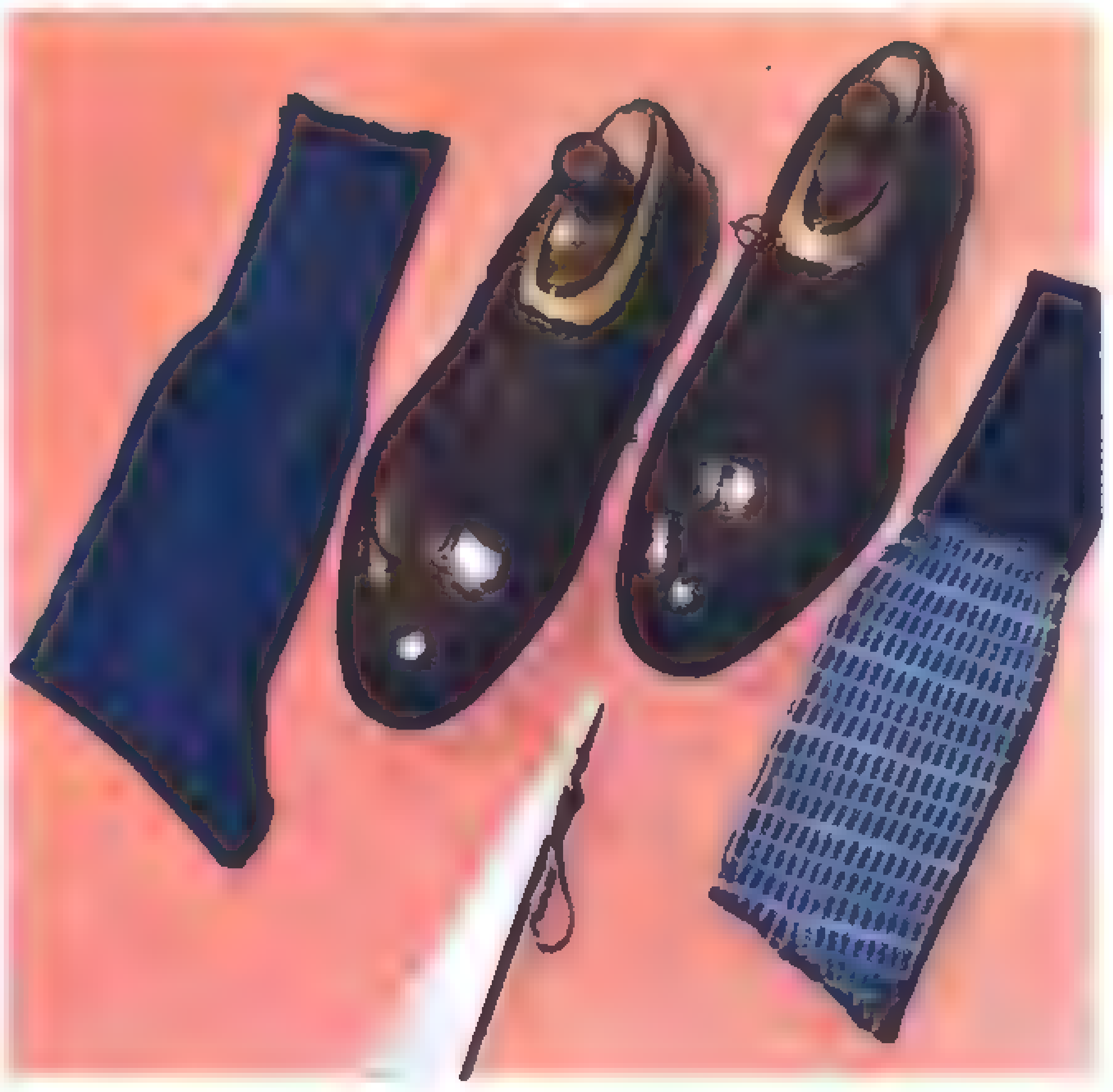

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Gift Certificate

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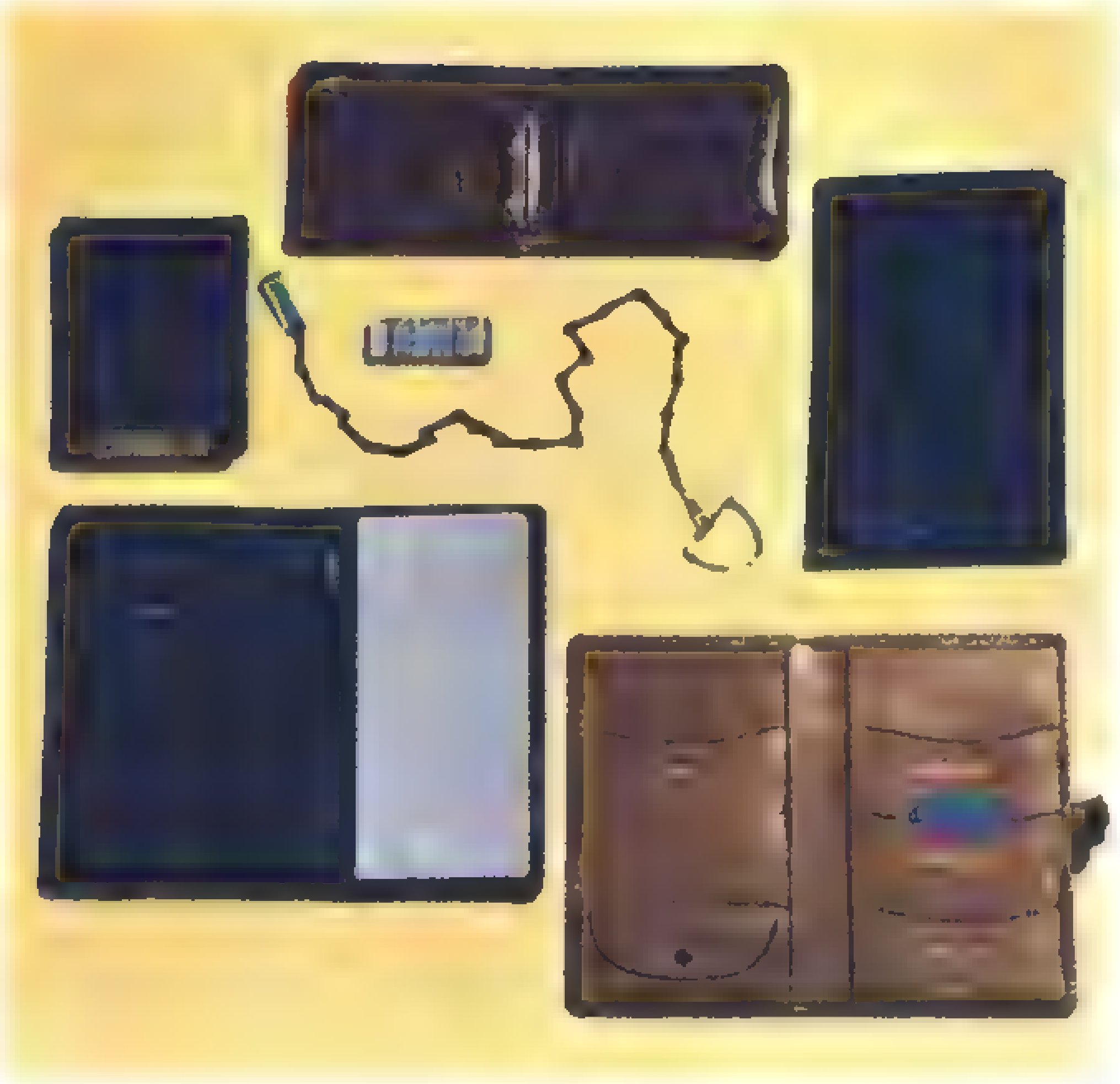

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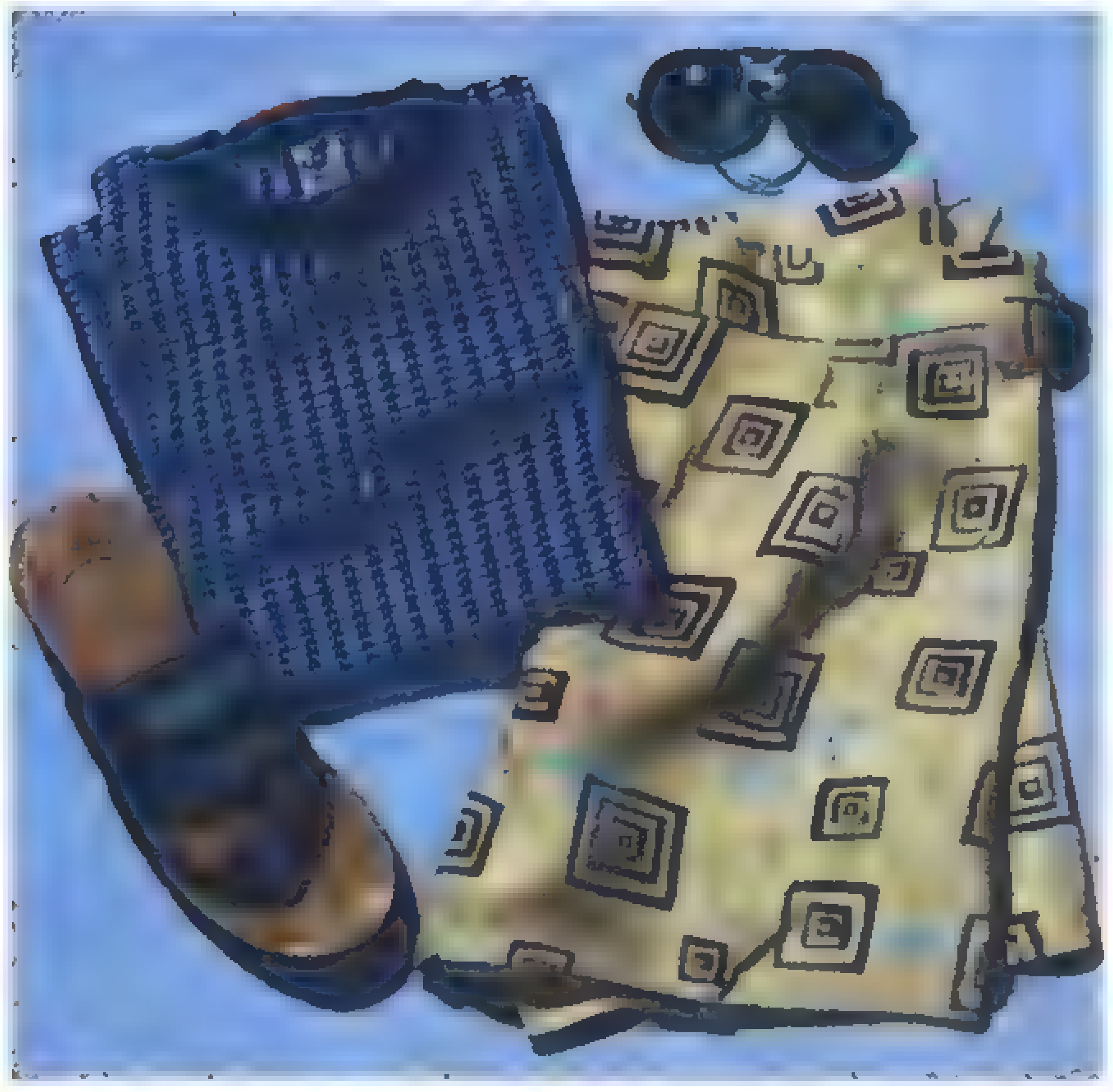

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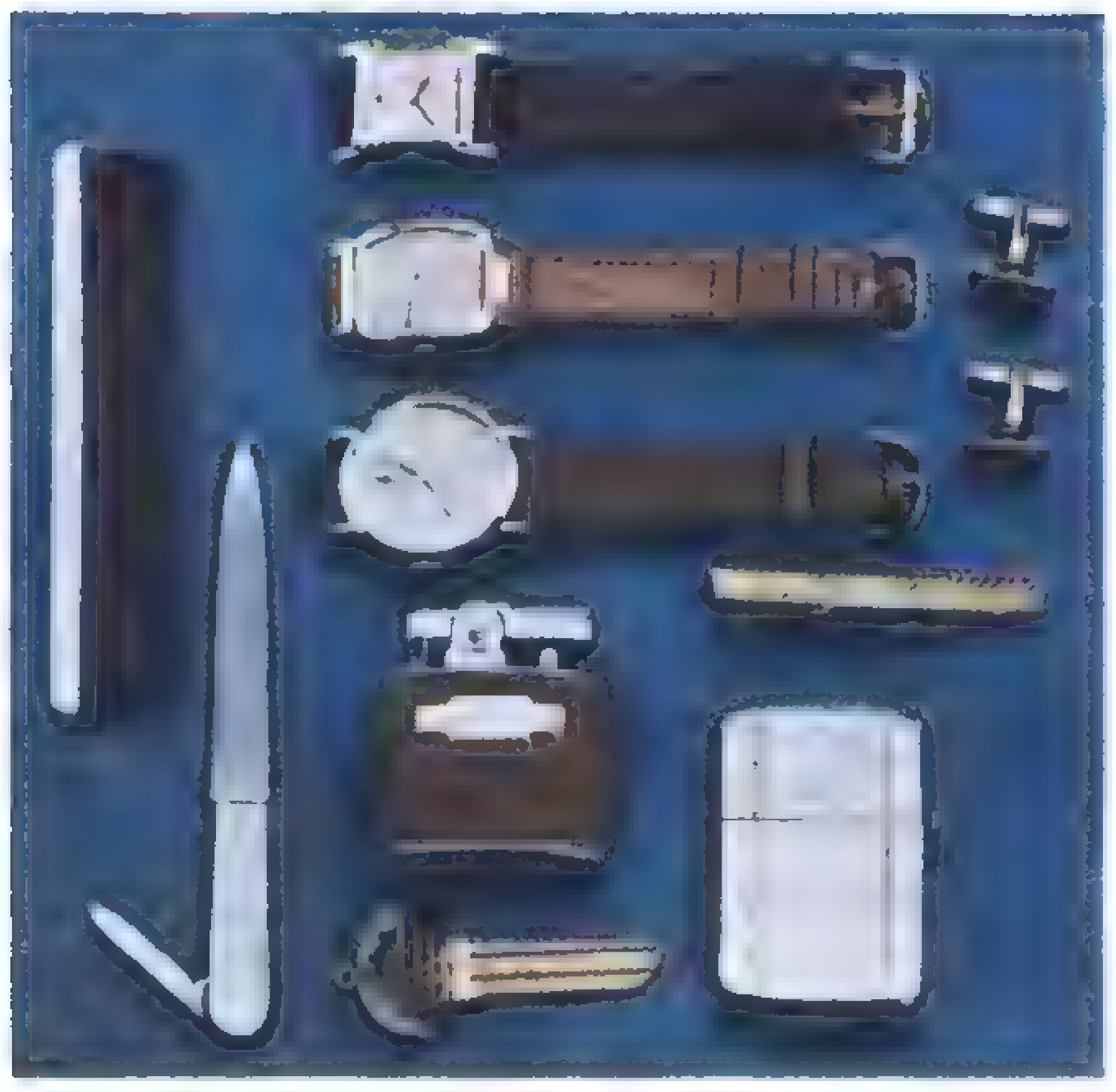

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1. Broadcloth shirt, printed foulard four-in-hand and bow ties, bowknot tie clip, linen handkerchief in harmonizing colors. 2. Jacquard rayon pajamas, printed foulard robe, calfskin slippers. 3. Brown calf wing-tip shoes, clocked and checked lisle socks, plastic shoehorn. 4. Hat by means of gift certificate. 5. Wallets, billfolds, passport case, silver money clip, long-link key chain. 6. Knitted cotton pull-over beach shirt, printed linen swim shorts, sunglasses, wooden beach clogs. 7. Wrist watches of various designs, silver-trimmed pocket comb and nail file with knife blade, leather- and metal-covered lighters, personal key with locket end, ridged tie-clip and cuff-link set.

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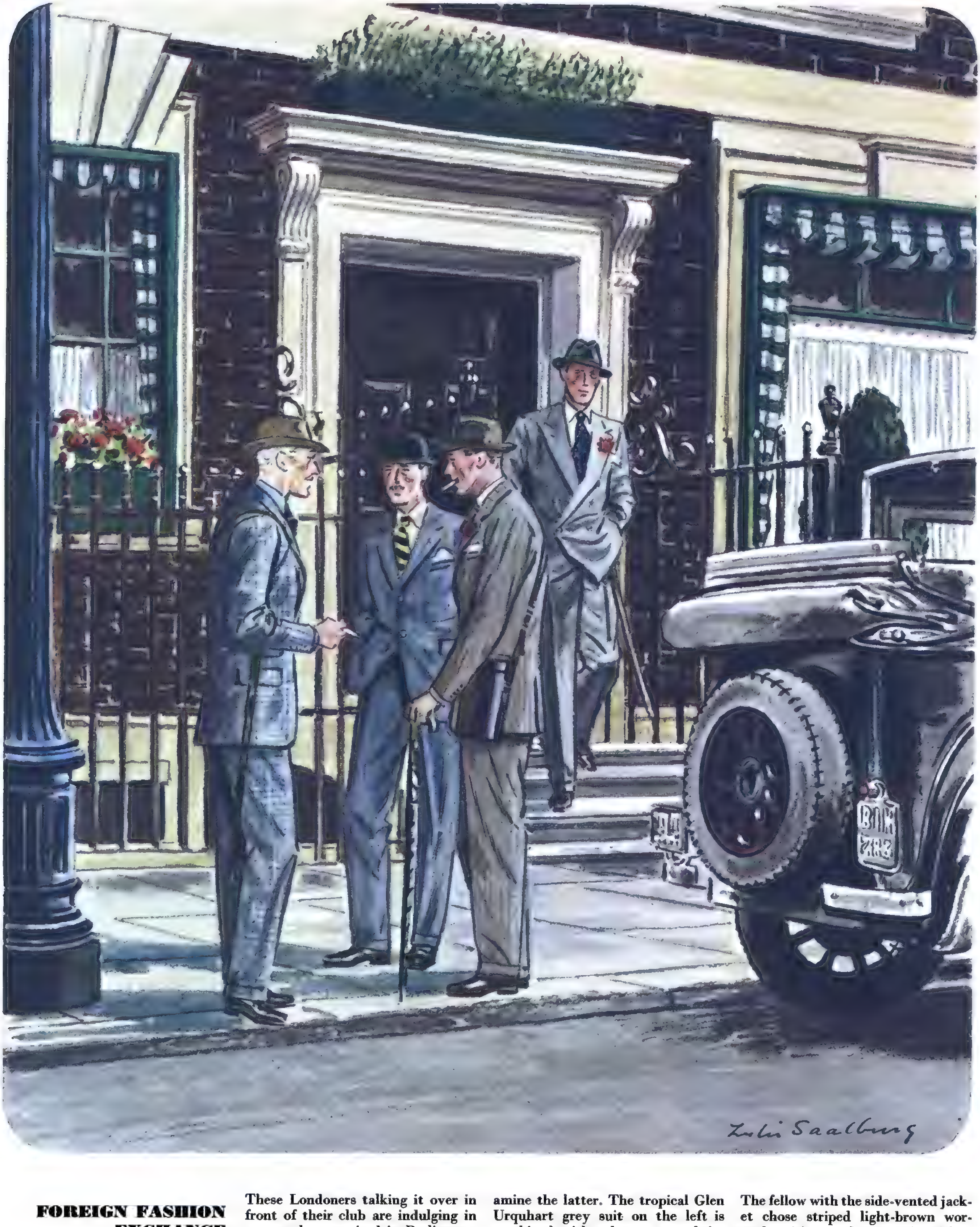
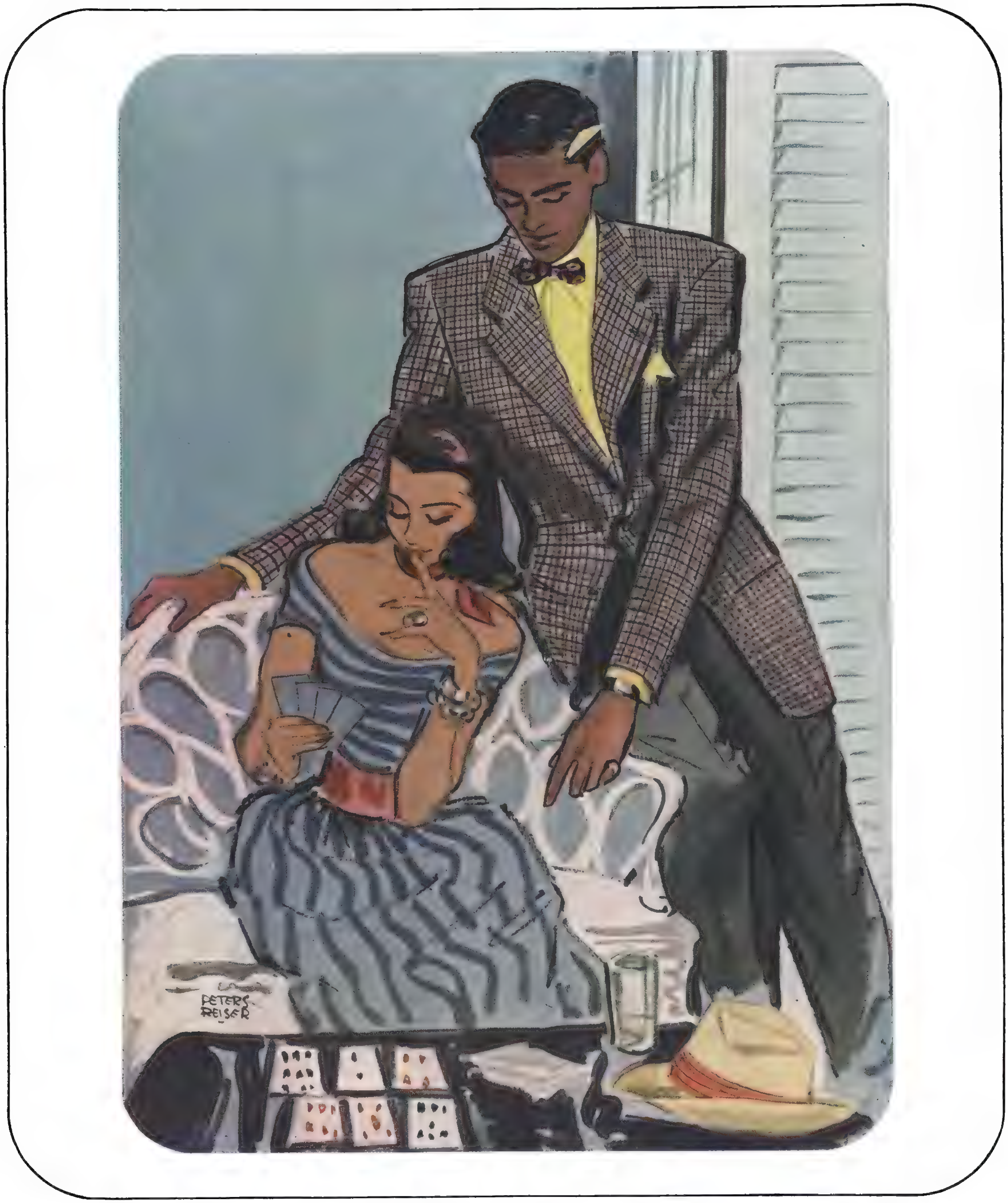
**8.** Shell-stitch sweater, printed cotton shirt, ribbon belt, gabardine slacks, moccasins, anklets. **9.** Calfskin, alligator design, Western belts, elastic braces, garters. **10.** Shave soap, lotions, colognes, hair dressing, safety and electric shavers, blades. **11.** Current books, bronze book ends, ash tray, cigarette box. **12.** Radio, record albums. **13.** Golf clubs, leather bag, gloves, umbrella. **14.** Precision camera with leather case, movie camera, pen and pencil sets. **15.** Bottled spirits, rattan-trim cocktail set, a tray of inlaid walnut. **16.** Single- and two-suiter cases, cotton raincoat, pigskin bag. **17.** Saddle-stitch cowhide tobacco humidor, pipes, cigar holder, cigars in walnut humidor.



## FOREIGN FASHION EXCHANGE

*Drawing by Leslie Saalburg*

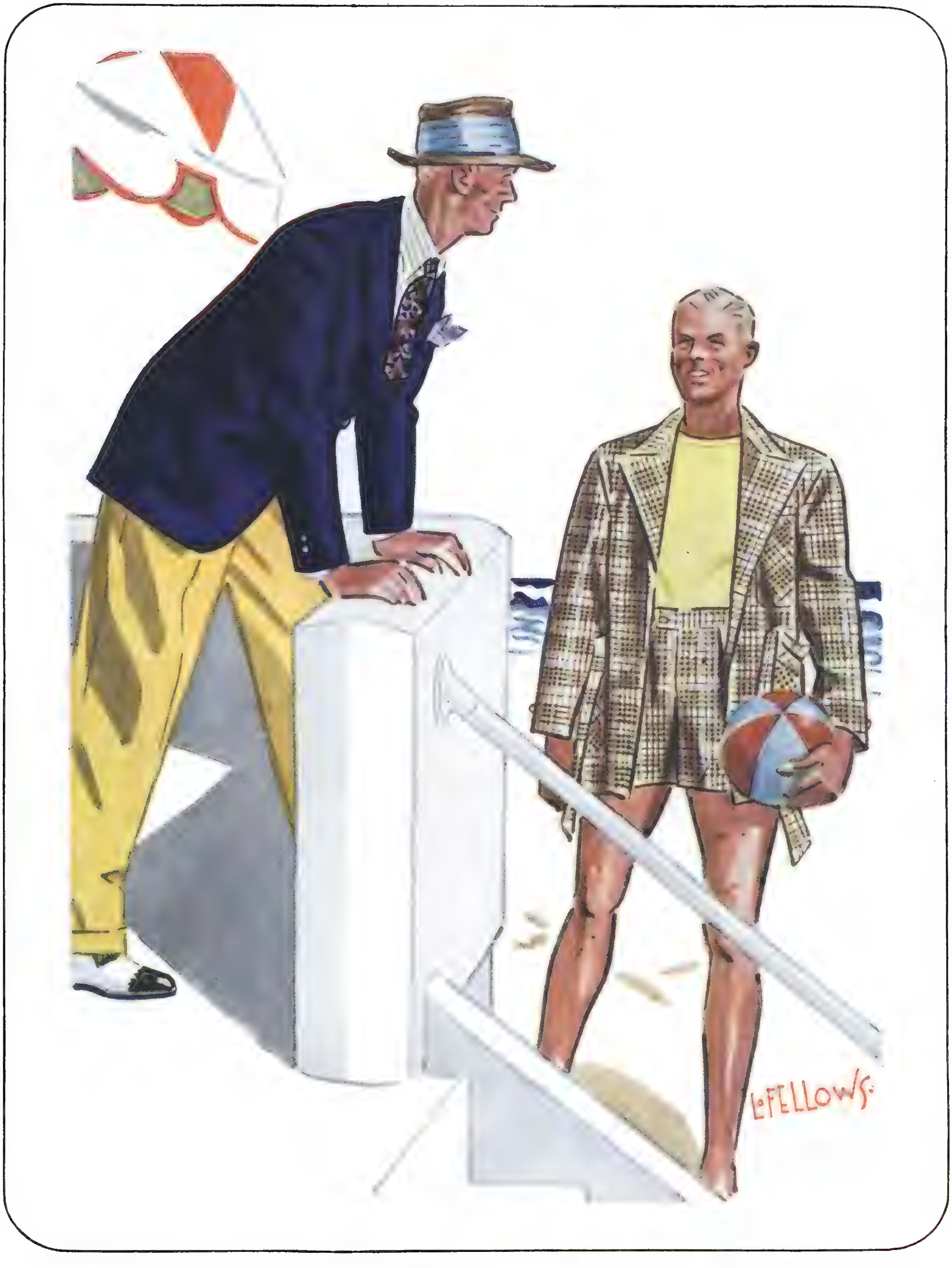
These Londoners talking it over in front of their club are indulging in an art also practiced in Parliament and Hyde Park: the art of debate. They're also displaying the art of British fashion and, rather than eavesdrop on the former, let's examine the latter. The tropical Glen Urquhart grey suit on the left is combined with a brown snap brim and brown shoes. That bowlered chap is clad in the popular paddock-model two-button jacket made of a lovat-colored lightweight worsted. The fellow with the side-vented jacket chose striped light-brown worsted suiting and teams it with a green hat and tan shirt. The tardy fourth is in grey flannel and the cab and glass case say their subject isn't economics but Epsom Downs.



## PASTEBOARD PROBLEM

*Drawing by Peters-Reiser*

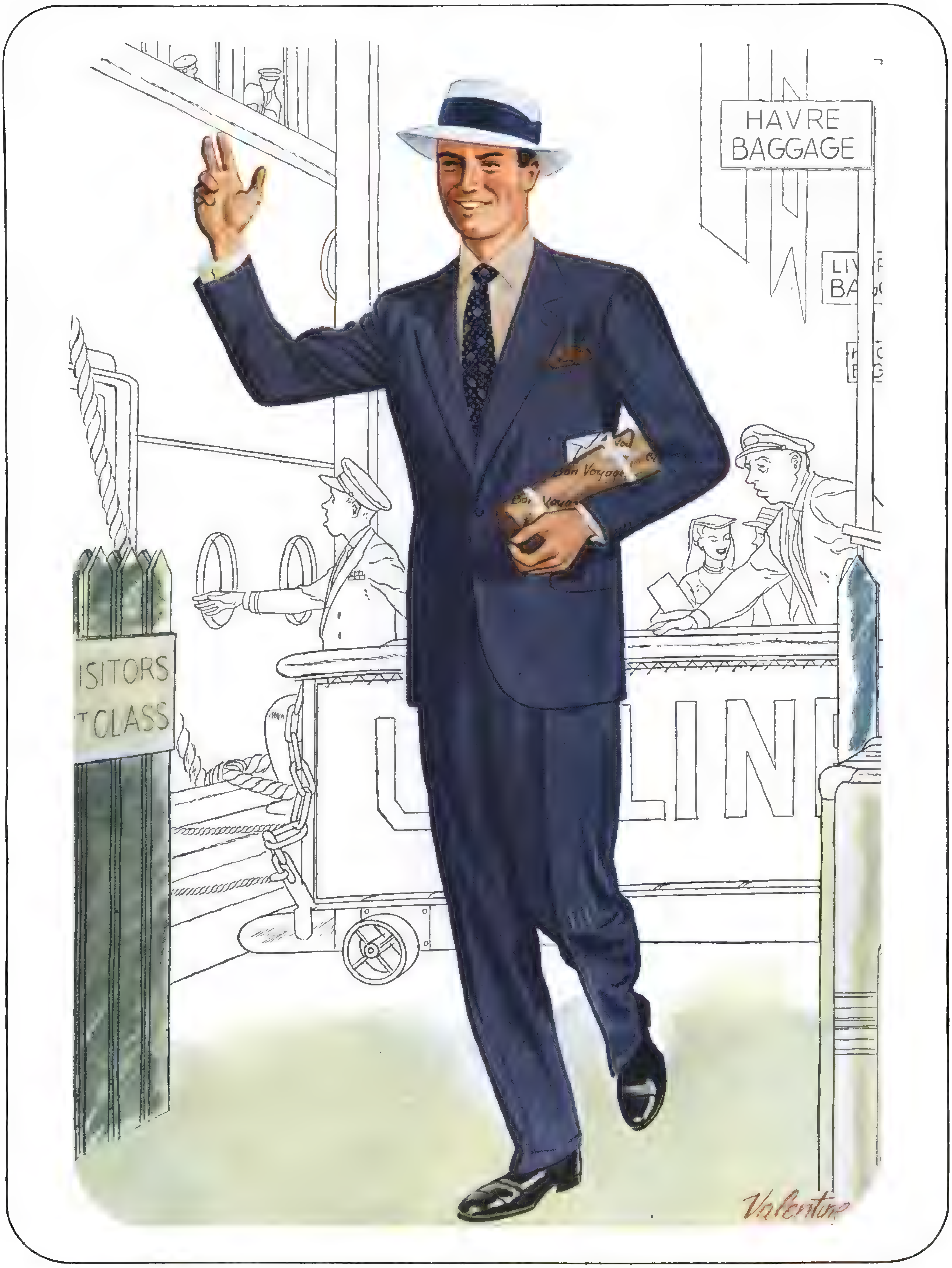
Now there's a woman for you. Seems she can't wind up her solitaire hand without the aid of her aide. Draping his form over the edge of the love seat, he proceeds to point out that Jacks inevitably follow Queens, in more games than one. As for the reds and blacks, they follow a simple pattern. In fact, his small checked jacket patterned in the same color scheme could be the key to most summer eve entertainment, for it's made of a new lightweight worsted seen wherever the atmosphere is conducive to heat. His flannel slacks are also fitting to the scene because first, they're lightweight, and second, they're grey. All in all, it looks like a mild bit of indoor sport, but you never know what to expect in the summertime.



## BEACH BANTER

*Drawing by L. Fellows*

Small talk's as much a part of life along cabana row as is sunning and swimming. Here work-a-day woes are dissipated into the ozone and replaced by coats of brown and tan. The gentleman sounding off to his athletic audience, however, prefers his coat in marine-blue flannel, pleasantly accented with metal buttons. These lightly constructed many-purpose blazers are resort favorites wherever leisure is the order of the day. Here it is combined with yellow linen slacks, Oxford shirt and red-ground foulard tie. He wrapped a plain puggree around his coconut palm, and if your shoes of white buck are trimmed with brown, you're in high style, too. The beachcomber matching wits is in matching swim trunks and lightweight wool robe.



## HAIL AND FAREWELL

*Drawing by Samuel Valentine*

Fare-thee-wells at trip taking can be as pleasant for those who remain behind as for the departees. The goers are usually bon voyaged with gifts to make the trip go fonder, and givers are equally pleased with the parting and parceling. This fellow, for instance, doesn't mind a bit being away from his office on a muggy summer's morning. Matter of fact, he's so cool in his tropical blue-grey suit, he'll probably shop for another before he returns to his daily chore. This two-button model is of lightweight worsted, and there are rayon blend versions, too. Offhand, it's difficult to tell whether he chose an ivory or off-white shirt, but either color would do nicely. The pork pie is a Panama, and your wardrobe is incomplete without one.

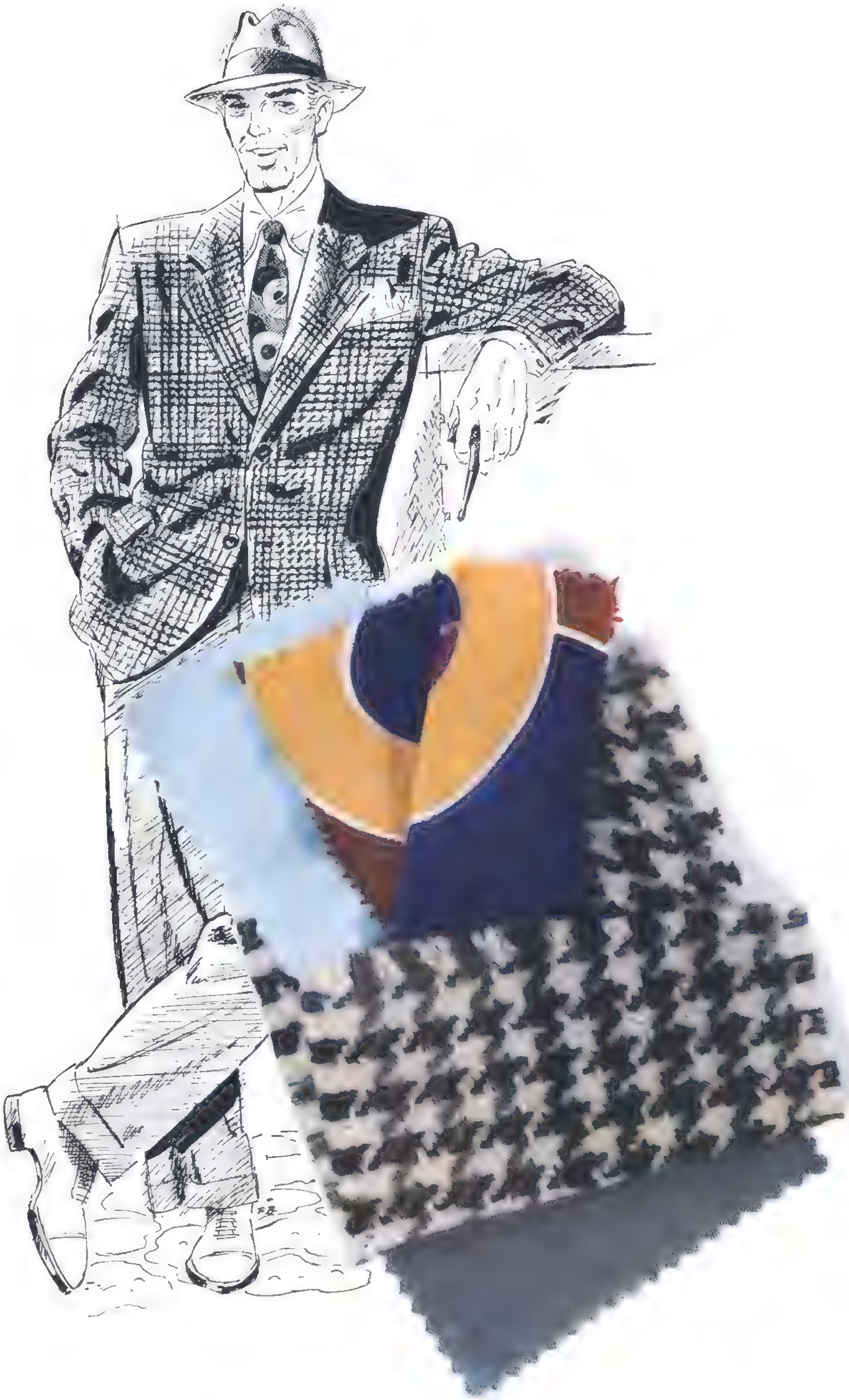
# groomed for achievement

DR. PETER C. GOLDMARK

In this age of the atom, interplanetary projections and supersonic speeds, the average man still has a devil of a time understanding the complexities inside his own radio receiver. That's why the accomplishments of Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, Director of Engineering Research and Development for the Columbia Broadcasting System, are little known beyond electronic circles. This young physicist joined CBS in '36 to participate in television activities. By 1940 he had demonstrated the practicality of color traveling along the television waves. Sidetracked by urgent electronic research during the war, Dr. Goldmark has since developed, built and installed, in less than six months' time, the ultra-high-frequency color television equipment used by CBS. High tribute to this Budapest-born wizard was given last year in the form of the Morris Liebmann Memorial Prize by the Institute of Radio Engineers. Talented at the piano and cello too, he divides his days working in the city (New York) and living in the country (Connecticut). Between megacycles, he finds time for swimming, tennis, telemarks.

JACK WRATHER

Any young fellow who could take over the management of a multi-million-dollar business at the age of 21 and make a go of it needn't worry too much about his future business prospects. Apparently Jack Wrather didn't, for although it's been only eight years since he took over his father's enterprises, he now has interests in twenty-nine corporations. Considering that he served a hitch in the Marines in the meantime (during which he participated in landings on Lingayen Gulf and Luzon, and in the Mindanao assault), it's a pretty accurate estimate of his business acumen. Since return to civvy street, young Wrather has become firmly entrenched as an up-and-coming independent flicker producer, his first effort, *The Guilty*, getting grade A distribution. He's in the movie business to stay and has built an organization staffed with ex-G.I.s from the top down. He also runs a commercial movie company and has produced several features, concentrating in the southwestern industrial area. With a lifetime ahead of him there's no knowing just how far this enterprising Texan will go. One thing is certain: he didn't wait for life to begin at forty.



### leisure class

If you polled the segment of society that's taking to casual clothes why it is, "easy comfort" would be your answer. That two-button jacket, for instance, in blue, grey and white hound's-tooth check and gabardine slacks will give any man an easy-does-it attitude. But be sure to add the boldly patterned tie and pinched-crown hat.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)*

**In which we take a breather to catch up on our mail by answering an assortment of queries relative to what to wear with what and how to wear what it is we wear**

# *Fashion's Men of Letters*

Not only does the postman ring twice in Esky's fashion department, but lately he has had to holler and bellow to attract attention to another sackload deposited on our doorstep. Not that we wish to barricade ourselves against the vicissitudes of the world with mailbags, but recently your reporter has been leading a peripatetic existence. The upswing in the making of men's apparel has brought with it a renaissance of new ideas—and rather good ones too—in what men are wearing. As a consequence, Esky has been touring the fashion fronts with the dogmatic zeal of a combat correspondent. And as a further consequence, the mail has been piling bag on sack on bag.

Letters on what to do about nagging mothers-in-law have been referred to our editor in charge of methods for subtle but sudden demise. Queries as to whether blondes or brunettes make better mates have been turned over to our nautical expert, who has a special knack with that sort of thing. And the notes on what and how to wear certain articles of apparel will be answered here posthaste and without further procrastination.

First an answer to a recurring query on bow ties, which are enjoying their greatest popularity in years. Many men have asked whether the bow is limited to either a single- or a double-breasted jacket. Truth is the bow can be worn with either type and be in correct style. Depends mostly on personal tastes.

Then there's the matter of brown shoes and whether they're correct with town wear in the evening hours. You'll recall that at one time black was the sole choice for after business hours. However, brown shoes seen currently are decidedly on the dark side and they are as acceptable for the evenings these days as black. Not, of course, with formal wear.

Another now-and-then query concerns pocket handkerchiefs. How much of your handkerchief shows in your chest pocket depends on how much of an extrovert you are. Main point is to show four points, and some men fold their 'chiefs with mathematical exactness, while others prefer the casual way of taking hold of the handkerchief by its center, then getting the four points in a seemingly careless fashion. Here again, it's up to you.

Choosing socks to wear with slacks and sport shoes sometimes poses the problem of overemphasis of design. Follow this fundamental formula: plain slacks, plaid or check socks; plaid or checked slacks, plain ribbed socks. Simple?

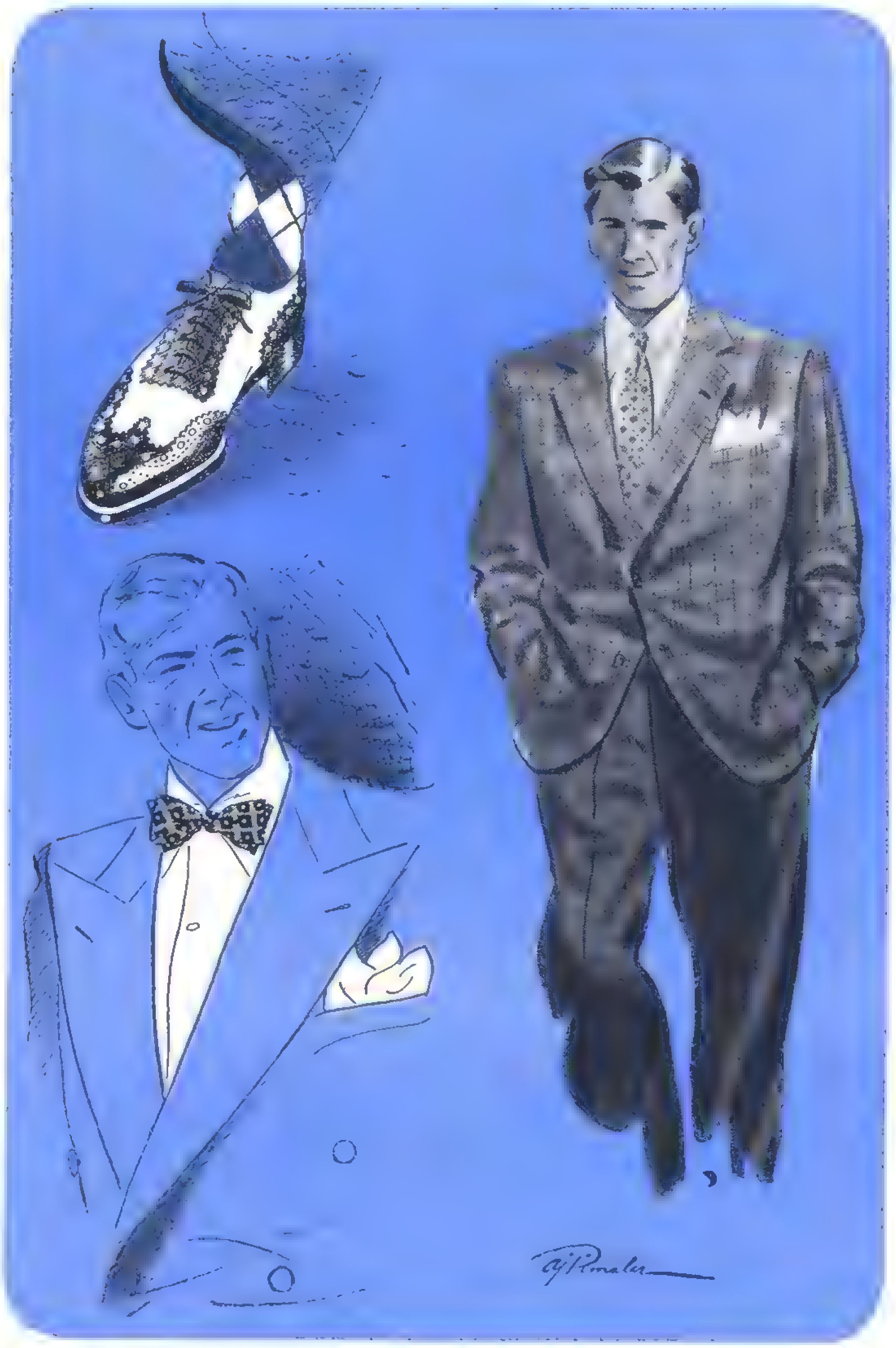
Here's one that isn't so easy, but has faced many a man in recent months—how to make a sport shirt pinch-hit for a conventional shirt with business suits. Usually the deciding influences are pattern and color. With plaid jackets, side-step plaid or boldly patterned shirts. Solid colors will work out best here. Then again, simple-design jackets can be combined with plaid sport shirts without raising too many eyebrows your way.

Occasionally the question of wearing the jacket of a pin-striped worsted suit as a sport jacket with odd slacks pops up. We regret to inform that it shouldn't be done. The nature of the fabric and its design takes it out of the sports-clothes category. However, it is possible to work another kind of switch, for some suits such as flannel or tropical worsted lend their trousers well with tweed jackets and this double duty is worth remembering if you're concerned about luggage weight in getting around via air transportation, or are just temporarily embarrassed in wardrobe.

For summer evening wear, include the maroon bow tie and harmonizing handkerchief among your accessories. These go well with jackets of midnight blue, tan, and the conventional white as well.

By the way of summertime belts, confine black-and-white combinations to slacks of grey, bluish-grey, lovat, or white. Brown and whites in the belt line are best with trousers on the tan side. And remember to harmonize the color of your summer straw hatband with the color of your accessories. If you are careful to do that, you'll not resemble the colorful rainbow.

From time to time we're queried as to how much jewelry a man should wear and still be turned out in good taste. One essential item in every man's jewelry box is the tie holder. Not only does it give the proper decorative touch, but it serves a useful purpose by keeping the four-in-hand under control and from flying around in the breeze. Cuff links are obviously necessary for shirts with French cuffs. Then again, if the collar style permits, a collar bar or pin will do a double job by looking good as well as holding the collar points in place. Key rings and chains are included in the masculine jewelry category and many men wouldn't be without them. Some are de luxe affairs of gold or silver. In the main, however, they are finished with these metals. Finger rings are also gaining in popularity, as are double-ring wedding ceremonies. The man who is party to one of these affairs abides by tradition by wearing his ring on the third finger of the left hand. Organizational rings, birthstones, class rings, signet and family crests and military insignia rings can be worn on either hand. To put it in brief form, a gentleman can deck himself out in quite a tidy array of jewelry without taxing the limits of good taste. ⌗



# *Encore for a "Cliffhanger"*

*Continued from page 60*

cal. Frank is Paramount's top dramatic tailor, specializing in made-to-measure plots. It was he who concocted the drolly humorous *Welcome Stranger* to serve as a sequel to the *Going My Way* of Crosby and Fitzgerald. In *The Perils of Pauline* he has dreamed up the perfect combination of uproar and nostalgia to repeat the box-office triumph of Miss Hutton's *Incendiary Blonde* (which deals with the career of Texas Guinan).

The supporting cast supports like a pair of new garters. Frank Faylen is a pale-faced comic fury as the boss of the sewing-machine girls. John Lund is just right as Pearl's stuffed-shirt leading man who wistfully keeps believing that movie acting should bear some slight relation to good acting. Constance Collier is wonderful as a grand old ham and, in a company of hams, Billy De Wolfe is a premium that would delight the eye of Mr. Hormel. Whether he's mouthing subtitles for a silent movie or teaching Pearl diction with tones "ro-oound like an o-o-orange," he's one of the standout elements of what the American public is bound to consider a standout picture.

### *Dear Ruth*

THE same funny Mr. De Wolfe takes quite a beating in this one. It isn't his fault. Shakespeare said, "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." This advice applies to movies. And movie directors should go by it more often. When a play has been an outstanding success in New York and Chicago, a little thought—not too much, just a little—should convince the director that the same methods would make it a success in Hollywood.

This apparently is a new idea to William Russell, who performed the last rites for the celluloid version of Norman Krasna's stage success, *Dear Ruth*. Mr. Krasna's comedy was not a dramatic milestone. But a lot of people, including me, laughed at it. It had exactly the sort of contrived plot that Broadway always is denouncing Hollywood for using. There is a misunderstanding between a boy and a girl, which anyone in his right mind would clear up in five minutes. But no one *does* clear it up until five minutes before the show is over. Paramount has been making this plot every week for the past thirty-three years and, apparently, should be left alone with it. After Broadway showed it how to do what it had already been doing, the studio became confused.

The secret of Mr. Krasna's stage success was pace. A bobby-soxer wrote love letters to a soldier and signed her older sister's name to them. When the soldier showed up on furlough, he was so confident, so eager, and so breezy that you would believe the older sister would be kept off-balance by his very impetuousness. So were her father and her fiance. You believed the plot (at least while you were looking at it) because the dashing soldier gave them no time to explain anything. As Mr. Russell directs William Holden in the part, a tongue-tied man would have time to explain Einstein's theory of relativity or the transmigration of souls between any two of his speeches. Russell has inflicted the same slow pace on all his other actors. The whole cast seems to be pausing for a moment of silent prayer (and perhaps with good reason) before any given line is spoken.

Because of this, a hit play becomes a mediocre picture. You can't blame the script. Arthur Sheekman's screenplay retains almost all of Krasna's good dialogue. And some of this gets laughs even though most of it is delivered wrong. And you can't blame the actors. Edward Arnold, who impersonates the father, had the identical role in *Janie* and was terrific in it. The soft and womanly Joan Caulfield should have made an ideal Ruth and Mr. Holden proved that he could be a believably demanding lover in another Paramount opus, *Blaze of Noon*. Mary Philips, as the mother, bursts into self-conscious song on a couple of occasions and seems to embarrass herself as much as the spectators.

As a man whose house is perpetually full of bobby-soxers, I've always found Mr. Krasna's version of the letter-writing younger sister a little hard to take. She's so much like a one-girl pressure group that I always suspected the playwright of using an adolescent letter carrier to deliver subtle, adult messages. But on the stage, where her crusading intensity was counterpointed by a recognizable cub-bear clumsiness, she was a fairly attractive youngster. The fact that this character is a child is entirely overlooked in the impersonation inflicted upon Mona Freeman. She plays all her scenes with a somnambulist's stare, like a zombie preaching revolt to *The Cat People*.

But the real casualty is Billy De Wolfe. Everyone who heard that he was going to play the part of the harassed fiance really expected something. Never since the invention of Platonic Love has a man been so called upon to be entertaining while not doing anything. There ought to be some sort of insurance policy that a comedian's fan could take out to guard against such accidents. Tyrone Power should take this up at the next meeting of the board of Lloyds of London. Billy reads his lines well enough but, after he's read them, Russell doesn't know the camera well enough to cut away from him. So Billy's left standing there with a frozen expression on his kisser, looking as though he were waiting for Bob Hope to die and will him some dialogue.

### *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*

THERE was only one way to louse up *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*. And, with unerring accuracy, the producer found it. The play, which starred Elisabeth Bergner, was clumsily written. It was full of references to an irrelevant crime that once had been committed in the same house. And there was a coincidental burglar who started prowling around offstage at the exact moment when the plot needed him most. But the play had two magnificent dramatic qualities—a slow and fascinating character revelation, and suspense. The play kept experienced theatregoers on the edge of their seats. The picture will keep them on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

The play introduced Miss Bergner as a fluttery and doting little heiress married to a strapping portrait painter who was a bit of a cutie-pie and a parlor show-off. The audience recognized him as something of a jerk, but it was inclined to approve of the match because he was making the little woman so happy. Then, little by little, the audience began to suspect that he was a killer. The audience suspected, but the wife didn't. As these suspicions gradually became certainty, the play raced to a climax that was hair-raising. The movie producer fixes all this by letting the audience see that the hero is a murderer in the first reel.

It's hard for a layman to see how a movie producer can play a drama all wrong after he's seen it played right for more than a year in the theatre. But laymen don't understand the nature of film producers. They tell the story of a playwright and one of these producers who got lost in the Mojave desert. They wandered for days without food or water. Finally, just as they were about to give up, they found a large can of tomato juice that had fallen from the pack on a prospector's burro. With glazed eyes the playwright fell upon the treasure. His skeleton hand found a rock and knocked a hole in it. Then, just as the two men were about to raise the life-giving fluid to their parched lips, the dramatist felt a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Wait!" said the producer earnestly. "First let's see how it tastes with sand in it."

On the stage, the action of *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* occurred in the south of France when the mistral was blowing (for some reason I always want to write that "minestrone"), so that the howling wind provided a fiendish obbligato for the neurotic fury of the murderer. The house was so flimsy that you felt the killer could kick a hole into the heroine's room. And the nearest protection was a provincial gendarme, miles away on a bicycle.

For some reason, the movie shifts the action to a cathedral town in England where a police constable is to be found in the heart of the village. The heroine lives in an old Tudor mansion and her boudoir has walls two feet thick that the killer couldn't break through with a bulldozer. The boudoir portals were made to withstand battering rams. At the preview whenever the killer yelled, "Open the door!" the audience yelled "Richard!" This injected a frolicsome mood into homicide, but it scarcely made for a fateful finale.

Then there's the question of bells. When the murderous husband first has evil thoughts, a racket breaks out on the sound track as though a monkey had fallen into a xylophone. This, at first, is taken as a symbol of the bad man's mental processes. But presently the chimes cut loose when nobody but the wife is around. This is a little confusing until it is revealed that the bells aren't supposed to be a mere ringing in the ears of the characters. They are the actual bells in the near-by cathedral, where the bell ringer is presumably having convulsions.

Being a kindly man, I have deferred reference to the cast as long as possible. As the trapped wife, Barbara Stanwyck gives a good performance. But she lacks the physical frailty that made Miss Bergner seem so pathetic in the same role. Miss Stanwyck is a fine healthy girl. Compared to Bergner she seems like a Golden Gloves champion. She can't convey to you the feeling of a trapped bird beating her wings against the snare. The picture omits the horrifying scene in which the husband gave the wife a glass of poisoned milk. One also recalls the frantic moment when the besieged Miss Bergner dragged piece after piece of furniture to the barricade she was building in front of her door. Perhaps because she has reasonable faith in the stoutness of the architecture, Miss Stanwyck reduces this climax to a vague gesture made with one chair. Still, when you consider that she's been hopelessly miscast, Barbara does a pretty good job as the Second Mrs. Carroll.

There is no First Mrs. Carroll in the picture. They kill her off in the first sequence behind a closed door. To serve her plot function, they introduce a new character—the killer's charming and precocious little daughter. Ann Carter, a fine child actress, plays this part with a skill that supplies the one high point in an otherwise low-level picture. Tom Job's screenplay gives her some great lines in the scene where she unwittingly lets Stanwyck know that she's married to an habitual slayer. If the audience hadn't already been told everything the child is saying, this scene would be terrific. But, to anyone who loves children, little Miss Carter's brilliant performance is apt to be depressing. The thought that this lovable youngster must go through life with a tainted heredity, as the child of a homicidal maniac, is one to dissipate all thoughts of a happy ending—even after the Second Mrs. Carroll has been rescued. But the facts of heredity are out of fashion among Hollywood producers. They not only are rewriting plays; they are rewriting science. They go on the theory that Mendel was only kidding when he discovered the Mendelian law. They refuse to admit that heredity has anything to do with forming character. The only thing that counts is environment. According to them, the Jukes family would have been nice kids if someone had just pulled down a tenement. I'm for slum clearance too, but I don't think it justifies throwing science out the window.

We must face the bitter truth about the male members of the cast of *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, even though Esquire is a man's magazine. The truth is that the men involved come off much worse than the women. The plot called for a second-rate doctor. But there's a lot of difference between a second-rate doctor and a sixtieth-rate doctor. Nigel Bruce plays this slipshod socialite medico as though he were W. C. Fields selling Kickapoo Juice at the Nodaway County Fair.

And then there's Humphrey Bogart, in the role of the killer. This is the first adverse review I've ever written about Bogey. In fact I was once promised an Ingersoll watch by the Egan's Rats gang of East St. Louis if I wouldn't let a bad word concerning the world's favorite hard guy pass my lips until my fifty-first birthday. But there are limits to what a guy can take—even for an Ingersoll. Bogey really stinks up the screen as the mad painter. And he could have been good. Of course, he'd never have been believable as the cute lounge lizard the husband was in the first act of the play. But he has a good sense of humor and the part could have been written to enable him to employ his own type of comedy. In fact, in some of the scenes he is funny—but not when he means to be. His final exit is hilarious. As the cops are hauling him off to the local nut house, he suddenly pauses in the middle of the screen and makes like John Barrymore with the following line: "Couldn't I (pause) offer you gentlemen a drink? (Long pause.) Perhaps a glass of milk?" After that, there's nothing to do but convict him. If Billy De Wolfe had been given that kind of dialogue, *Dear Ruth* would have been the comedy hit of the season.

### *Fiesta*

YOU'LL find much to like in this tuneful and relaxing Technicolor musical. Most of the picture was shot in Mexico and there's nothing more restful, more soothing and delightful than a vacation in our beautiful sister republic to the south—even if that vacation necessarily must be limited to a crowded hour and a half in a theatre.

*Fiesta* brings you gorgeous scenery of high arid plateaus (and of Esther Williams in a wet yellow bathing suit). It has lilting music played by Mexican orchestras and some charming singing and dancing by two personable newcomers, Ricardo Montalbon and Cyd Charisse. It is made humorous by the comedy of Akim Tamiroff and Fortunio Bona-Nova, backed up by one of the silliest plots ever written.

If Petrillo is as good as they say he is, it's high time he did something to stop the way the movies are blackening the fair names of symphony composers. These movie-musical geniuses are getting worse than Nazis. In fact, they're a lot like Nazis. In *Humoresque* poor Joan Crawford had to commit suicide because John Garfield was so busy with his fiddle that he wouldn't take time out to take her to lunch. Only to lunch, mind you, not to dinner. He wouldn't stop fiddling long enough to get her a cup of coffee and a sandwich, with maybe a little catsup. Now, I ask you! And in *City for Conquest*, little Jimmy Cagney had to go into the prize ring and get beat up until he lost his eyesight so that Arthur Kennedy could get into Carnegie Hall. And just for one night. He didn't even get to sleep there. He had to pack up and go home as soon as the concert was over. And for that Cagney had to go shuffling up and down Broadway for the rest of his life, selling newspapers. But he was happy. He knew he'd done his part to help his brother write one more symphony, about the elevated railroad. And then LaGuardia, or somebody, tore down the elevated. Then where was Cagney? And where was his brother? They were stuck with a symphony about a railroad that wasn't there. It all seems so futile.

And, in the movies, the mothers of composers are even worse than the composers. Those old women just won't stop at anything. They keep turning to their husbands and saying, "Why don't you give up your business, Joe? Why don't you take up box fighting? Why don't you get in the ring with Joe Louis? It would help Junior with his music lessons. He wants to see—his name in lights—the darling!"

Well, so Junior wants to see his name in lights! Is that any reason to break up a home? A neon sign only costs $25 or $30. What if it costs $35! Wouldn't it be worth it to get a sign that spells "Junior" and to set it up in the living room? Or you could even put it up in the kid's bedroom. On the ceiling. Then Junior could look at it when he went to sleep at night. It'd give him pleasant dreams. And the other members of the family would rest a whole lot easier if they knew they didn't have to get beat up at Madison Square Garden or mortgage the store.

In *Fiesta*, music mucks up the bullfight business. That's getting pretty extreme. The hero walks out on a bullfight engagement because he wants to play with the National Orchestra. That's Carnegie Hall con carne. And who do you think fights the bulls for this guy while he's reaching an octave up in Mexico City?

It's *his sister*! His twin sister! I'm not kidding. I hope I drop dead, but I'm not kidding! His pretty little sister has to put on tight spangled pants and go out and slap those bulls around in front of a lot of strangers.

So she puts on pants! Why am I complaining? The part is played by Esther Williams. On her they look good. And let's not be naïve—this is the reason M-G-M made the picture. Esther Williams' form is one of Metro's greatest assets. Usually you see her as a swimmer. But those tank shots are expensive and they've got an economy drive on out in Culver City. The banks told Joseph M. Schenck he'd have to find some way to show Esther off without such big water bills. So she took up bullfighting. The whole thing is simple, once you're in the know. It's a capitalistic plot when you get right down to it. There's no way you can re-use old water. But they can use old bulls in the studio commissary. Of course, there's always the chance that somebody may find a used banderilla in a hamburger. But the waiters have an answer for that. They just say it is "Salisbury steak, garni."

I've seen a lot of bullfights in Spain and Mexico. And, when you get right down to it, the object of the sport is to kill the bull; not embarrass him. You'd hardly guess it from this picture. It doesn't show Miss Williams doing anything but capework. And when she gets through with the bulls she slaps their faces and turns her back on them. The bulls die of broken hearts.

Now some of this isn't as wacky as it sounds. Once in awhile a great matador is able to confuse the bull, by a series of rapid passes with the cape, so that he becomes harmlessly groggy or "fixed." When this happens the bullfighter, to demonstrate his prowess, may slap the bull's face. He may even turn his back and take a bow. (They lose a lot of good matadors that way.) But all bulls don't get groggy and I've never seen a bullfighter who was able to fix one after another as Esther does.

Of course, American audiences will appreciate the omission of the more gory details. And every lover of grace and beauty will admire Miss Williams' skill with the cape. The film cutter did a thrilling job here. The matadors who doubled for the heroine in the long shots must have been among Mexico's greatest. (They work excitingly close to the horns.) And in the close angles, Miss Williams executes a series of *mariposas*, *veronicas*, and *faroles* that are remarkable for a girl whose only previous capework has consisted of getting her ermine wrap out of Mike Romanoff's checkroom.

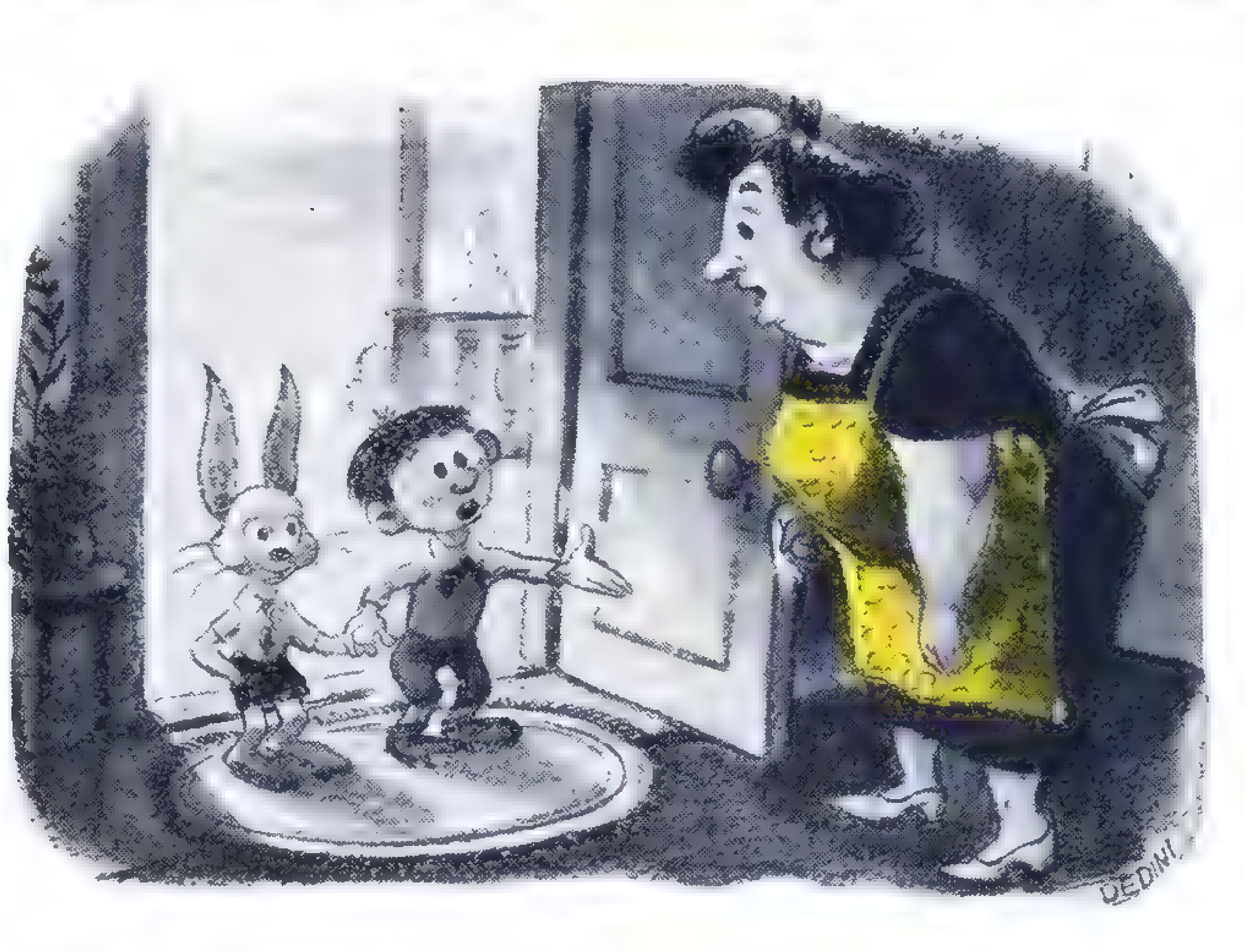
For her skill, the script rewards her with marriage to John Carroll. John continues to be exactly like Clark Gable. Not Gable as he is on the screen, but Gable as he was when he worked as a telephone lineman. John rolls his orbs and waves his arms in the love scenes as though he were trying to keep snow out of his eyes while splicing a party line in the middle of a blizzard. But his bravura mannerisms aren't too out of place here. In fact, they add something to the colorful qualities of the picture.

### *Homestretch*

HERE's another eye-filling Technicolor spectacle—with animals. This time it's horses. Sports lovers are treated to spectacular shots of Santa Anita, the Ascot Gold Cup, Churchill Downs, the Kentucky Derby, and the Palermo at Buenos Aires. The hero's horse wins. There are also gorgeous Technicolor shots of the most recent coronation in London. Here, the king wins.

But the quadrupeds don't get

*Continued on page 120*



*"—and then the magician asked for volunteers and Willie went up on the stage, and—"*

## Encore for a "Cliffhanger"

Continued from page 119

all the footage. There also are some fairly handsome bipeds: Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara and Helen Walker. In this picture, Miss O'Hara starts acting. It's a little early to announce the results of this experiment. But she and Mr. Wilde have a bedroom scene that really arouses emotion and that, they tell me, is the primary intention of acting. Maureen's beauty is itself dramatic. Audiences will pay to look at her—with or without gestures.

The story starts when a professor drops dead at Santa Anita. With the wages they are paying schoolteachers, that's as good a place as any. Mr. Wilde, who follows the track, wants to buy the professor's horse from his heirs. This professor didn't believe in picketing the high school. He was smart. He used his knowledge of calculus to work out parlays at the pari-mutuel windows at Santa Anita. It was a good idea, but he still dropped dead.

The horse is inherited by the professor's sister in Boston. For some reason Twentieth Century-Fox seems sore at Boston. Maybe the critic on the *Herald* didn't like *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim.* Or maybe the New England Watch and Ward Society has been trying to put a hobble skirt on June Haver. Or it might be that Zanuck's just trying to get his money out of the snow machine he bought for *The Late George Apley.* For some reason, Boston, on the Fox lot, is a place of slush and spinsters. The sister, who inherited the horse, is a sourpussed old maid who wants nothing to do with tracks or touts.

But her niece is something else again. Her niece is Maureen O'-Hara. Maureen takes a few looks at Cornel and decides that she hasn't *lived.* And this Cornel is a hep guy. He knows more about women than a seminary mouse and he keeps following Maureen around and proposing a fate worse than a muddy track at Bay Meadows. But at heart he's a fine fellow and a gentleman. After he learns what love is, he levels with the girl and advises her to marry her fiance, a handsome diplomat (Glenn Langan). He explains to her that he'll never want to settle down and be a husband.

This inflames her with a desire to marry him and to change him. Basically, the gambler is a lot more honest than the fair Bostonian. She apparently didn't listen to a word he said when he explained his character to her. Because they've hardly been married before she starts getting wistful for domesticity. She wishes the race track could run past the kitchen window so a wife could take an interest in her husband's work while shaking out a tablecloth. Things are further complicated by the diplomat who keeps coming back into the story. He's so tired of foreign policy that he longs to be domestic. He's of that special breed of man that they used to raise for the Gene Stratton Porter novels—half Adonis and half Newfoundland dog—always handsome and always loyal. Despite their looks, these men never attract the attention of another woman. No matter how they are treated, they're always there when the heroine wants them.

The plot also embraces a horse that will run only when he hears Spanish. But just let him hear "*Buenos Dias*" and he can outrun anything. He may be a cousin to that Will Rogers horse who wouldn't gallop unless he heard *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-A*! So, with the assistance of eccentric horses and peculiar men, Maureen finally gets her wish. She and Cornel settle down and raise horses on his ancestral acres in Maryland. This concealed real-estate asset had been waiting for him all the time. #

Continued from page 60

## Reunion at Joliet

Continued from page 71

things that a minute before were dull and indifferent begin to get interesting."

It was a strange friendship, but a real one. Jay and Charlie never talked about it, yet it was there, unselfish and genuine and rich, like the soft vein of gold in a clump of grey ore. I was happy in those days, but I envied them. Fortune strews her favors so sparingly that friendship, deep and close and tacit, comes only to a few.

A door slammed and I was back in Jerry's. A trucker walked stiff-legged to the bar, ordered a beer, stretched, and lit a cigarette. He downed his beer in three gulps. A belch escaped him and he shuffled out, taking deep drags on his cigarette.

Charlie couldn't find a comfortable position. He wiggled in his chair and drummed his fingers.

"Take it easy," I finally said to him. "You're giving me the jitters."

"Sorry," he said. "I—you know—the waiting."

"Did you write him much?" I asked.

"Quite a bit at first, but his answers were slow. This past year there were no letters, except the one telling me he would be released today."

"You're sure he knows where to come?"

"Hhmm," he said affirmatively, and looked out the window again. I could see he didn't want to talk too much. The conversation was a strain.

There was nothing to do, so I thought some more about Jay. After college he went to Chicago and poked out copy for a small agency. In a little time he was making book for the boys in the office and slipping out to the track whenever he could. He made money. Lots of it. When he quit his job, he was living in a plush tower apartment on Lake Shore Drive and owned the bluest Cadillac convertible in town. Not bad for a kid of 24. But Jay's poise and manner were ageless. Once he invited me over for a drink with some of his friends and I was struck by the way he blended with men and women much older than he, and by the smoothness with which he handled the various touts, messengers, competitors and clients of his trade. Jay was personable, slick. At that time I didn't think he could ever get into any trouble that he couldn't get out of.

Every couple of weeks he would drive down to Springfield. Charlie was working there in a research office that supplied facts and figures to the state legislators. Inside of five minutes they were wrapped in their old argument. Charlie would warn and worry and try to show that gambling was risky and demeaning. Jay would just grin and say, "Oh, Charlie, you're a chump. Don't keep fuming about me. I'll get along."

Then when he'd see Charlie was eating in a two-bit beanery and rooming in a dismal ramshackle house, he'd leave an envelope on the desk or some place where Charlie wouldn't find it until he left. It would contain a couple of hundred-dollar bills and a note something like: "Buy yourself a couple of steaks and a new flop. Pay me back when you get a break."

One week end Jay didn't come down as planned. Charlie took the earliest train to Chicago and found Jay in jail. In one sudden streak his luck had about-faced and left him deeply in debt. Instead of blowing town, Jay stood fast and declared his status, promising to pay up as soon as he could. This didn't satisfy one indignant player who said Jay owed him $6000. He must have been a sorehead, and a foolish one at that, for he had Jay thrown in the cooler where he couldn't do a thing. Of course there was no evidence to prosecute and they were just about to drop the whole matter when the Internal Revenue Department appeared. The incident had attracted their attention and Jay was nailed down fast. He was into them, they said, for something between $40,000 and $65,000.

Charlie worked determinedly to save Jay. He got a good lawyer, served as an intense and forceful character witness, and prayed fervently for a light sentence. For once there was no argument between them. Without saying a word they understood each other.

I was on hand when Jay was sent up. The courtroom was old, gloomy, scarred by decades of human squabbles, stained with the stuff of misery. It was a steamy day in late August. We waited, listless and wilted. Finally the judge came in and gave Jay five years with a maximum of two years off for good behavior. When he had finished talking Charlie walked over to Jay. They stood there sweating and talking quietly. Finally Jay grinned. They didn't shake hands. Charlie came up the aisle toward me. We didn't say a word all the way back to his hotel. That, I'm sure, was the toughest day of Charlie's life. Things like that always hit the truly kind people hardest, and Charlie was the kindest man I ever knew.

I must have started when I saw him, for Charlie was on his feet in a second, looking anxiously down the road.

"I recognize the walk," said Charlie, staring at the figure coming toward the café. Jay walked jauntily, springily, as though he were already enjoying life again. "Lord, look at that. He hasn't changed a bit."

"Did you want him to change?" I asked.

"No, no." Charlie's excitement was mounting tremendously. Jay seemed to be hurrying too.

"What can I tell him?" asked Charlie. "What can I tell him so that right away he'll know everything's all right?"

It was unanswerable. And Charlie, I thought, how are you going to tell him how much you've missed him? And how can you say how glad you are to see him again? Are there any words? What can you possibly say that will make any sense?

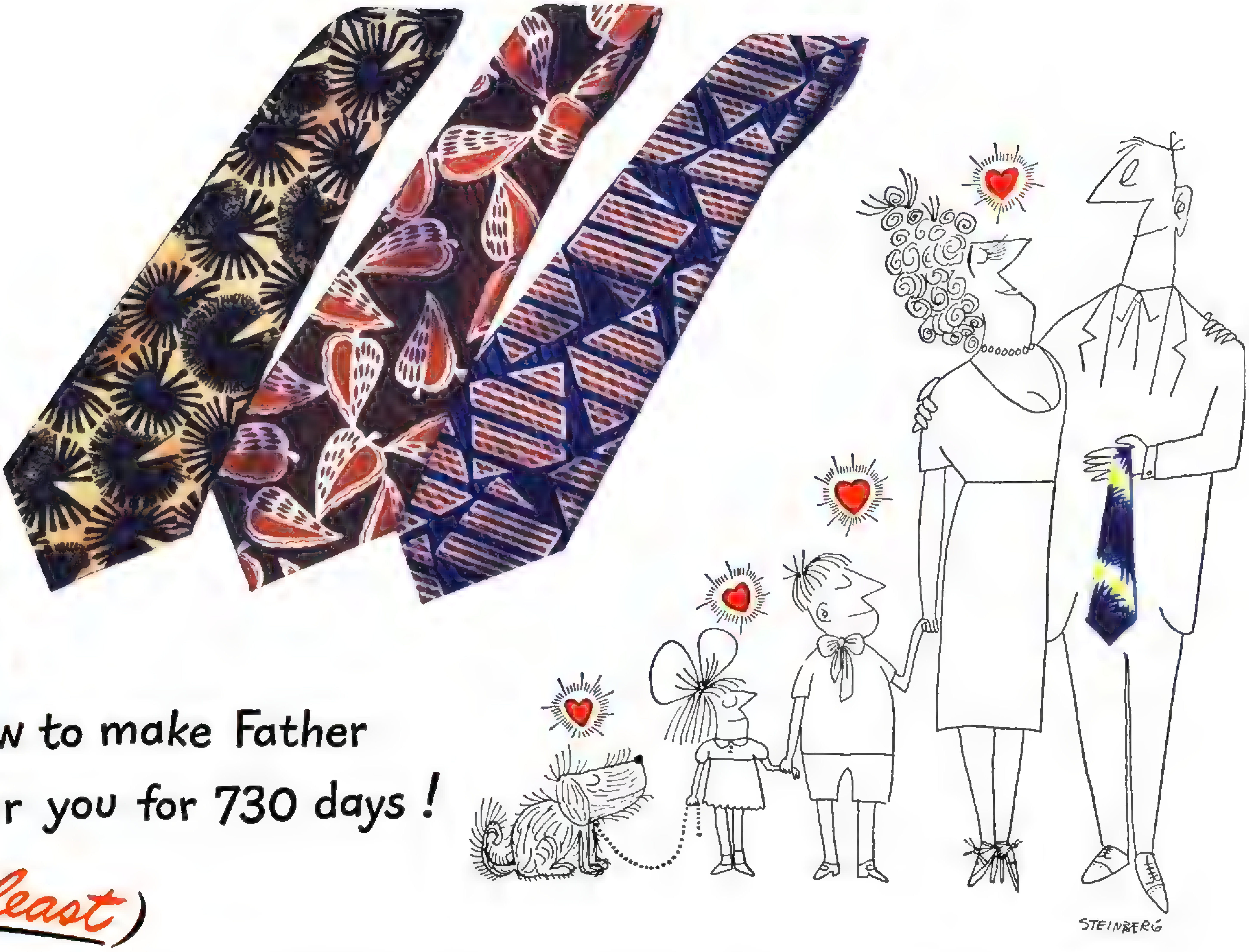
I wanted to help but I couldn't. Jay was cutting across the driveway and making for the entrance to the café. Charlie stood up trembling.

The door opened softly and Jay walked—a little slower now, a little more humbly—across the room. Charlie met him halfway and they clasped hands. Neither had spoken. You could see that they both were working for words, fighting for the right thing to say, and swallowing hard.

Suddenly it was very easy. They both began to cry. Their features worked, they shook hands, and tears streamed down. Not wrenched sobs of grief, nor hurt whimperings, but the straight, silent, unembarrassed emotion of two very happy men.

Even as I stepped outside to wait I knew I did not belong. It was their reunion, not mine. But anyway, I was glad I came. #

# How to make Father remember you for 730 days! (*at least*)



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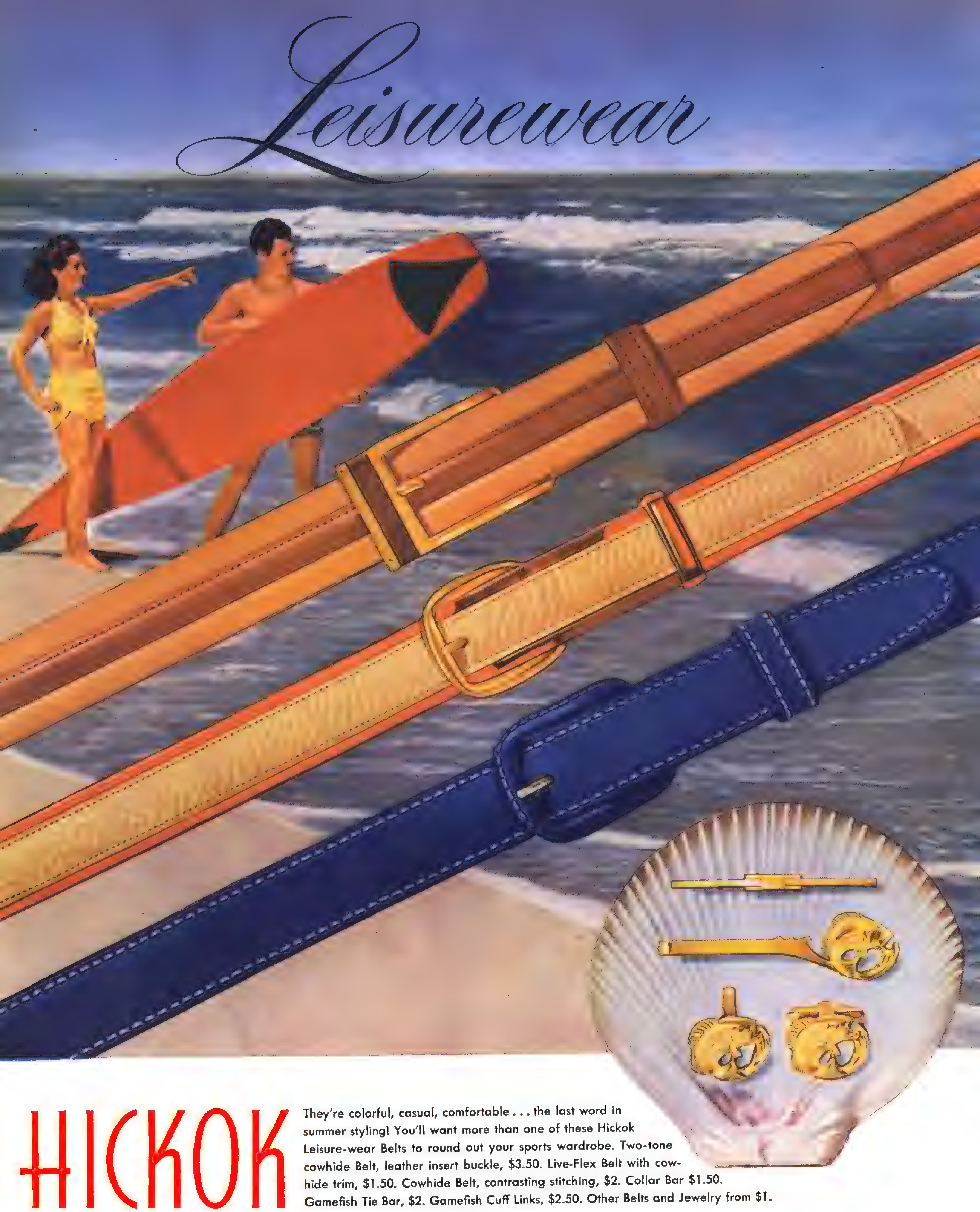

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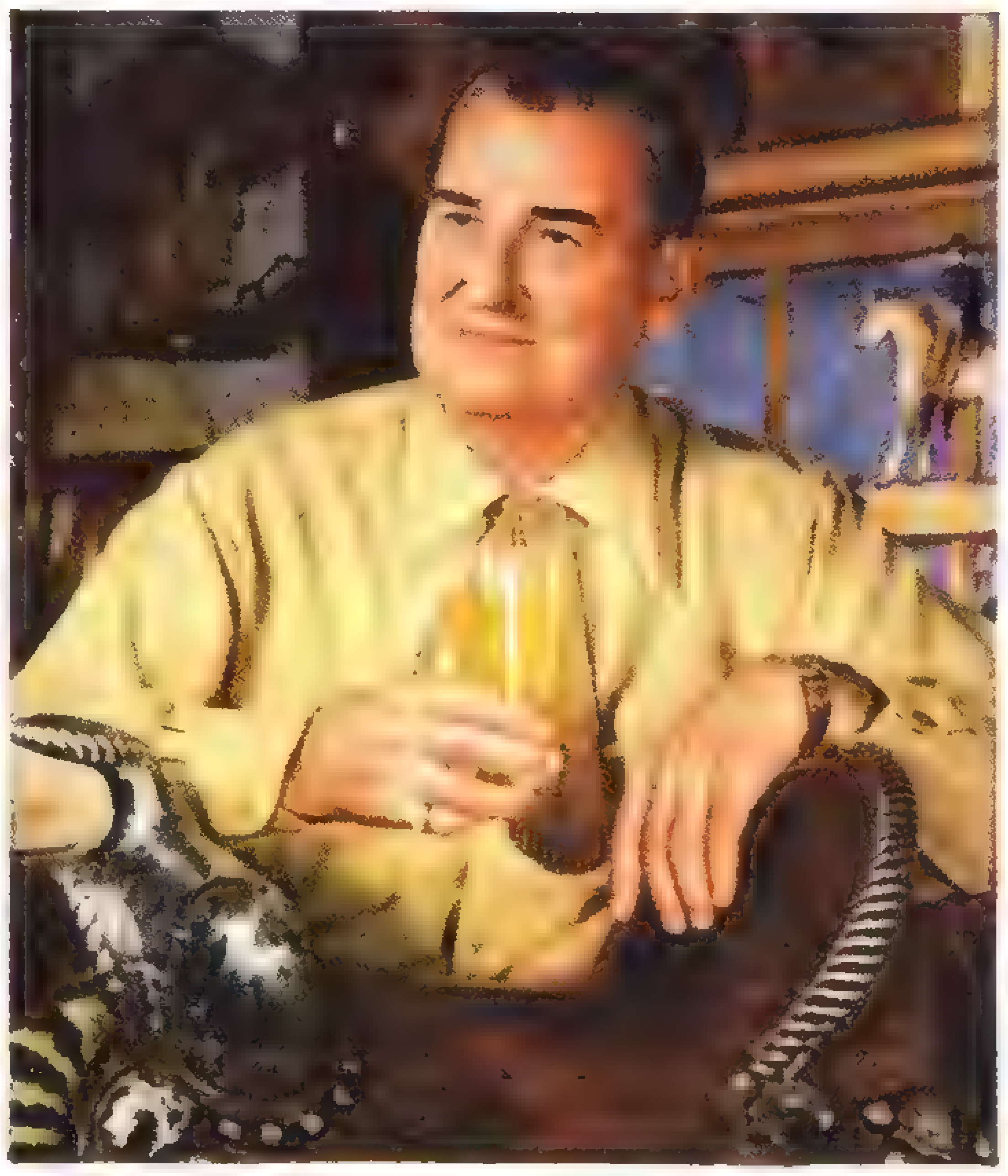

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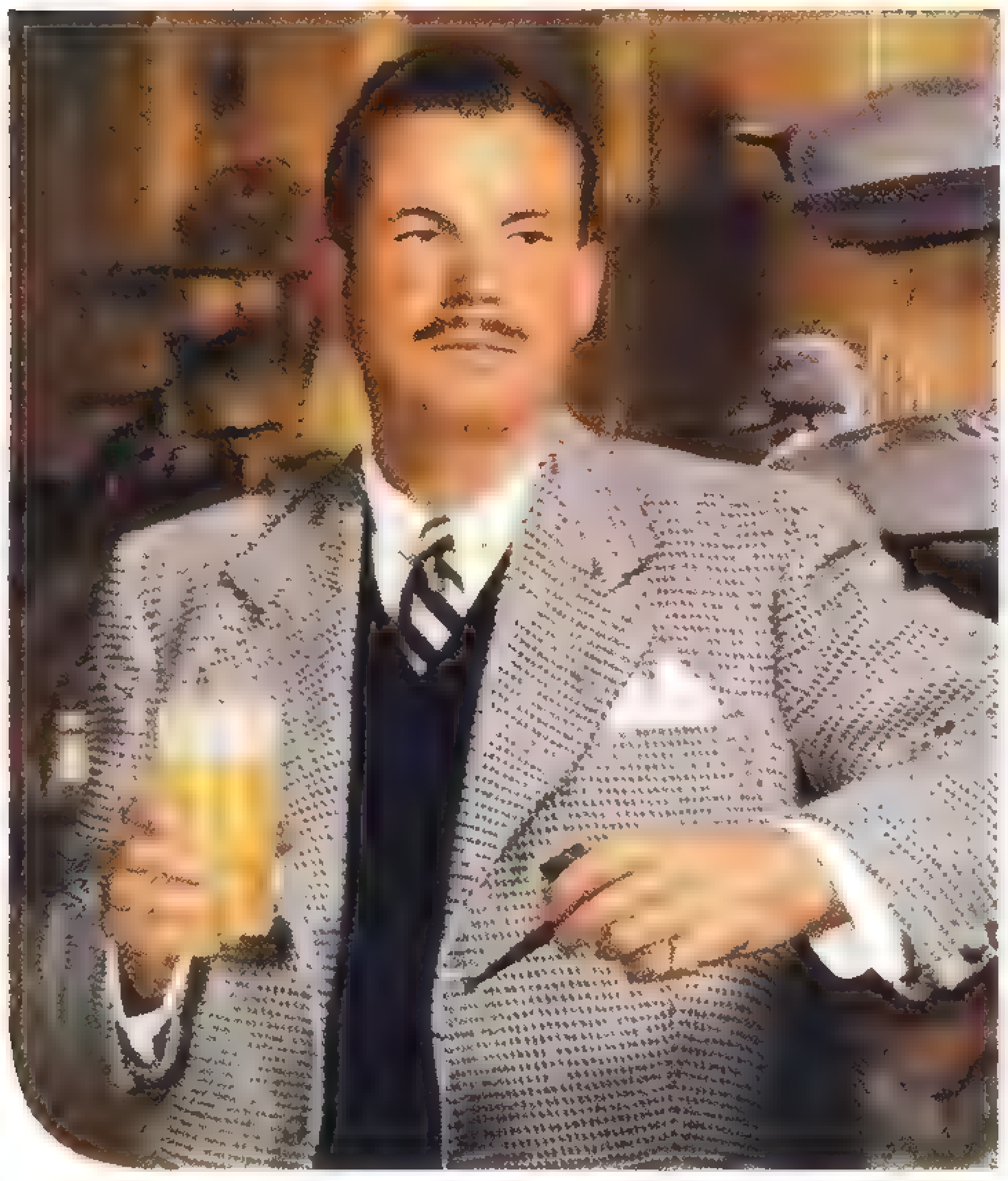

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*LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY*

## Messenger Boy to the World

Continued from page 78

Marconi came to New York to attend meetings of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Sarnoff courted him with the devotion of a sophomore for a musical comedy star. He carried Marconi's packages, delivered his flowers, ran errands in any weather, and asked questions. As a matter of fact, New York was jumping with heroes. Young Sarnoff barely had time to run all their errands.

"I weaseled my way in with the wireless operators of the *New York*, the *St. Louis*, the *St. Paul*, and the *Philadelphia*, the only American ships equipped with Marconi wireless at that time. One ship was always in port."

He wanted to be an operator. He plagued and served the wireless men by day and studied Morse at night. At sixteen the American Marconi Company sent him to sea on the steamer *New York* when the regular operator fell ill. All told, he spent two years at sea. He was the first wireless man to accompany a seal-hunting expedition into the Arctic ice fields. On board the *S. S. Beothic*, he performed a feat which was the forerunner of radio-marine medicine, widely practiced today. Getting word that the junior operator at Belle Isle, Labrador, was desperately ill, Sarnoff consulted the *Beothic*'s physician and prescribed for the sick man by Morse code.

The electron and David Sarnoff went on, hand in hand. It was radio now, not wireless. Sarnoff became chief inspector, assistant chief engineer, traffic manager, and, in 1917, commercial manager for the Marconi company. He stayed on as commercial manager when RCA acquired the Marconi property in 1919, and in eleven years became president at the age of thirty-nine. He is now fifty-six.

The far-flung network of impulses, music, messages, laboratories and images which Sarnoff heads today is a giant thing of decibels, electrons, and men. It flings radio communications around the world. It controls NBC, which owns six broadcasting stations and has 155 independent affiliated stations. It manufactures phonographs, records, tubes, sound-recording equipment for motion pictures, television equipment, dry batteries, radio parts, radar, aviation-radio equipment, broadcast-station equipment, electronic chimes, electron microscopes, high-frequency heating equipment, intercommunication equipment, microphones, motion-picture theatre equipment, public-address systems, recording equipment and sonar apparatus. It maintains enormous laboratories. RCA is the leader in radio and is so recognized throughout the world. According to a financial statement as of 1946, RCA is owned by 215,000 stockholders in every state in the union. Total assets are set down as $159,663,848.

As chief of this empire of decibels, Sarnoff can be blamed or thanked for a lot of things heard in your home—singing commercials, soap opera, the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, and Toscanini's concerts, for instance. He did not invent the commercials or the suds operas, but he did organize a great symphony orchestra as a lure to get Toscanini on the air. He originated the idea of putting a radio in your home in the first place.

Sarnoff came up with that one in 1916, when he was Marconi's assistant traffic manager. He wrote to General Manager E. J. Nally that he had in mind "a plan of development which would make radio a household utility in the same sense as a piano or a phonograph. The idea is to bring music into the home by wireless."

Sarnoff predicted that a million "radio music boxes" could be sold in three years for seventy-five million dollars. When RCA did get into this business, in 1922, the first three years' sales came to eighty-four million dollars. There are sixty million radios in American homes today. RCA made as many as anybody, and David Sarnoff's ideas are heard on all of them.

Sarnoff listens to Toscanini under enviable arrangements. He has a private wire from his home to NBC's rehearsal studios. By turning a small button he can enjoy a spate of symphony under the most delicate but commanding baton in history, and also be privy to the Maestro's vitriolic comments to offending musicians.

Considering the trouble Sarnoff took to get Toscanini on NBC, he thoroughly deserves his private concerts and the occasions when he plays hookey from his office, sneaks into the back of the rehearsal room, and listens anonymously as a music-smitten Radio City guide. The Toscanini incident reveals Sarnoff as that highly unusual human being, the artistic businessman with his head in Cloud Seven and his feet firmly on the ground.

Sarnoff set out to get Toscanini after the Maestro had split with the New York Philharmonic in 1936 and had retired to Italy in high dudgeon. Toscanini had subsided to low dudgeon when Sarnoff sent Samuel Chotzinoff, the music critic, to see him in Milan in 1937: he said he had never heard of either David Sarnoff or NBC, but if he could have the best orchestra in America—meaning an orchestra comparable to the New York Philharmonic, the Boston and the Philadelphia Symphonies—he would give ten concerts for $40,000. As an afterthought, he decided that Sarnoff should pay his American taxes.

It was Sarnoff's board of directors that gulped, not Sarnoff. A full-fledged symphony orchestra is expensive. It is temperamental, and nonself-supporting. It is ordinarily paid for by wealthy dilettantes. Until Sarnoff reached for Toscanini, Big Business had never

Continued on page 126

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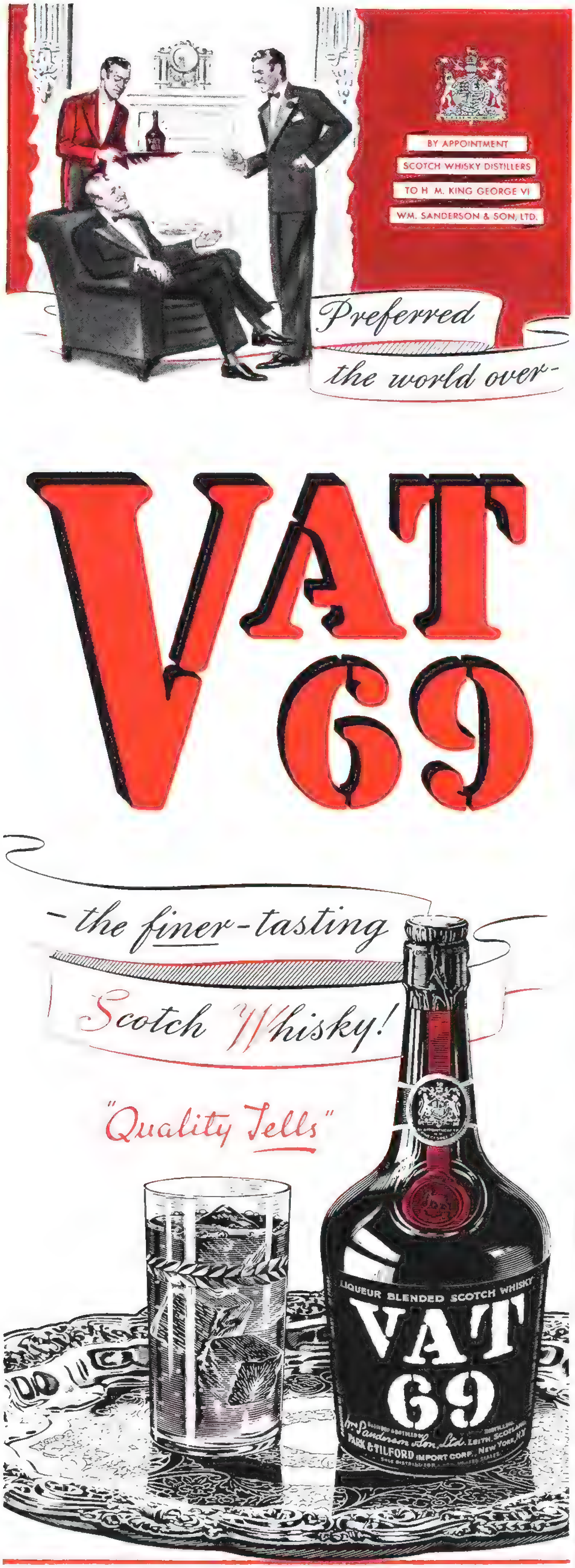
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## *Messenger Boy to the World*

*Continued from page 125*

undertaken to run a symphony.

Getting together musicians good enough for Toscanini was like scouting the ball parks for a team potent enough to beat the Yankees every day. Sarnoff was accused of raiding, but he got his musicians. The pay roll for the full ninety-two came to $12,000 a week, with some of them under contract for thirty-five weeks. Sarnoff's board of directors gulped again, and paid out $250,000.

But Sarnoff was in no music lover's Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. He hired the Toscanini artists to play fifteen hours for the Maestro and fifteen for NBC. He used them on other commercial programs, as soloists and in groups. It appears that NBC got its $250,000 back, and maybe more, too.

Aside from listening to first-rate music, which he thoroughly understands, Sarnoff has no hobbies. He is of average height and chunky, possibly a few pounds overweight, but he detests exercise, except horseback riding, which takes up too much time.

He claims to be a man of no character at the dining table. At least, he never lets his will power get the best of him in the matter of starches. He has no card sense, and plays gin rummy only when Mrs. Sarnoff insists. She wins. He is cheerfully rueful about these deficiencies, especially his passion for butter, sweet potatoes, and pastry, and regularly resolves to lead a better life. But at fifty-six he looks like forty-five, his eyes are bright, his health rugged, and he has all the bounce of his co-worker, the electron.

At his desk in his big office on the fifty-third floor of the RCA Building, Sarnoff is the ideal picture of the big business executive. He looks scrubbed and decisive. His desk is clean. Behind him stand two flags, one the Stars and Stripes, and the other a Signal Corps banner, remindful that Sarnoff served as a brigadier general in World War II, attached to SHAEF, in charge of communications, naturally. General Sarnoff, no ninety-day wonder but an officer of the Signal Corps for many years, is unquestionably entitled to be addressed as "General," and most people so address him.

His resemblance to the ideal tycoon vanishes when he performs a miracle for you, at his desk. He has never forgotten that he was once an operator, and has two telegraph keys: the aged and clumsy instrument he used in the *Titanic* days, and a silver-plated key which reposes on a chromium map of the world set in a panel which slides from the desk at a touch. Still a blazing fast operator, he fingers it casually, identifies himself with a dash, two dots, and three dots, meaning "DS," then flips over and waits for a response. It comes instantly, and you get the impression that the entire RCA Building personnel and its representatives all over the globe are poised for instructions.

It amounts to about that. Sarnoff tours the world in less than ten minutes. He passes the time of day with Oslo, Amsterdam, Prague, Madrid, Rome, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Berne, Bogotá, Rio, Montreal, Panama, Havana, London, Paris, Buenos Aires, the Dutch West Indies, Santo Domingo, and Moscow.

The symbolism of that key is as obvious as the stripes of a five-star admiral. Sarnoff is the most powerful voice there is in world-wide communications, and RCA is his Mercury. Statements like this bore him. Accounts of his accomplishments make him yawn. David Sarnoff keeps a bright and rolling eye on the future. And he has a pocketful of wonders.

Television, for instance. Television stands today where talking pictures stood at the Warner Bros. Theatre, Broadway and Fifty-seventh, New York, on the evening of August 6, 1926, when Will H. Hays' image uttered the first words heard from the screen. In short, television is here, it works, but it will be a spell before there is enough equipment to go around.

Sarnoff puts it this way: that television will be to the 1948 Presidential campaign what radio

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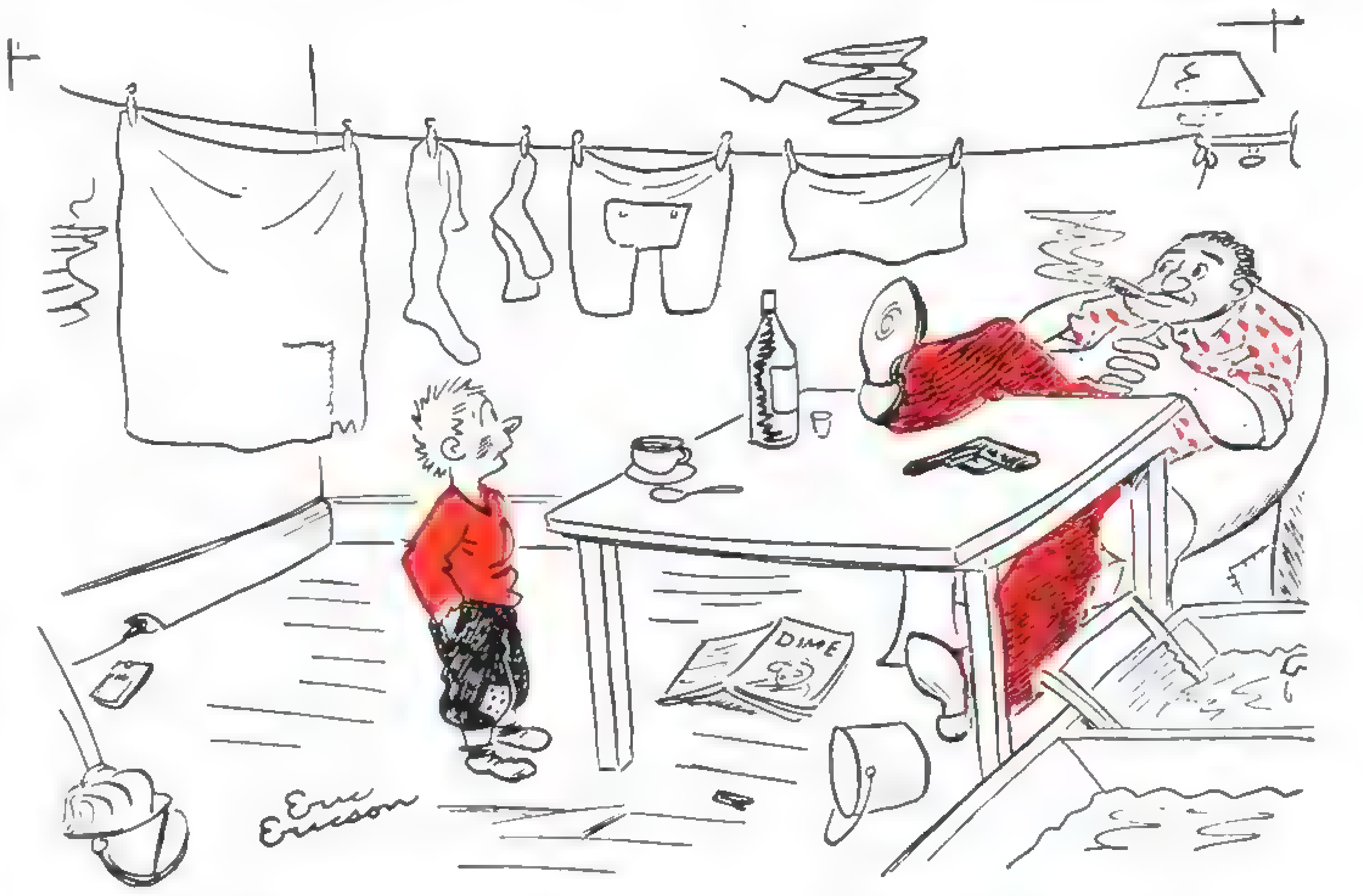

*"These surroundings, Pop—do you want me to grow up a bent twig?"*

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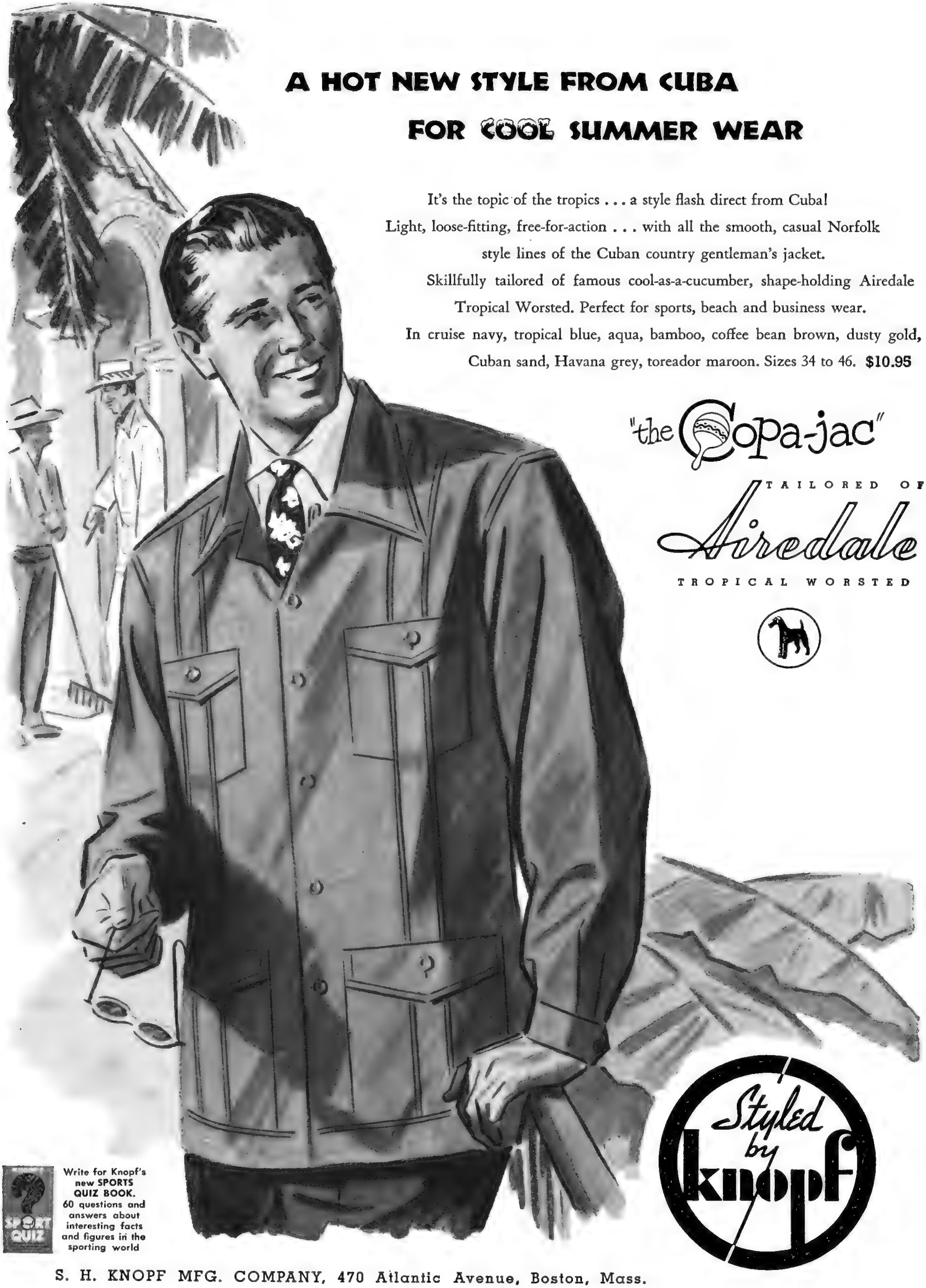

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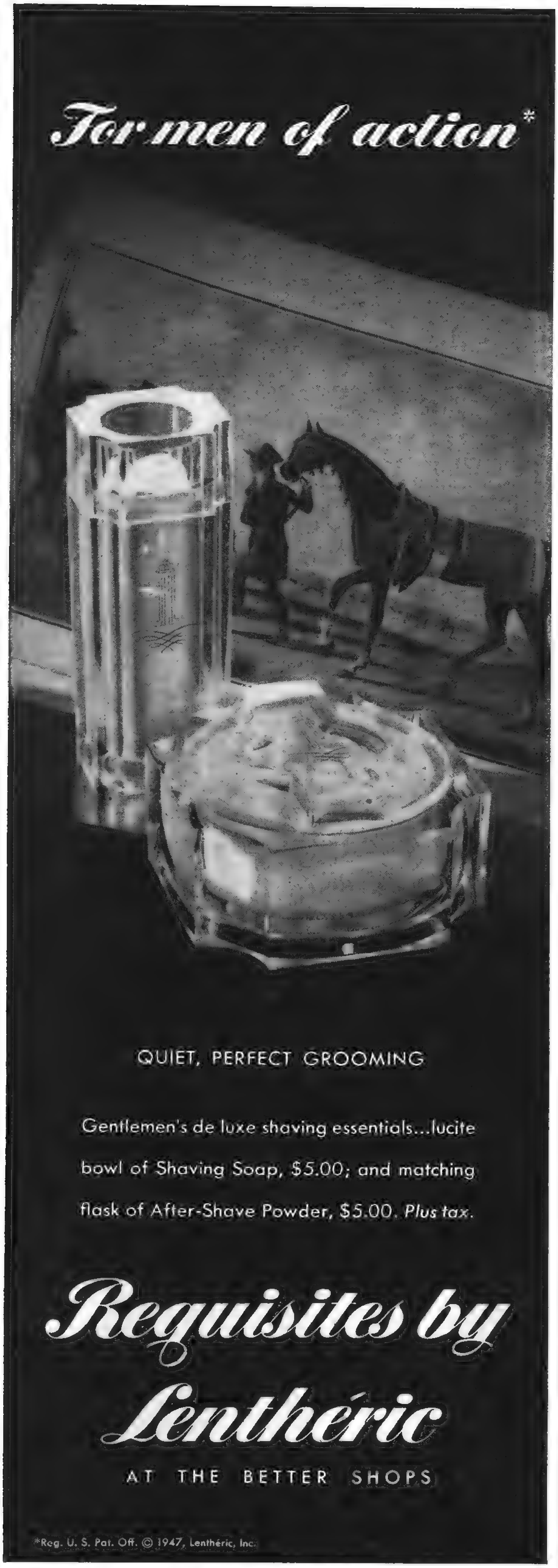
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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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## Messenger Boy to the World

*Continued from page 126*

was in 1924. You will see and hear your candidate in 1948.

"Television will be studied as a new factor in politics," he says. But he is cautious about promising that everybody will see the prize fights and football games free from now on. "Television is out of the laboratory and the receivers are made. In five years, maybe less, it will be established in the principal parts of the U. S."

Prospects may be even better than that. Television has progressed to the point now where it can be screened in color as well as in black and white. The new system, a complete departure from mechanical color, shown in various forms since 1925, is a specialty of the RCA Laboratories at Princeton, New Jersey. At the moment, it involves a new color-slide television camera which produces signals from 35 mm. Kodachrome. Reception on the screen in natural colors is achieved when a light beam from a Kinescope is focused through the slide and separated into component colors by a system of mirrors and photoelectric cells.

There has been live-action color television. Like color television as a whole, this improvement is not yet ready for public distribution. Up to now, color film and studio scenes have been televised. Outdoor-action scenes are confidently predicted by the latter part of 1947. Large-screen, theatre-size pictures, in full color, will be possible in 1948.

The RCA people, under Sarnoff, work on schedule like that. They dream up a wonder, tell you what month of the year they will hatch it.

A dream whose incubation period does not lie entirely under the control of RCA technicians is Sarnoff's proposal for a world-wide radio system owned and operated by the UN. Like any other listener, he has had to depend upon individual New York stations to hear reports from the floor of Lake Success. He pointed out that a world-wide UN station would be a potent peacemaker, and its cost of building would be less than that of two battleships—about $200,000,000. Secretary General Trygve Lie and U. S. Assistant Secretary of State William Benton immediately seconded the Sarnoff idea. Lie has turned it over to technical experts "to make practical recommendations as to a definite plan."

Sarnoff believes "the most important thing we have learned is that man is more important than machines. We know very little about what makes men tick, very little about what makes men do what they do. Conflict or co-operation? That is the problem. If we do not know how to make ourselves behave, we cannot be certain what will happen." But he thinks the next ten years will see advancements as important as all that happened in the last forty years. Then: "Peace will be determined by the proper or improper use of machines."

He believes ardently that the first hope for civilization lies in world-wide organizations. Until then, he says, "We dare not relax our national security. We must have projectiles, or rays, to destroy enemy-guided projectiles hundreds of miles from our coast."

Obviously, Sarnoff is as acutely aware as any man living that 30 Rockefeller Plaza is vulnerable to atomic bombs. But if one were on its way, the vicinity of David Sarnoff would probably be the safest place in the world. He would be odds-on favorite to hear about it first, and he knows how to go places in a hurry.

For a man so engrossed in speed and science, it is a surprise to find him philosophical. He rereads Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Chapman's *Homer*, but stands silent upon no peak in Darien. From his office issues a steady stream of concise pamphlets on radio and its commercial significance, *The Message Radio Brings to the Farmer*, *Radio and the Electric Light and Power Company*, *The Rising Tide of New Art*, *The Social Significance of Radio*, to name a few of his 150 titles.

He is faithful to his electron, but turns a friendly, if calculating eye on the atom. He thinks it can be put to work. "When the latent energy of the atom finally becomes available, it will run factories, light, heat, and cool rooms, supply power for everything from ocean liners to pocket radio transmitters. Just as the steam age and the electric age were succeeded by the radio age, it in turn may be followed by the age of atomic power."

Whether Sarnoff will wind up as one of the country's rich men is a question. He seems to care little or nothing for amassing wealth, devoting everything to developing new ways to send messages. He believes the art of giving away money is far greater than the art of making it.

"Only a few persons give intelligently," he says. "You have to start early to learn how, and you should give a percentage of your income from the start.

"Most rich men give emotionally and foolishly, making old-school-tie gestures. They should study, and take advice from experienced givers, such as the Rockefellers. This is a tragic thing, this foolish giving, when there is so much actual need crying out for help."

Sarnoff's career seems normal enough to him.

"It was only circumstances that permitted me to grow up with radio," he says. "As I grew older and developed, it grew older and developed, and it was the most natural thing in the world for me to ride along with it.

"I've been pretty lucky—supported by the electron for forty years." ⋕

*Continued from page 78*

# *How Many Can You Name?*

**A sports quiz inquiring if by their nicknames you can tab 'em**

*by* **PARKE CUMMINGS**

The badge of a sports star is a nickname. These appellations made certain competitors famous or vice versa, depending on how you look at it. See how many you can identify with the following scoring scale: 86—okay. Anything less—we're not impressed.

1. "L'il Arthur."
2. "The Meal Ticket."
3. "The Georgia Peach."
4. "Shoeless Joe."
5. "The Crocodile."
6. "The Rajah."
7. "Cash-and-Carry."
8. "The Emperor Jones."
9. "The Galloping Ghost."
10. "The Grey Eagle."
11. "The Thin Man."
12. "Ruby Robert."
13. "Big Red."
14. "Little Napoleon."
15. "The Flying Phantom."
16. "The Springfield Rifle."
17. "Mr. Hockey."
18. "The Flying Dutchman."
19. "The Bounding Basque."
20. "Me and Paul." (Two)
21. "Hurry-up."
22. "The Bambino."
23. "The Boston Tar Baby."
24. "Slingin' Sam."
25. "The Yankee Clipper."
26. "Big Poison."
27. "Longtail."
28. "Calamity Jane."
29. "The Fordham Flash."
30. "Wild Bull of the Pampas."
31. "The Babe." (Feminine)
32. "Two-ton."
33. "The Mighty Atom."
34. "The Grand Old Man."
35. "The Mad Russian."
36. "Little Bill."
37. "Crazy-legs."
38. "The Stratford Streak."
39. "Man-Mountain."
40. "Little Miss Poker-face."
41. "The Bronk."
42. "The California Comet."
43. "The Splendid Splinter."
44. "Gentleman Jim."
45. "The Balboa Bullet."
46. "The Old Arbiter."
47. "Bitsy."
48. "Little Poison."
49. "Fainting Phil."
50. "The Boston Strong Boy."
51. "Gloomy Gil."
52. "Mr. Shortstop."
53. "The Iron Horse."
54. "The Clown Prince."
55. "Five-Yards."
56. "Old Bones."
57. "Silver Fox."
58. "The Manassa Mauler."
59. "The Nonpareil."
60. "Alec the Great."
61. "Gorgeous Georges."
62. "Gene the Magnificent."
63. "The Big Train."
64. "Sleepy Jim."
65. "Peerless Hal."
66. "The Lip."
67. "The Queen of the Ice."
68. "The Flying Parson."
69. "Chesty Joie."
70. "Schnozolla."
71. "The Haig."
72. "The Two Colonels." (Two)
73. "The Flash."
74. "The Czar."
75. "Georgia Boy."
76. "Uncle Mike."
77. "Wahoo Sam."
78. "Memphis Bill."
79. "The Scholar."
80. "The Wizard."
81. "Oom Paul."
82. "Slammin' Sam."
83. "The Brown Bomber."
84. "The Cat."
85. "Ducky-Wucky."
86. "Matty."

### *Answers*

1. Jack Johnson
2. Carl Hubbell
3. Ty Cobb
4. Joe Jackson
5. René Lacoste
6. Rogers Hornsby
7. C. C. Pyle
8. Bobby Jones
9. Red Grange
10. Tris Speaker
11. Elmer Layden
12. Bob Fitzsimmons
13. Man O' War
14. John McGraw
15. Paavo Nurmi
16. Angelo Bertilli
17. Eddie Shore
18. John (Honus) Wagner
19. Jean Borotra
20. Jerome ("Dizzy") and Paul ("Daffy") Dean
21. Fielding Yost
22. Babe Ruth
23. Sam Langford
24. Sam Baugh
25. Joe Di Maggio
26. Paul Waner
27. Whirlaway
28. Bobby Jones' putter
29. Frankie Frisch
30. Luis Firpo
31. Mildred Didrikson Zaharias
32. Tony Galento
33. Ben Hogan
34. Alonzo Stagg
35. Lou Novikoff
36. William Johnston
37. Elroy Hirsch
38. Howie Morenz
39. "Man-Mountain" Dean
40. Helen Wills Moody (now Roark)
41. "Bronko" Nagurski
42. Maurice McLoughlin
43. Ted Williams
44. Jim Corbett
45. Alan Ford
46. Bill Klem
47. Bryan "Bitsy" Grant
48. Lloyd Waner
49. Phil Scott
50. John L. Sullivan
51. Gil Dobie
52. Marty Marion
53. Lou Gehrig
54. Al Schacht
55. "Five-Yards" McCarthy
56. Exterminator
57. Clark Griffith
58. Jack Dempsey
59. Jack Dempsey
60. Grover Cleveland Alexander
61. Georges Carpentier
62. Gene Sarazen
63. Walter Johnson
64. Jim Crowley
65. Hal Chase
66. Leo Durocher
67. Sonja Henie
68. Harold Cutbill
69. Joie Ray
70. Ernie Lombardi
71. Walter Hagen
72. Colonels Ruppert and Huston
73. Joe Gordon
74. Judge K. M. Landis
75. Spud Chandler
76. Mike Jacobs
77. Sam Crawford
78. Bill Terry
79. Gene Tunney
80. Willie Hoppe
81. Paul Berlenbach
82. Sam Snead
83. Joe Louis
84. Harry Brecheen
85. Joe Medwick
86. Christy Mathewson

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## Pre-Natal Care for Fathers

*Continued from page 55*

So-and-So's patient, and you say you are. It is then proper to grin foolishly and correct matters by saying that, rather, your wife is. The nurse glares at you and pushes a button, when another nurse appears. Your wife is commanded, "Follow me, please!" Your wife will be a mother before you see her again.

This little formula is varied somewhat if your baby is born at home. Upon suitable notification from your wife, you hurry to the phone and call the doctor. With your heart thumping you hear a voice say, "Dr. So-and-So's office," and are told the doctor "is out at the moment, shall I have him call you?"

Somehow this isn't just the way you expected it, but you recall that the voice is not fully aware of what you have in mind. Even when you tell the voice that your wife is taken, it will display much less excitement than you will believe due. However, you will proceed to point out that your wife is about to culminate the period of pregnancy, and that for this reason it seems desirable to have the attendance of the physician.

Nine times out of ten the voice will then say something like, "Well, he's in Millbridge to a lodge meeting, but if you think you will need him before 11:30 I can reach him."

While subsequent events will undoubtedly disclose that you could have waited until 3 a.m., you will immediately say that you need him at once. The voice then promises to reach him, and you have only to wait.

As the doctor stops out front, you will of course throw open the door to facilitate his entrance. While your whole manner suggests a "Thank God you've come in time!" greeting, this will die on your lips as you see the doctor step from his car and get down on his knees to look under the bumper and see what has been rattling and banging so. However, he will come in before long, and after an initial examination in the bedroom upstairs he will come down to talk with you and perhaps play cribbage while your wife gets around to making up her mind.

While this indifference and unconcern on the part of nurses and doctors is tantalizing at the moment, the husband should try to recall that the impending birth is, to him and his wife, fairly personal and immediate. To the profession, however, it is all in the day's work—and precipitate response by the doctor would be comparable to a hired man's running toward bucksaw and woodpile.

If your wife is at home, you can sit on the cellar stairs and wait, wondering joylessly what all the scuffling is about. If she is in the hospital, where all thoughtful men should take their wives, you will retire to the reception room.

A society for the improvement of reception rooms in hospitals has occurred to many. Hospitals boast about their fine wards, their complete operating rooms, their X-ray and therapy departments. But reception rooms for prospective fathers get little attention. If they do get any attention, it is likely to be a poorly-thought-out program, like that in a New Jersey hospital where a friend waited while his daughter was born.

This hospital had been prolific—during its history an unusual number of patients had delivered themselves of triplets. A newspaper got hold of the facts, and sent a photographer around to find all the triplets, some of whom were now twenty years old. All the triplets, from the old ones down to the new arrivals, were photographed with their happy mothers, and it made quite a story.

The newspaper sent the original photographs to the hospital, where they were hung on the reception room walls. Each succeeding set of triplets was added as occasion arose. My friend waited in that room for news of his first-born. In an hour he was a sight. He finally fainted dead away, and was revived by a puzzled nurse who told him he was the father of a seven-pound daughter and everything was fine.

How ill-advised that effort at improving the reception room was we can judge from the fact that my friend, whose daughter is now in college, occasionally rises in his sleep, and goes about counting, "One, two, three: one, two, three, etc." I might add that his wife had an easy time.

Any father-to-be who is conducting a proper vigil will find it necessary to allow ample time for expectant leaps to attention whenever a nurse goes by carrying a pan. Actually a nurse with a pan means nothing, but in your state of mind, any possible bearer of tidings will win your notice. When they get around to it, someone will recall that you are still downstairs, and a nurse will come and tell you.

The practice of throwing one's arms about the nurse, kissing her smartly, and yelling "Whee!" arises from the sudden release of nervous tension, and not from personal regard for the young lady.

At this point the husband and father, if he pauses to analyze his emotions, will observe that the change in attitude is tremendous. A moment ago he was distressed, lonely, bereft. The recovery is instantaneous and complete.

For many years it has been a practice to pass out cigars when your child is born, and provision for this will be the last pre-natal care of the father-to-be. It is often possible to delegate this testimonial of your enthusiasm to the grandfathers, especially if the baby is a boy. In the event of a girl, it is less easy to get out of it—there will forever be something inapt in the prospect of a grandmother handing around the smokes. #

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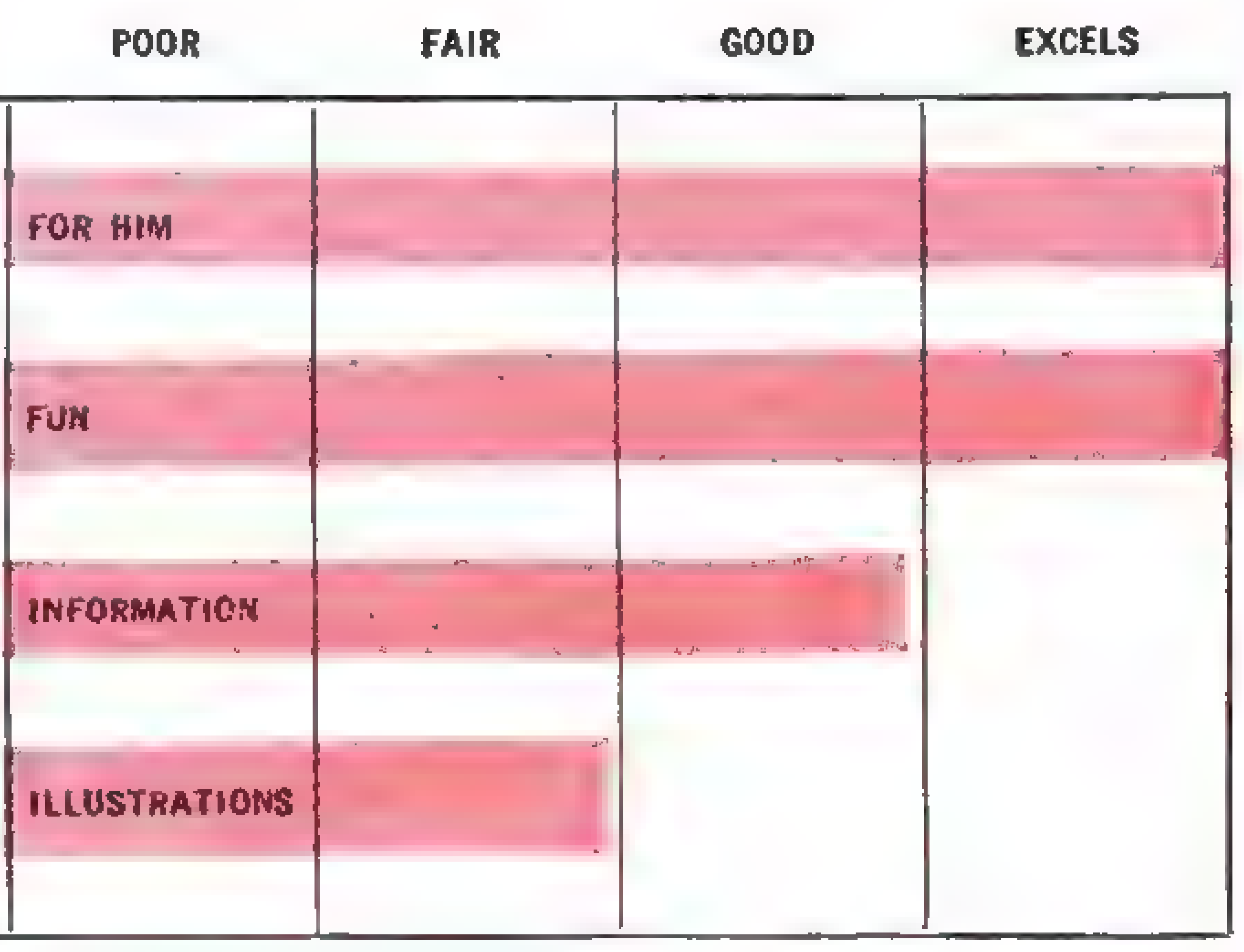
*(Military Service, $4.00)*

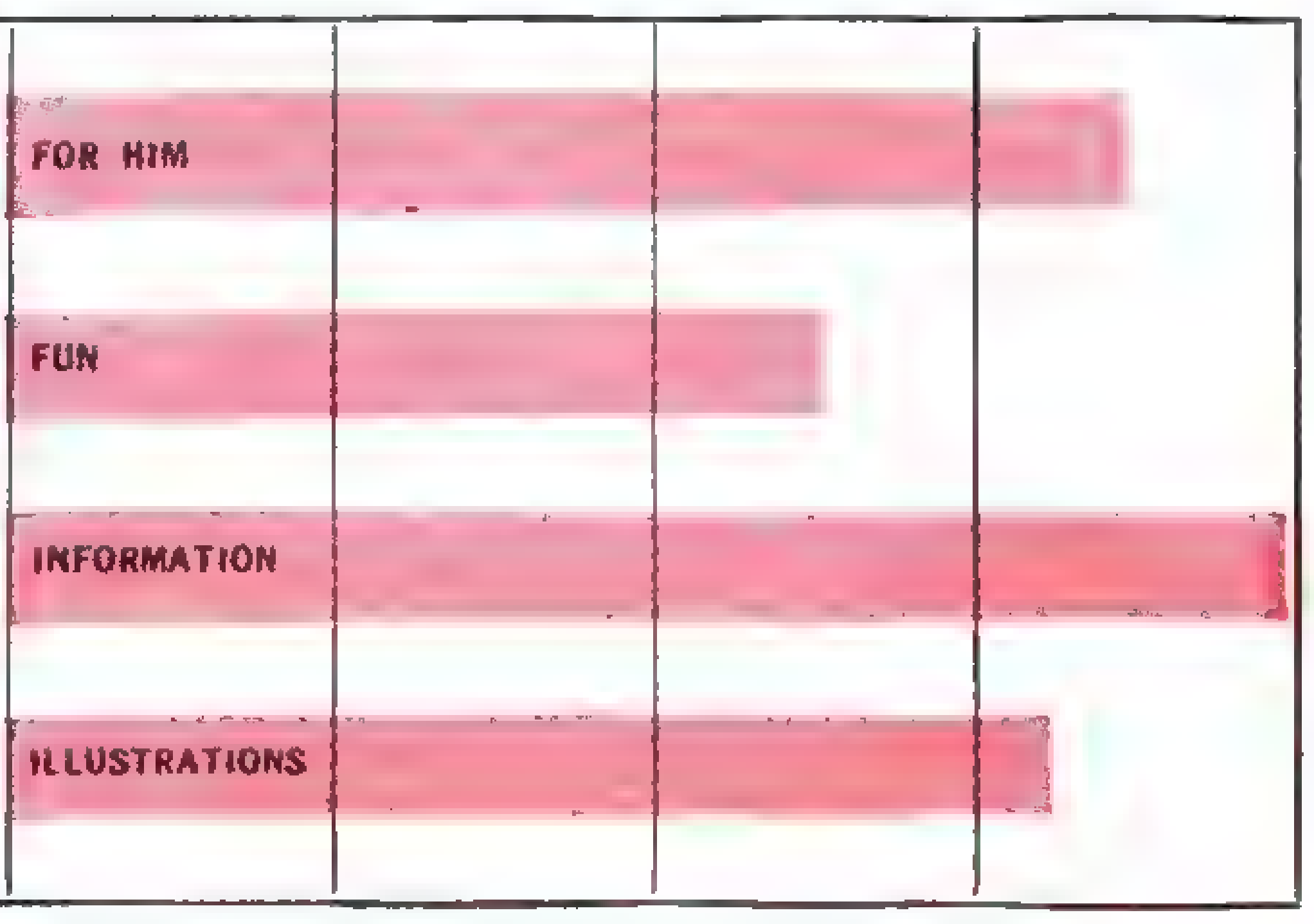
The personal adventures of the great African hunters—Selous, Baker, Neumann, etc.—provide an anthology crammed with dinner-table anecdotes and sensible information on killing bad ones.



### With Fly, Plug and Bait

*by Ray Bergman*
*(Morrow, $5.00)*

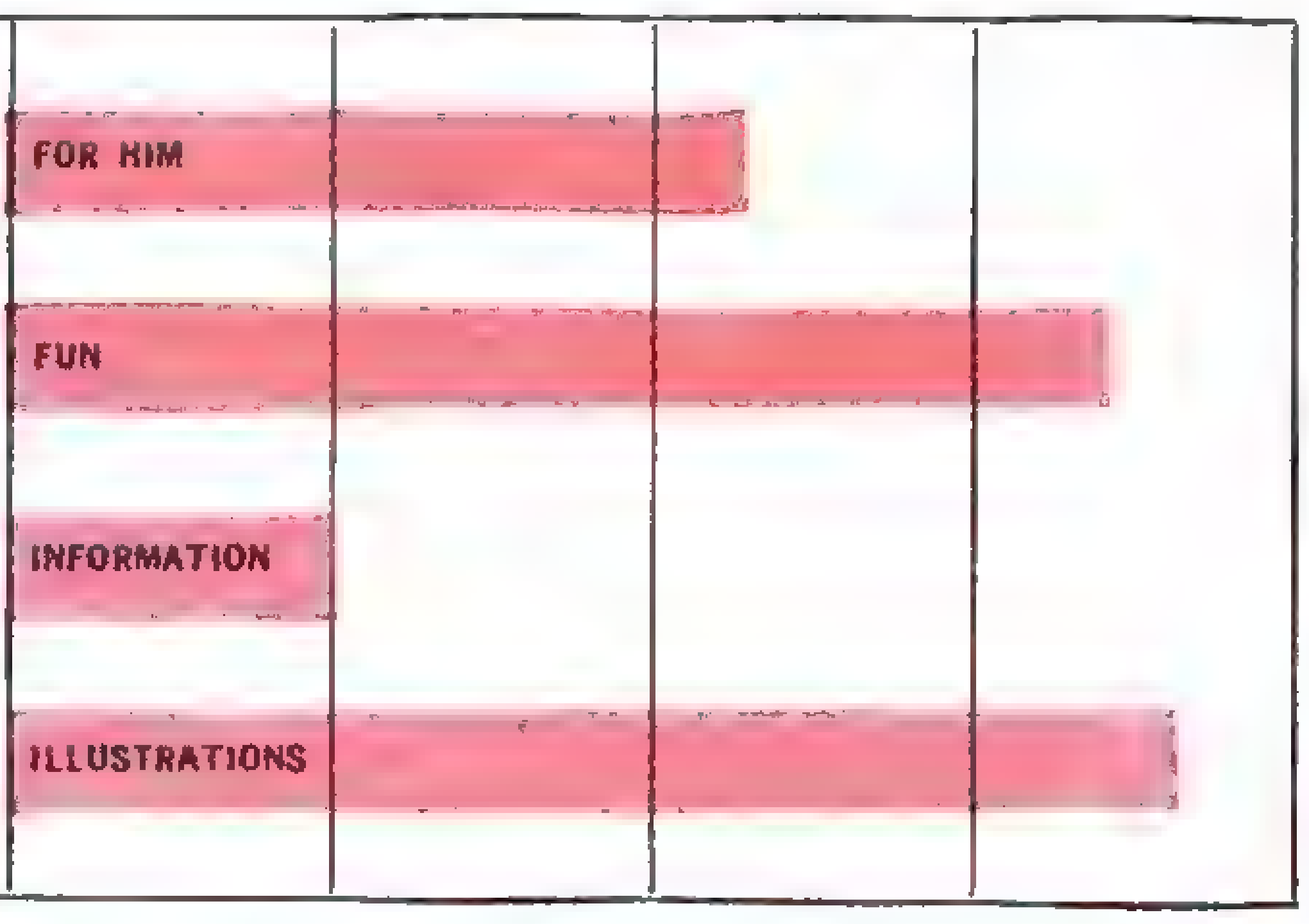
A calm, authoritative and scrupulously detailed book for United States fishermen. Gives expert advice on all baits and lures, also such odds and ends as how to stalk, care for, and feed worms. A comprehensive fly chart is included.



### Fur or Feather

*by Lawrence Smith*
*(Scribner, $3.75)*

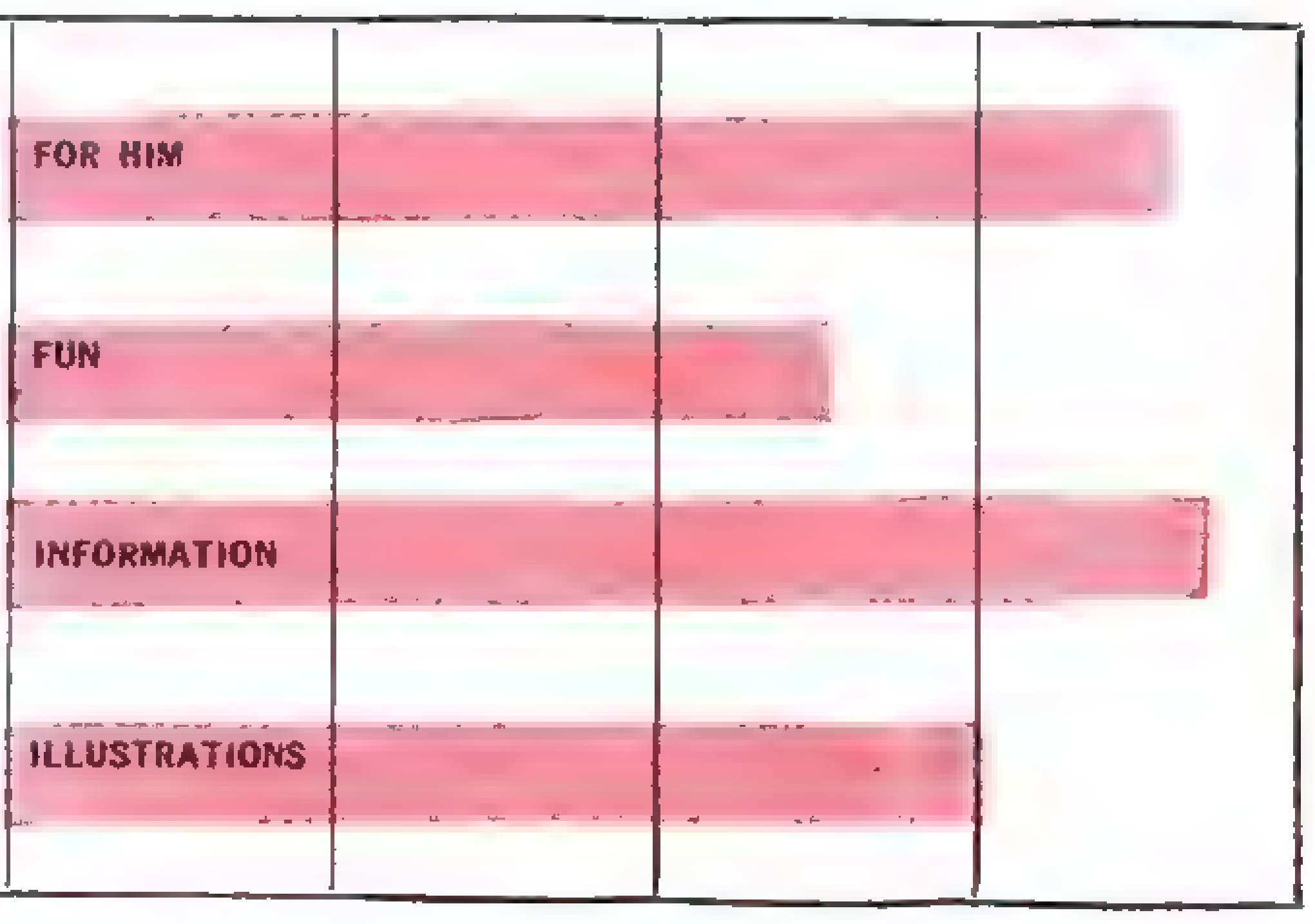
Mostly recollections of outstanding performances of bird dogs, especially springer spaniels. Drawings by Paul Brown, noted field-sport artist, assist the text. Author reveals an exceptional knowledge of dog psychology.



### Hunting in the Rockies

*by Jack O'Connor*
*(Alfred Knopf, $5.00)*

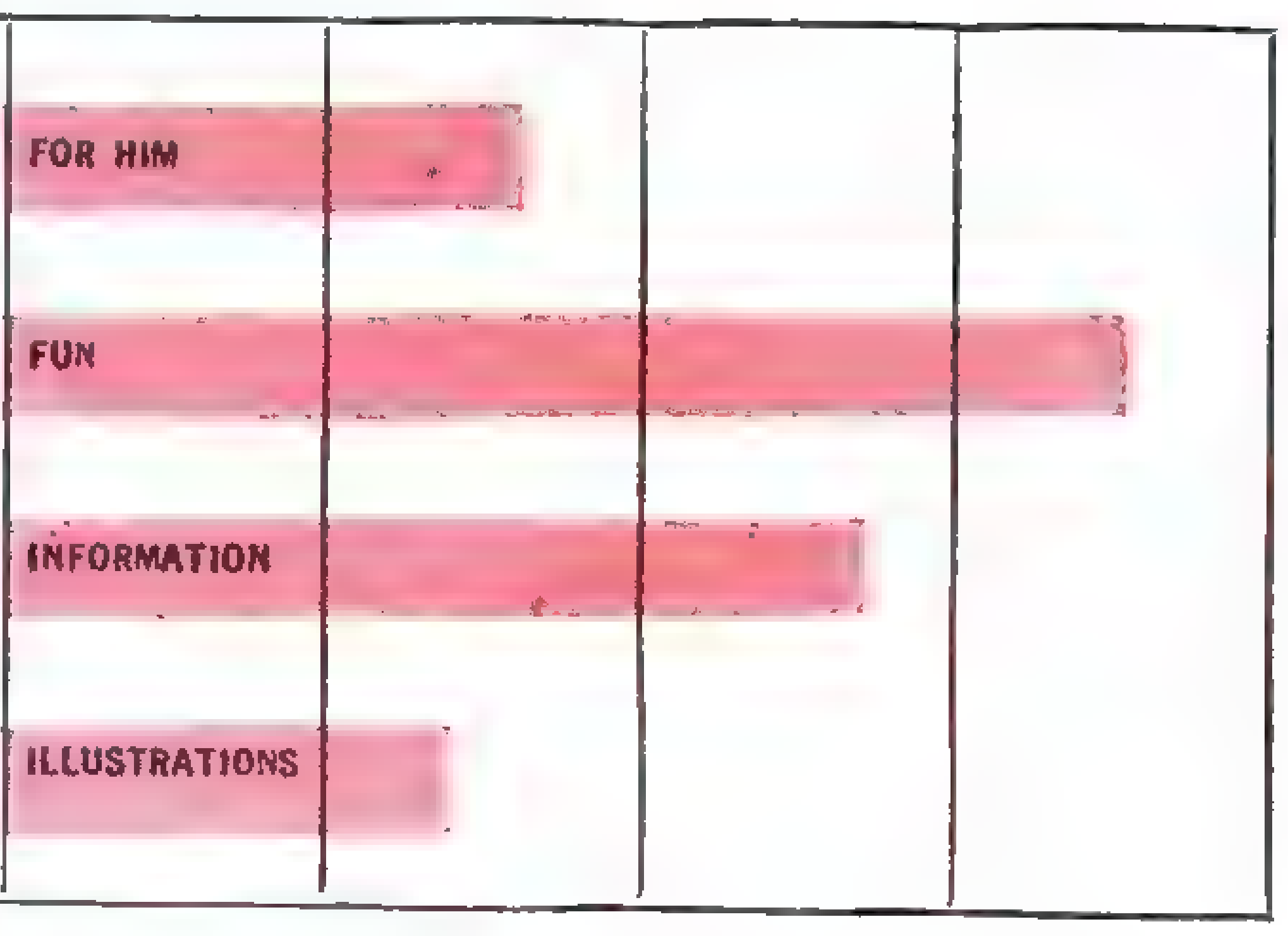
How to hunt bighorn sheep, elk, moose, caribou and bear. Scores of photographs. Also included are lists of arms, clothes, optical equipment and food necessary for an extended trip in search of Rocky Mountain game.



### The Fisherman's Bedside Book

*Compiled by B. B.*
*(Scribner, $4.00)*

An anthology of brief eulogies and anecdotes on fishing, starting with Izaak Walton. Almost exclusive British Isles background. Illustrations and poems are mixed in with the text to give it variety.



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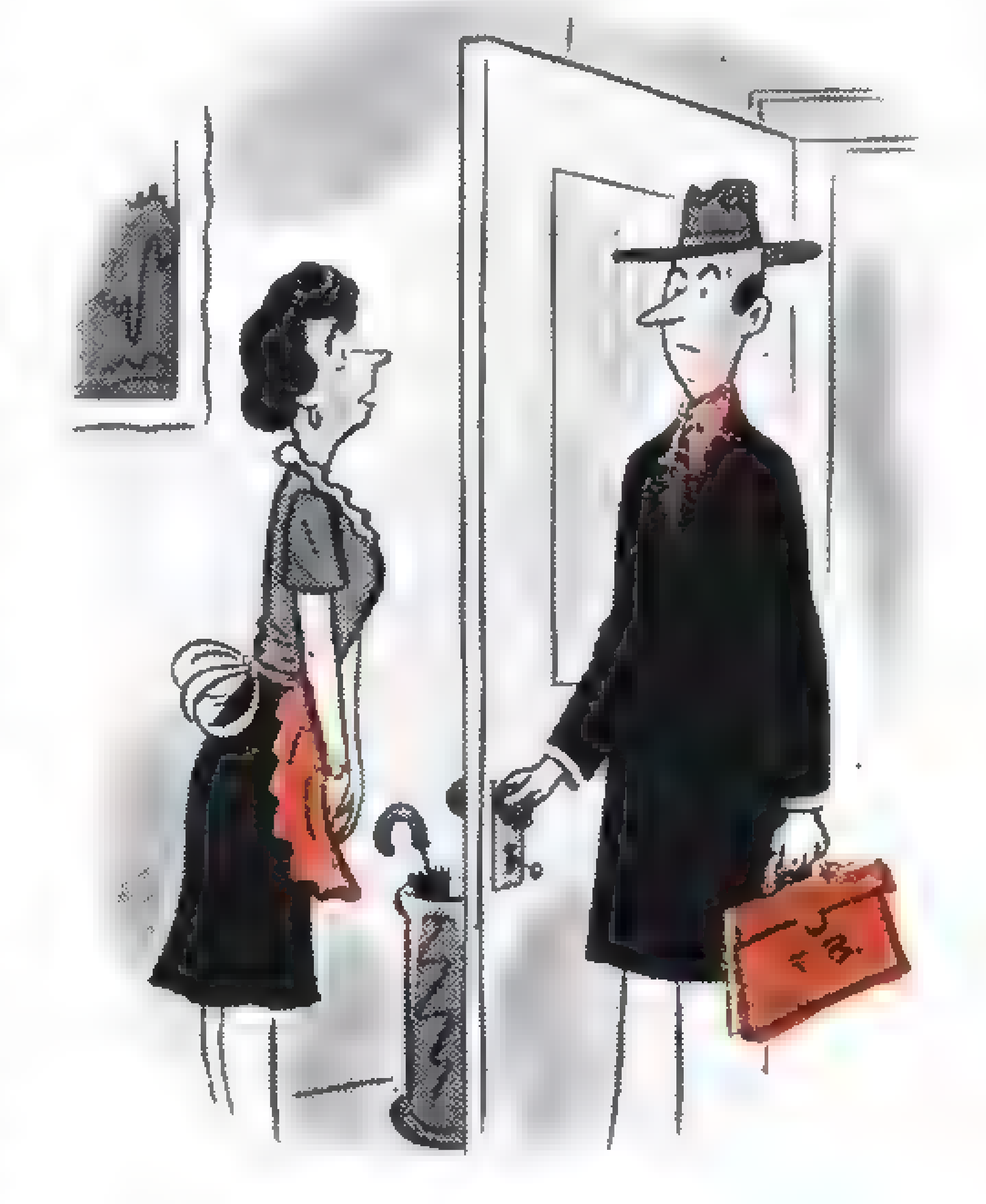
## *Our Own Handymen*

*Continued from page 92*

raise their right hand. Fine. Now, will all those husbands who have performed the simple act of installing a new washer to stop that faucet leaking please raise *their* right hand. I thought so.

But any wife who thinks she can beat the oilcan rap by reverting to the simple life had better not try it. A woman with a husband and four sons was forced by the housing shortage to install them in an ancient farmhouse. She soon found that they had been so conditioned by Edison that they all sat around while she hauled scuttles of coal and buckets of water until her thumbs dragged on the carpet. Fortunately for her husband, the woman was decapitated in an automobile accident on her way to market, thus eliminating the possibility of her expiring at his feet and causing him any uneasy twinges of remorse.

It might be excusable in the American male if his air of detachment toward household mechanics confined itself to the kitchen. When you get down to bare knuckles, that is, after all, the woman's side of the ring. But does it so confine itself? It does not. Recently a couple I know, who had been living a hothouse existence in a New York apartment, bought an old colonial house out in Connecticut. She told me that what sold her husband on the place was its pine paneling, its great Dutch oven and its hand-carved cherry staircase. She loved the house at first sight too, but she had this vague feeling that they had overlooked something. She remarked to him while he was running his hand ecstatically over the paneling: "Shouldn't you inspect the pipes, dear? I read somewhere that one should be sure of the pipes."



***"The oil burner exploded . . . Junior wrecked the car . . . the kids broke the big window . . . Rover bit two people . . . and, oh yes, Happy Birthday, dear!"***

"Pipes?" her husband replied, a trace of scorn in his voice. "There are no pipes. You won't find modern conveniences in an old house like this."

"But," she pursued, "you mean there is no bathroom?"

"Certainly not. Just an outhouse. But don't worry, dear, we'll have a plumber install a bathroom when we move in."

Well, they moved in and she busied herself with painters and rugs and drapes. "The bathroom," she thought cozily, "is something which I will leave to My Husband."

They had been in the house a month before she brought up the subject of plumbing again. Her husband had not mentioned it once. Each morning he started out the back door humming. He returned whistling. He brushed his teeth with great vigor at the kitchen pump. At last when icicles had begun to form on the eaves she broke down. "Listen," she said, "it's cold out there. *When are you going to do something about the plumbing?*"

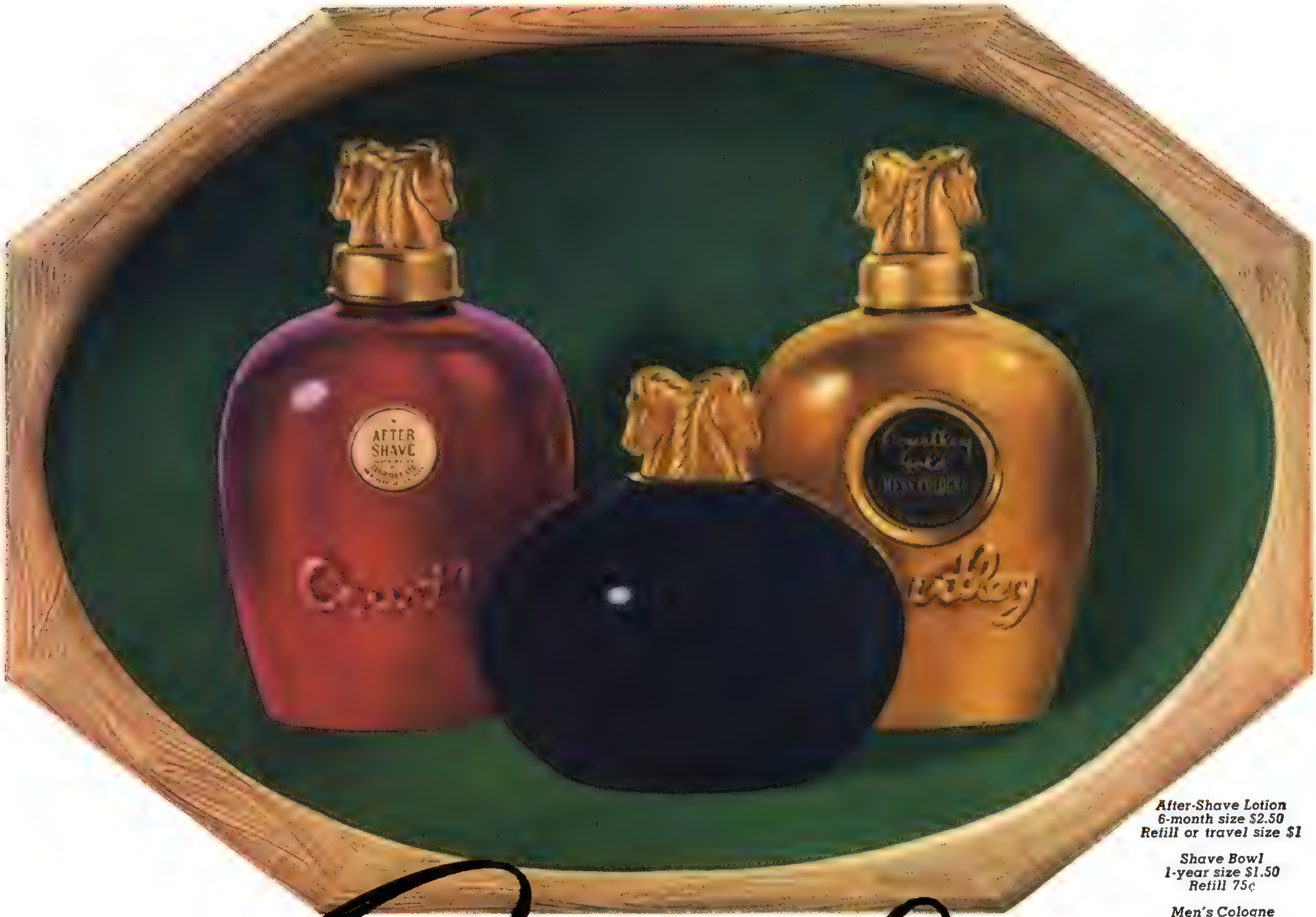
Her husband threw down the book he was reading. "Isn't that just like a woman," he shouted. "Here we begin to really live for the first time in our married lives and all you can talk about is plumbing, plumbing, plumbing!"

The next day she got out the classified directory.

Do you know what the plumbing bottleneck is right now, gentlemen? She can tell you; it is soil pipe. Did you realize that a septic tank should hold 100 gallons multiplied by the number in the family? I doubt if you did. All her husband knows is that by January he will be able to soak in a nice hot bath. That is, if she's not in it, he will.

Looking back over what I have written, it seems to me that I may possibly have created the impression that I do not consider men sufficiently *active* in the home. No, no, I don't mean to say that. Why, you take the average husband whose wife has been begging him for the last three weeks to fix that loose doorknob. Ten to one if she presses him hard enough he'll discover his golf clubs back of the raincoats in the hall cupboard, and, in a fit of midwinter nostalgia, start practicing long shots next to his wife's pet Copenhagen vase. (If the damn thing gets broken, serves her right for having a lot of bric-a-brac like that around.) Or take the wife who complains that there is certainly something wrong with the kitchen range, it smokes so. In no time her husband will have shouldered the stepladder and gone right out to do something about that old dead limb on the elm by the garage. A lot of people can get killed by an old dead limb falling on them, you know. Yes, sir! The fact that he will probably saw off the limb while he is sitting on it, thus necessitating several months of bed rest with special meals cooked on the same stove, now smoking like a factory chimney, does not challenge my original statement that men are active. After all, you have to be pretty active to break both legs. ⵌ

# The last word in Gifts for Men...



*After-Shave Lotion*
*6-month size $2.50*
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*Shave Bowl*
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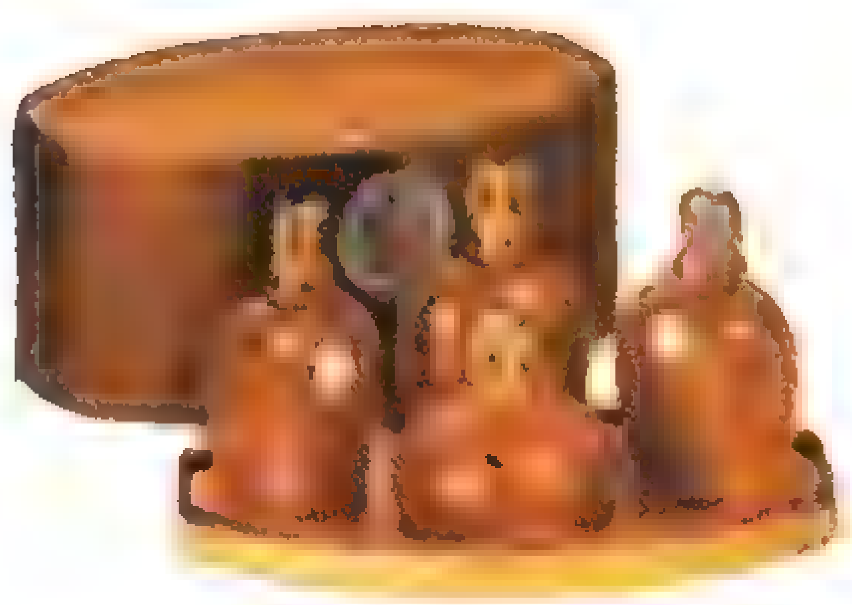
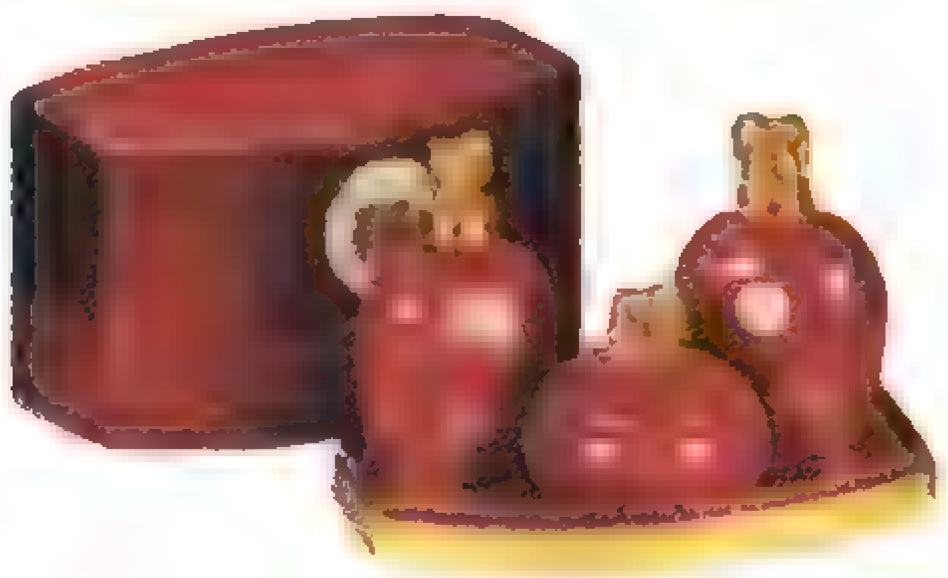
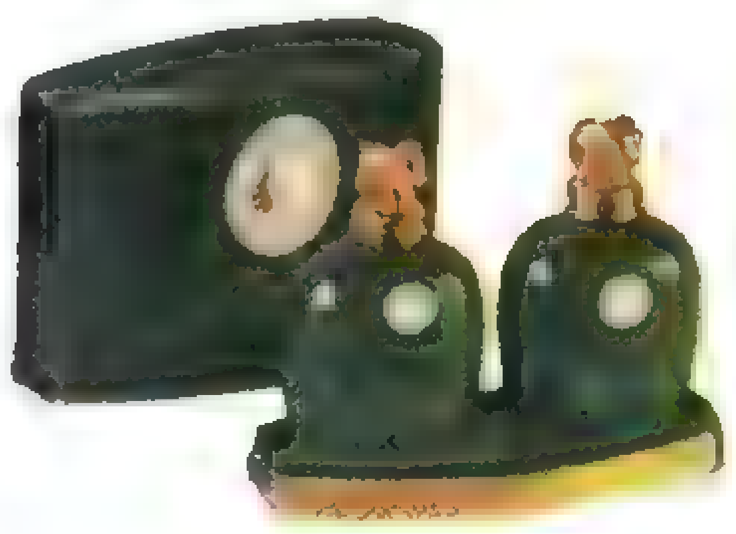


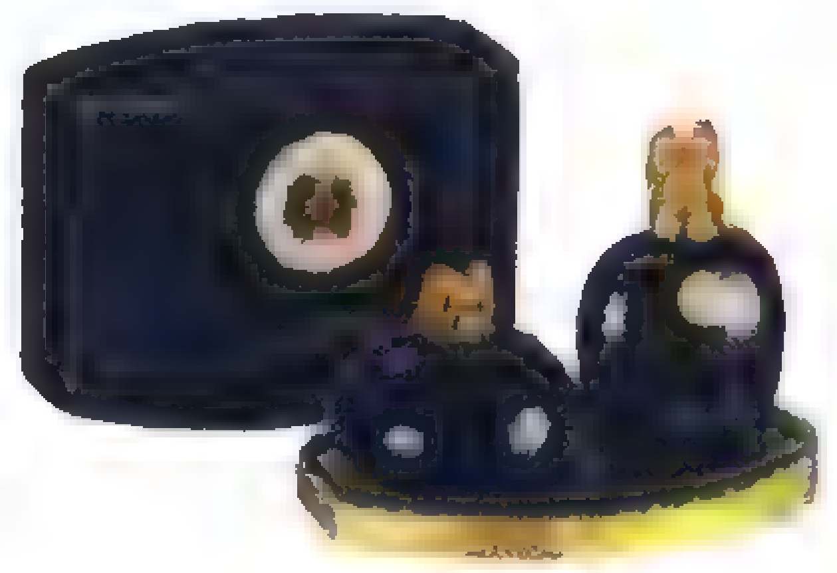
*Lotion, Powder, Cologne, Shave Bowl......$8.25*



*After-Shave Lotion, Powder, Shave Bowl......$5.75*

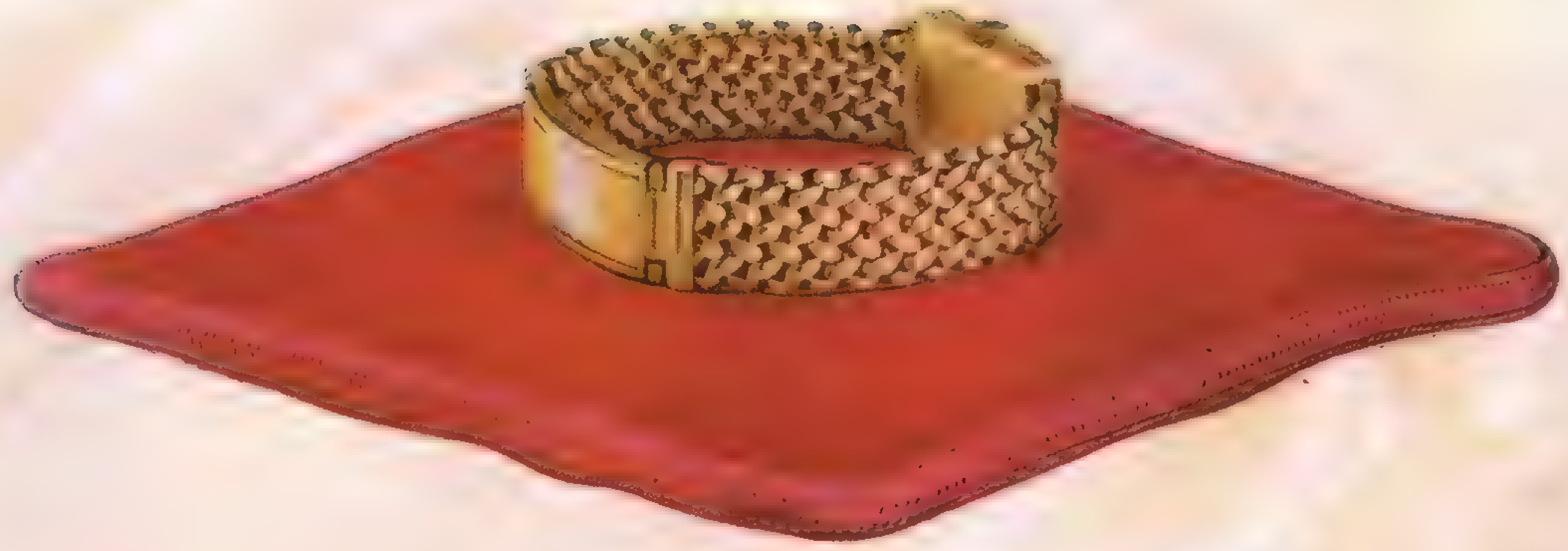


*After-Shave Lotion, Powder......$4.25*



*After-Shave Lotion, Shave Bowl......$3.75*

*All sets in magnificent colors--Dubonnet, Irish Moss Green, Ebony, Saddle Tan, Virgin White, Courtley Gold. (All prices plus tax). COURTLEY, LTD., NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES.*



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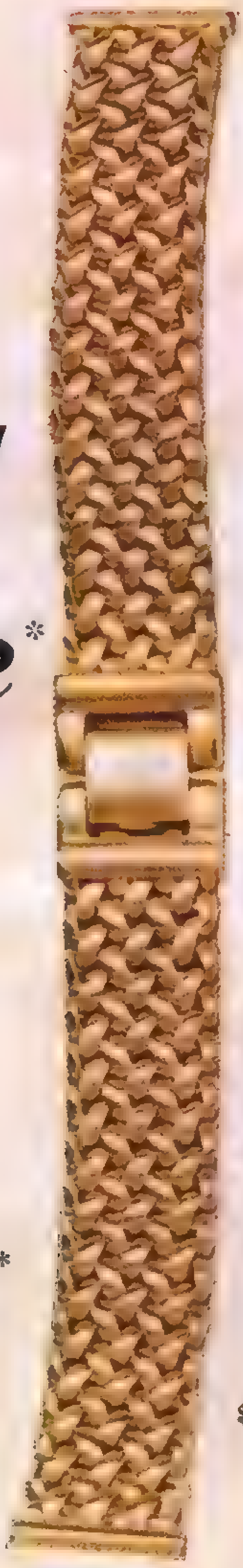

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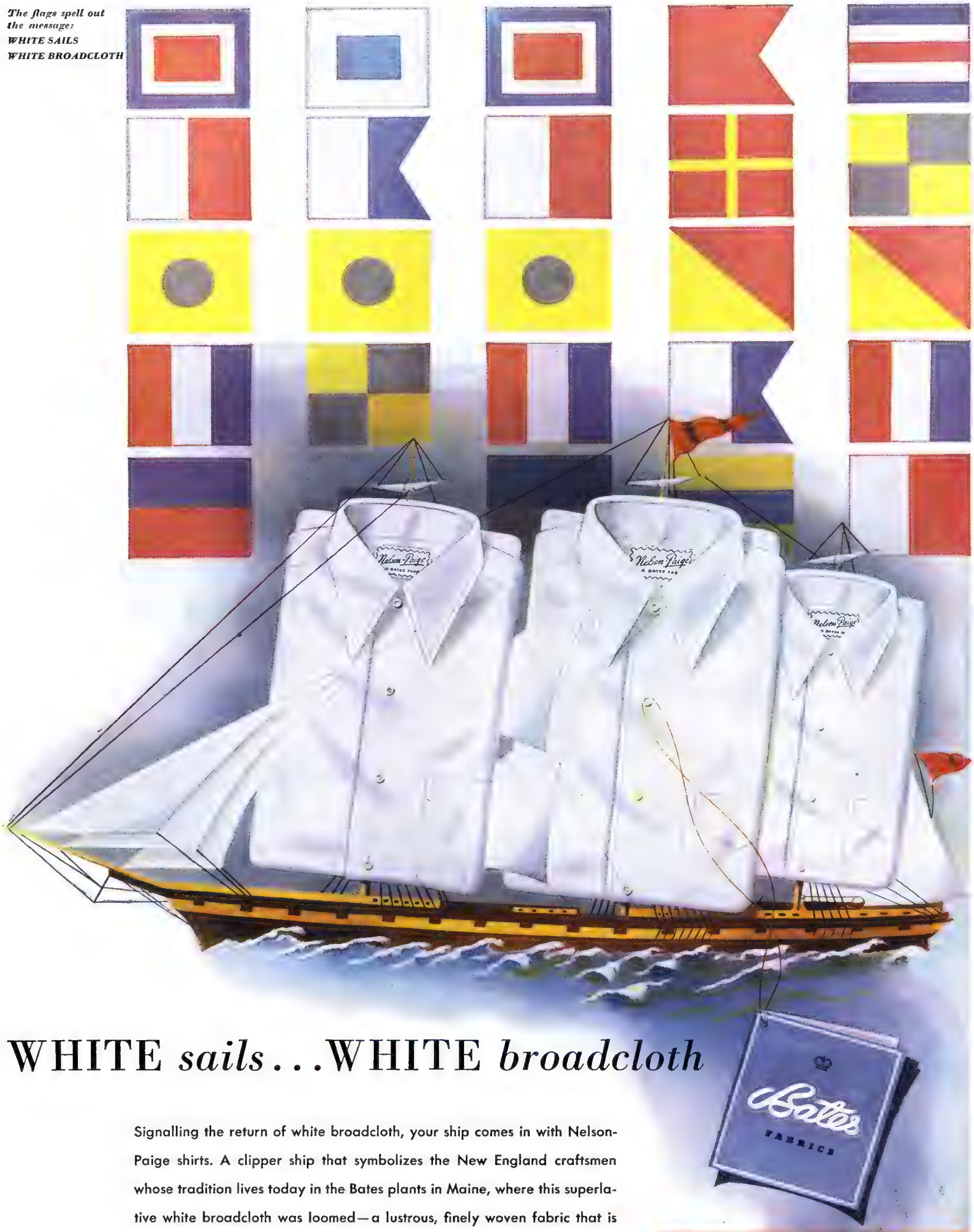
*WHITE BROADCLOTH*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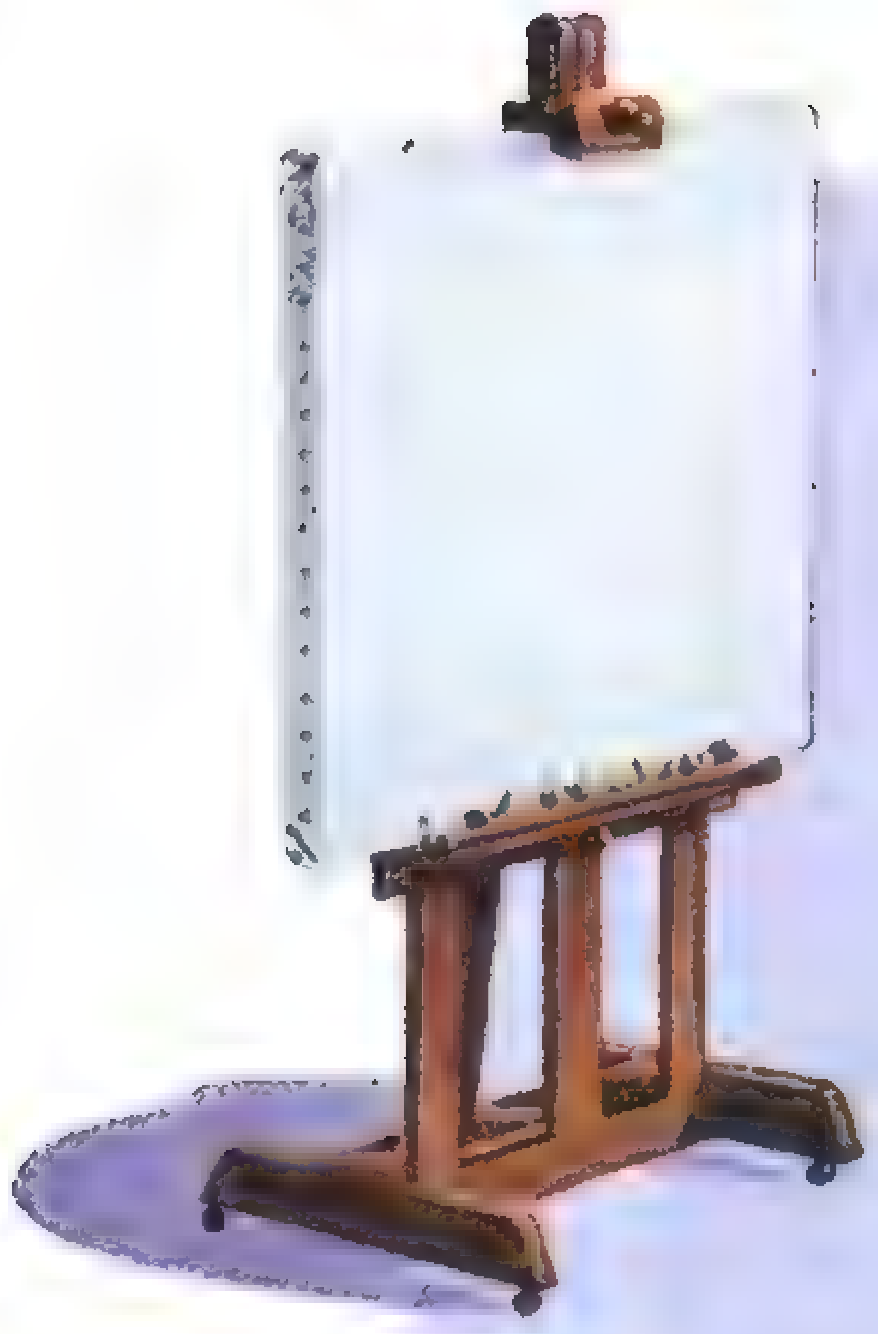

# This canvas is blank

As blank as the stares that *used to* greet the idea that any, *any* bottled Martini could ever match the mixed-yourself kind.

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dry
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Cocktail

Just stir with ice

**Hiram Walker's**

**dry martini**

**READY-TO-SERVE**

**66 proof*90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.* Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

66 proof

## Report for a Corpse

*Continued from page 62*

old society dame desires to play pitch with her money, I am willing to play catch.

Okay. It was strictly a tail-job. I could put one of the kids on it, but that wouldn't be honorable, and I am honorable when I'm well enough paid for it. So I would play tail-piece myself. For five weeks. At a thousand a week, that is a good and proper stipend. Then I would make my report, and if she wanted more, I would be happy to oblige. For as long as she could rummage up the shekels.

I picked him up in the morning at eight-thirty outside his house. He fitted description: he was tall, straight and long-faced, with the light springy step of a banker undevoted to conscience. He *was* a banker, and his devotion to conscience was out of my province—all I know is that he worked at being a banker. He got locked in steel and granite on Broad Street at nine o'clock every morning, and he marched out at one, springily, for three cocktails and a heavy lunch, and then he marched back to the steel and the granite and the heavy dough, and out again at five.

Monday evenings he went to a doctor, had a prescription filled and went home. Tuesday evenings he visited a psychiatrist, and then he went home. Wednesdays and Thursdays, he went home directly. Fridays he saw his lady—tall and dark and wonderfully hyphenated (the explosive widow of a moderately lamented movie star)—and he did not go home. Saturdays he saw the lady, and he went home, and Sundays he saw her again. And he did not go home.

There you have it. It was boring and routine, with interminable blank spaces for philosophy with the barkeeps, spiked with boilermakers (a boilermaker is rye with a beer behind). Kind of, constantly, I was on the good side of inebriety—by a shade. It was that kind of an assignment. Which is why, possibly, your good detective didn't give much heed until it suddenly exploded, interestingly, like a bursting balloon in front of a bubble dancer.

*Every Monday night Ronald Hanke visited a doctor—but each time it was a different doctor, and each time the prescription was compounded in a different pharmacy.*

That was the end of the tail-job. And the boilermakers.

I worked fast after that. I saw the doctors and I gave them fast pitch and rapid palaver about me: I'm a cop, and we're after this here madman who specializes in knocking off doctors after first a preliminary gander for what we call "casing the joint," if you know what I mean, Doc—mostly out of the side of my mouth. I describe the guy and I confide we believe he was here this Monday night, such a date, and he was probably a stranger to you, and will you check your records, if you please and confidential. The records were checked, with each Doc a slightly different color in the face (that is, a slightly different color out of a base color of apprehensive grey), plus the natural variations, depending upon temperament, in the vibrations of the shaky fingers—and each time it was: "Yes, this tall gentleman, never saw him before, Officer. Complained of overwork and sleeplessness. Prescribed a small dose of barbiturates. My goodness, didn't look mad at all . . ."

So papa was preparing a cache of the old lullaby pellets! So the old dame had been right! Right as whatever they call it—rain!

Which was what was happening when I presented myself at twelve noon of a Friday at the stately mansion at Eighty-fourth and Fifth, picking up the clanker and clanking. But rain. Half-dollar drops boiled on the sidewalk like a stood-up date, with fierce gusty wind and the unhappy mutter of thunder. It was not a day for out-of-doors, it was not a day for standing around with a clanker in your hand, clanking.

I clanked louder.

The door was opened, finally, by one of those frozen-faced guys that come with the house, the kind of a guy you ignore. I could see what took him so long. Beyond him arched a high, marble-pillared, marble-floored, domed, four-stairwayed hall that made Madison Square Garden look like an anteroom for pygmies. A scream would die of shame, ineptly, reaching for a wall to bounce back an echo.

"Chambers," I said. "For Mrs. Hanke."

He looked at me. Dimly. "Mrs. Hanke is not interested in chambers. Assuredly."

"Wise guy," I said.

"Peddler," he said.

He started to close the door. I plastered a spread hand, a wet hand, in the middle of his nice uniform, and *I* closed the door—behind me.

"Chambers," I said. "For Mrs. Hanke."

"She is not at home. Sir."

"Much better, prank-face. And when—"

Then a lady slid out of one of the numerous doorways and the harsh light of the marble barn turned boudoir-pink and soft for Chambers. I fidgeted, once, and I waited.

"What is it, Schwabel?" A voice like a kiss by candlelight in an old-fashioned red-velvet room.

"This gentleman. For Mrs. Hanke."

She looked at me. I looked at her. She looked at me again, toes to head and back. I looked at her again, toes to head and back. Applaudingly.

"That will do," she said, "Schwabel."

She was tall with butterscotch hair and shock-blue eyes rimmed inside of thick black lashes, with

*Continued on page 138*

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## Report for a Corpse

*Continued from page 137*

a slow slide-eyed glance that ran hot ice along your spine. Her face was full and smoothly pale, and her mouth was riot-red with a shining, pouting, petulant, lower lip that was trouble on the double, even quicker. She wore a long simple billowy-skirted dress, high on top and crowded, cut away at the sides and clasped about the neck.

Perfect. A gorgeous lass, a rainy day, and a "That will do, Schwabel." If I couldn't parlay that into an interesting afternoon, then I deserved to be out in the teeming rain playing solitaire on a manhole cover. And after all, I belonged there: I had important dope for Mrs. Hanke.

"You're Veronica," I said.

"How . . . ?"

"Mrs. Hanke mentioned it."

"But why . . . ?"

"I work for her, sort of."

"Won't you come in here . . . ?"

I followed her along the hall, and I admired the architecture. Her dress, rear, was still billowy-skirted on bottom, but on top, it was no dress at all, just a clasp around the neck. Her back was soft and straight and supple, and sidewise, imagination merged with reality, and her figure was like a marvelous numeral eight.

But eight, brother, like a number in the sky.

In a small room, heavily furnished, she said, "Take off your hat and coat. Goodness, you're dripping."

I took them off. I held them out to her, but she had turned and was walking toward an intricate carved bureau with a mirror in back and bottles on top. I looked around, at the expensive furniture; then I dropped the hat and coat on the carpet, and I worried, momentarily, about the puddle.

"Do you like brandy?" she said.

"Love it."

"What's your name again?"

"Peter Chambers."

She came back with brandy, in a beaker, one for her and one for me.

"Brandy in a beaker," I said. "Quaint."

"That's the way we do it in this house." She was very close to me, looking right at my eyes through the thick cluster of her lashes, and she smelled like she'd been drinking brandy out of a beaker all of this rainy day. "Take Mother. In the morning, in the afternoon, and before retiring. A full tumbler of gin, with bitters and grenadine. Rugged, we are."

I took the brandy. I sipped it.

"You're cute," she said.

"You too."

"Sit down."

I sat. She sat near me. I was unhappy about the long billowy skirt that covered her legs. I wasn't unhappy long. She leaned over very close to me. I forgot about the long billowy skirt that covered her legs.

"Cute," she said.

"You too."

Sharp, that repartee, with beakers of brandy in our hands, and the rain blasting the windows. But we did sharper repartee with our eyes.

Suddenly she said, "What is this with Mother?"

"What?"

"You."

"Oh, a job. I have a report for her."

She finished her brandy. She put the beaker down on the carpet alongside the sofa. She put fingers on my face, lightly. "She's gone off to a luncheon. She isn't due back until eight." She put her hand out, palm up. "Right here. I'll take it. I'll take it and put it away for her. I'll take it and get it out of the way, you know?"

She leaned closer, and my breath going up got mixed up with the brandy going down. I finished the brandy. I heaved for breath, deeply. I put the beaker on the carpet beside hers. I fumbled in my jacket. I came up with an envelope. I opened it. "Damn," I said. "The wrong one. I must have left it in the office."

What would you say? What with eyes narrowed down at you behind a fan of black lashes, with a white dress shimmering burstingly in front of you, with the smell of perfume and the smell of brandy mingling close about you, and the sound of the driving rain in the street . . .

She touched me. "Cute," she said, "real cute, cute . . ."

"You too . . ."

I was out of there at six-fifteen, heading for the nearest saloon. I did bar-fly with brandy, dreamily, and then I had dinner. I had slow conversation in a barbershop and then, well-groomed and aromatic, at eight o'clock, I was back at the Hanke's, clanking.

Mrs. Hanke was in. No Veronica.

We sat in a yell-across parlor, light dripping from a copious chandelier. "Brandy?" Mrs. Hanke said.

"No."

I told her the story. ". . . so," I said, "it could be you're right. If there is a method, that's the method. The guy is collecting a lot of little pills for a long snooze. Do you still want me on this job?"

"No, thank you. Thank you very much. I like you, young man, I like you."

"I like you too," I said. "So be careful."

"Don't worry, son. I'm moving out of this house. Pronto, as they say. As pronto as I can manage it—without his knowing I'm going."

"Good girl."

I got out of there. I didn't go back to work. I got out of there—straight into a restful healthful week end in the country, and Monday morning, back in the office, my ankles were up across the desk and my swivel chair was tilted down for comfort and the morning paper was spread in front of me—and then my restful healthful week end got rammed back into me, suffocatingly. In the lower left-hand corner of page one, Mrs. Virginia Dody Hanke was dead, Saturday night, a suicide from an overdose of sleeping tablets. I ached for a drink.

My ankles went down and the chair went up and bang went the drawers in quest of a bottle; and Miss Miranda Foxworth, the only secretary in the world who can make a hang-over pleasant—by her absence—was there, silently watching me, her hands on her ungodly hips.

"You don't," she said, "keep a bottle in the office. Remember?"

"Yeah. I'm hoping you've got one hid out."

"I don't drink. My boss drinks enough for the two of us."

"Not now, Miranda. Please."

"You're in trouble."

"What?"

"Trouble."

"Why?"

"Law."

"Miranda, what the devil are you talking about?"

"Law. Spread out in the waiting room. That nice man, the detective-lieutenant. Except he doesn't act like it's a social call. Anything I can do?"

"You can send him in. And stop worrying. Miranda, you don't know how much worse you look when you worry."

"Beauty," she said, "is a matter of the soul. Also a matter of opinion. Despite comment to the contrary; for me, you stink. Too."

Dear Miranda. I folded up the newspaper and I waited for the lieutenant and he came through without knocking, Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker, Homicide—black-eyed, black-browed, serene and intelligent; thick and sturdy as a subway kiosk.

He sat down and he put white teeth into a black cigar.

"Business," he said. "Virginia Dody Hanke."

"I see," I saw.

"So tell me, pal."

"Uh-uh. First you tell me."

He stood up and he came over and he patted my head. "Let's not fiddle around. You got facts for me."

"Where'd you get *me* from?"

"A psychiatrist."

"*What?*"

"Psychiatrist."

"Adolph Vevrick?"

"See what I mean. About how you got facts for me."

He went back and he sat down and he brought his heels up and put them where my heels had been and he blew a lopsided smoke ring. "Fair is fair. We have a lot of it. We don't have it all. With you filling in, I think we'll have it all. Listen . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"Saturday night, about eleven, this rich old dame retires. Before retiring, she drinks a glassful of gin. A glassful. Very rich; them rich ones have a right to their idiosyncrasies. Good word—huh—idiosyncrasies. I picked it up from the D.A. So this dame has her nightcap of idiosyncrasy, with bitters and grenadine, and she kicks off, because her comforter is loaded down with goof-balls. So we check around, and even without her leaving a note, it's suicide, and that's the way it goes down in the books. Then we get a phone call from this psychiatrist, this Vevrick, and I goes up to see him. Well, he tells me about Ronald Hanke. About how Hanke has this impulse or something to kill his wife and about how he goes along preparing and about how he doesn't like it, so he goes to see this psychiatrist to help him. The psychiatrist treats him, but even while he's treating him, the guy is still buying those pills, not telling the psychiatrist."

"Then how does he know?"

"He puts him in one of those trances, all the time. You know, hypnosis, and then the unconscious or the subconscious or the something—it squeals on the conscious."

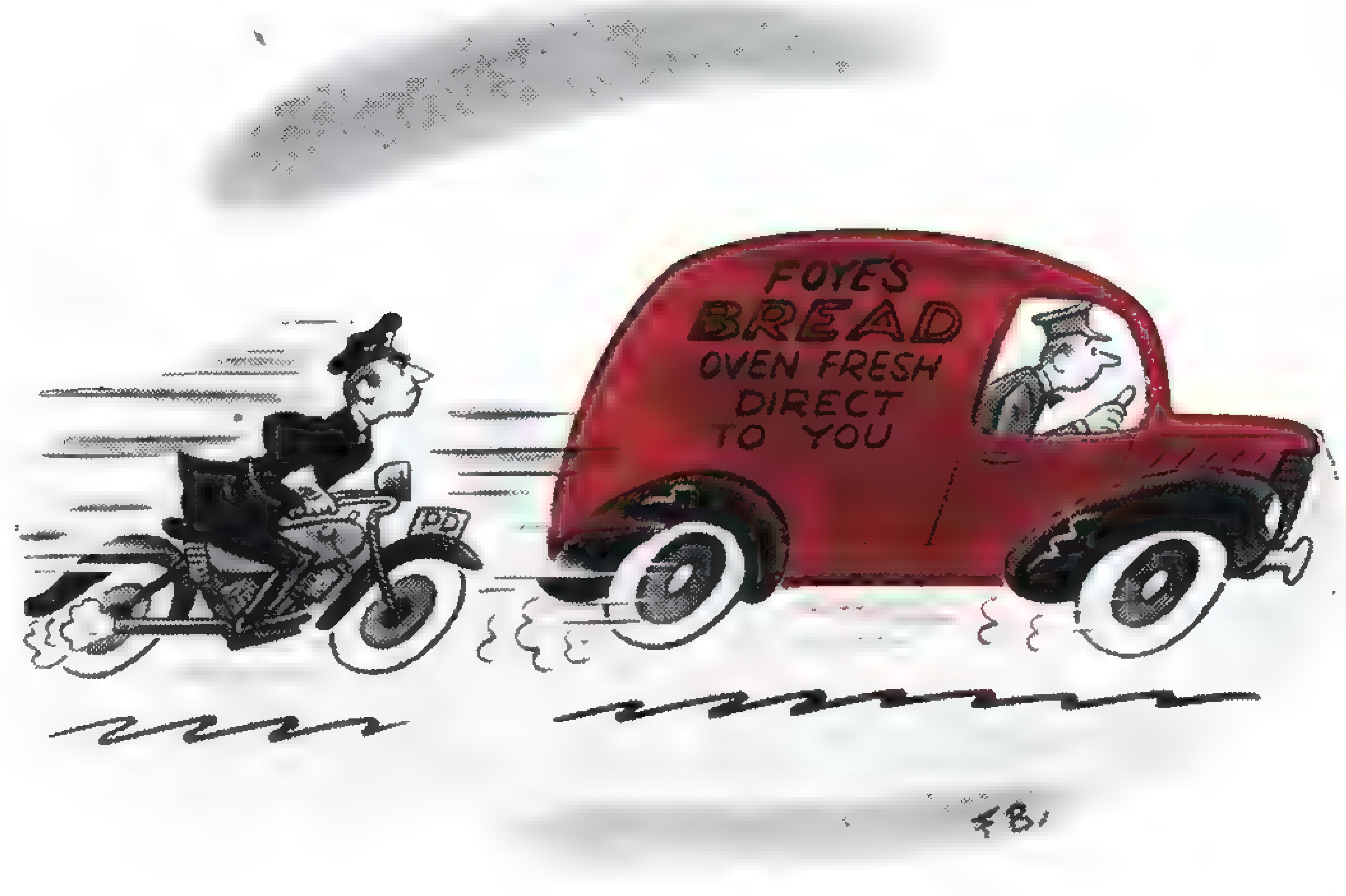
"Oh."

"It's complicated. I'm a cop, he's a psychiatrist—everybody's got methods. That's how he knew about you. The guy stole your report from his Missus, read it and destroyed it, so there shouldn't be no evidence around, and then he goes into this fog, this state of hypnosis and he squeals on himself, all the time, to his mind doctor."

"All right. So . . ."

"Two things. First, the guy is his doctor, so he can't testify

*Continued on page 140*



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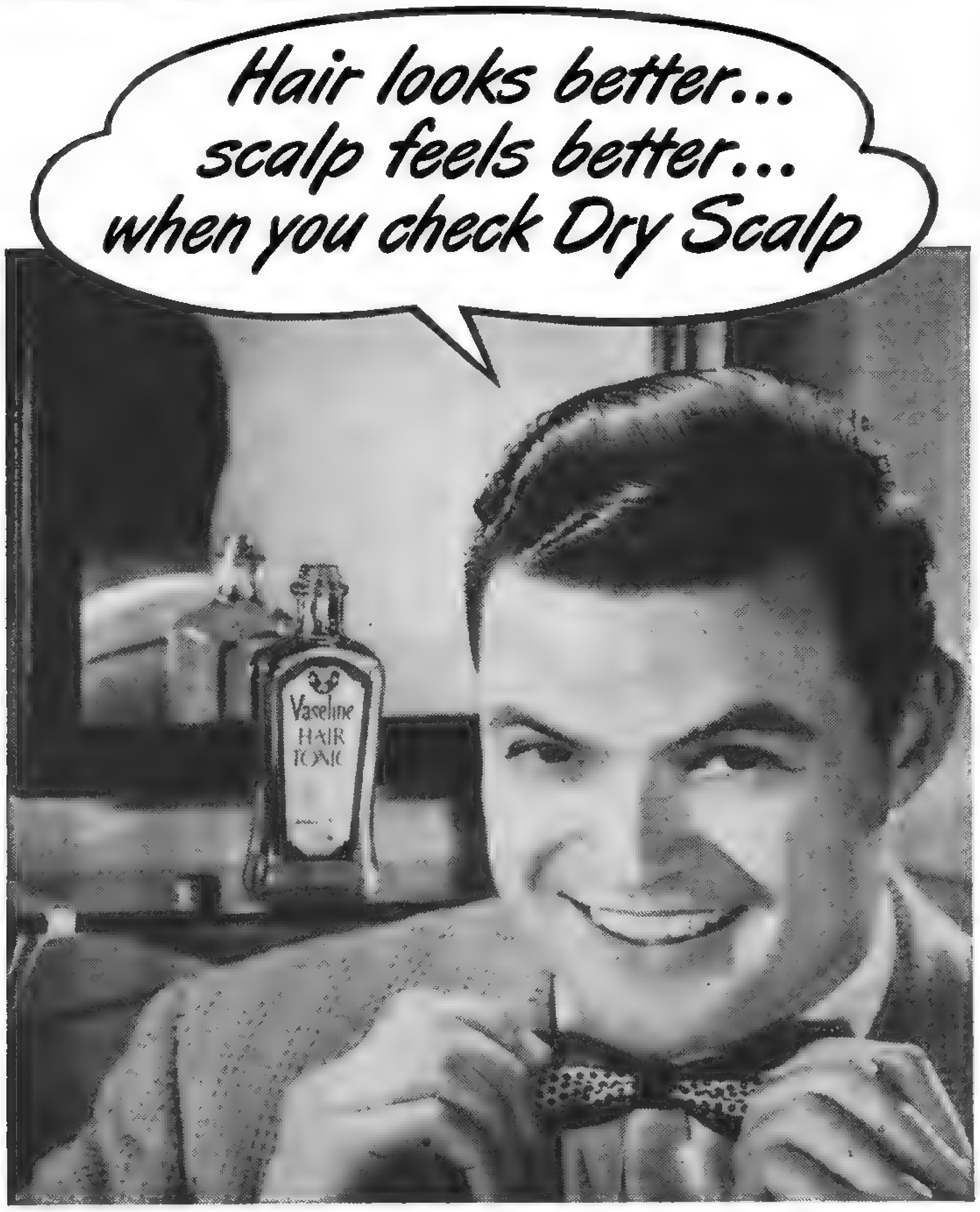
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## *Report for a Corpse*

*Continued from page 139*

against him; it's privileged, not allowed in court. Second, Hanke himself doesn't know the names of the doctors because he just went to them without looking, so he can't stool on himself about that, when he's in this limbo on the couch."

"I get it."

"So you cure everything. You can testify, because you don't owe him no privilege, and you have the rest of the dope. So either you co-operate, or I am compelled, willy-nilly, to take you downtown and have your head knocked off, till you do co-operate. Which I do not like because you're my pal Pete, and we're chum-buds. So how'm I doing? Chum-bud."

"You're doing fine."

"You're my boy."

I recited for him. About Mrs. Hanke. About the tail-job. About the doctors and the druggists and their names and their addresses.

"You know," Parker said. "Sometimes you surprise me."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No. Not yet. This guy's big. We've got him under what you call—uh—surveillance. Soon; when it's airtight, and it won't be long now. And you—you keep available."

"Of course."

Parker went, happily; and a few minutes later, I went, unhappily. I did a few ins and outs, the usual: Grand Central, and a few quiet alleys, just in case Parker had a couple of boys on me, playing tag. Then I called on Lily Rose.

Lily Rose, of mighty proportions and gorgeous, was an ex-stripteuse who had retired to a life of luxurious alimony. Lily said, "Gee, Pete, swell," and I said, "Lily, I want a favor," and she said, "Why not, you're the guy that caught on that my ex-mister was dummy owner of all that real estate, I owe you a favor," and I said, "Honey, let's get out of here."

Next stop was Sammy Bone's, and I leaned against his doorbell like you lean against your subway-rush companion, tightly—because Sammy Bone was an orchestra leader at the Ostrich on Fifty-second Street, and orchestra leaders are prone to past-afternoon shut-eye. Sammy, in pale pajamas, opened the door, staringly. "Ugh," he said. "Company. Go away, please." But Sammy, too, owed me a couple of favors.

"Favor," I said. "And it's important."

"But is it lawful?"

"Mostly. Hurry up, get dressed. Do you know Lily Rose?"

"No." He looked at her and sleep went out of his eyes.

"Lily Rose. Sammy Bone. I'm going to leave you two. Dress, and get over to my office. But get over pell-mell. Wait for me there."

A taxi took me to Dr. Adolph Vevrick, proclaimed, hushedly, in discriminate bronze letters plaqued on a downstairs private door. I pushed a little bell and I got a two-tone tinkle and a young lady with her hat and coat on.

"Oh. I was just going to lunch. Yes?"

"The doctor in?"

"Yes, but ..."

"O'Hooley," I said. "Police."

We went back and she picked up the phone and she talked impatiently (like my Miranda). "All right. That door." She pointed. "Lunch. Sorry." She went by me breathlessly. She must have been hungry. I went through to Dr. Adolph Vevrick.

The doctor was real beautiful. He was taller than I am, which made him about six three, with wavy ash-tinged hair, long and gracefully brushed over the ears. His face was ruddy and wide with the right kind of bones, and his nose was straight with small, etched nostrils, and his chin was pushed out just enough.

"How do you do?" he said with a slightly English crispness.

"O'Hooley," I said. "Cop. Ha, ha. A few more questions. For the record." I brought out the little leather case with the snap button and snapped the button and flashed the buzzer, very rapidly, and put it away. "About that Virginia Dody Hanke mess."

"Gladly."

"Now, let's see. Were you ever over at their residence?"

"I was."

"When?"

"I don't exactly recall. A month or so. One afternoon."

"Afternoon? Expect to find your patient home in the afternoon?"

He hoisted a thigh over a corner of his desk. "No. That wasn't my purpose. I wished to familiarize myself with his home atmosphere. I wanted to meet his people."

"Did you meet Mrs. Hanke? Miss Hanke?"

"Just a minute. I don't see ..."

"Did you?"

"Now just one minute." He came off the desk. "I don't quite understand this line of inquiry."

"You're not supposed to, Doc. You're just supposed to answer the questions."

He stood up close to me, staring at me, a muscle jumping in a corner of his jaw. "If you please, I should like to see your credentials again, I should like to examine your credentials."

Like that.

"No good, Doc."

"That's what I thought."

He swung. I swung. Mine missed. His hit.

I sat, precipitously, on the floor and I gulped for air, and then I saw the brogued foot coming at my face and I moved away from it and grabbed the ankle and pulled, hard, and now we both sat on the floor, grotesquely. I shook my head like an outraged lady saying no, violently—and things blurred back into focus.

I got to my feet, and I waited for him. I was very much more careful when he came at me. I waved a gaudy left, high and obvious, and he shifted for it, and then I short-jumped a right that got wedged to the wrist in his middle. He bent in half, politely, protective hands at his stomach. I did some openhand slap-tennis on the face that hung out like neon in front of a roadhouse; then I rolled up a fist and I threw it, all the way from right field, and the good doctor hastily unbent, up to perpendicular and on to horizontal, and he cleared most of the desk backward and bounced off the side of the office chair.

When I got to him, he was folded up, quiet and comatose.

I straightened him out in an easy chair, very handsome, with his legs out stiff, and I bustled in his clothes for keys. I found them and I took them to a large green filing cabinet in a corner and after a little guesswork amongst small keys, I got nosy with the doctor's private affairs. I found what I was looking for: a duplicate of last year's income tax return. The doctor hadn't done so well, not well at all. I tidied up the file and I closed the cabinet and I returned his keys. I patted his cheek, and I left.

Back at the office, I picked up Lily Rose and Sammy Bone, quite chummy now, and we went, post-haste, by taxicab, to Ronald Hanke on Broad Street. I told the girl at the reception desk about how extremely urgent things were, but urgent, and she was impressed, frowningly, and she pushed doodads on the desk and talked into an interoffice enunciator, and soon enough, ushered by a svelte young man with a sway, we filed into a cool, quiet, plush-appointed office.

Ronald Hanke, austere and executive, leaned across the desk, balanced on spaced finger tips. "I was told it is a matter of life and death."

"Well," I said, "you know how it is."

"What's that?"

"My name is Peter Chambers."

"I never heard of you."

"I believe that."

"What? Is this some impertinent—?"

"It is about your wife. Who did *not* commit suicide."

He flushed, put his lips together like he was going to whistle, and then he pointed a finger. "If this is more newspaper stuff. If—"

"The police believe your wife was murdered."

"What?"

"The police believe you murdered her."

"*What?*"

"Now, look, Mr. Hanke, they've got a lot of lines on you, and they're out right now, shaping them up. They know about the lady you want to marry, and the divorce you wanted from your wife, and the doctors you saw, and the pills you bought, and the psychiatrist who treated you, and about telling him you wanted to murder your wife. They know that your wife feared you were going to murder her, and that she employed a private detective to stay along with you."

He was no longer flushed and his lips weren't out like they were whistling; he was pale with a small twitch beneath one eye, and his lips were inside his teeth, being bitten. "Who *are* you?"

"I'm the private detective."

"Oh. Blackmail."

"No. Business. I don't think you done it, mister, and because I don't think you done it, I think I see my way clear to earning a fee. And that, I like."

"Blackmail," he said. "Blackmail."

"Fee. Fee."

"How?"

"Like this. First, I want five thousand bucks to fix you an alibi. Then, if I can clear you, I want ten thousand more. Now, please, does it sound like blackmail or does it sound like fee?"

"Fee," said Lily Rose.

"Shut up," I said.

"How?" said Mr. Hanke.

"Deal?" I said.

Wearily he said, "Deal."

"All right. Were you home when this happened to Mrs. Hanke?"

"I was home at the time the medical examiner said she expired."

"When was it discovered?"

"In the morning."

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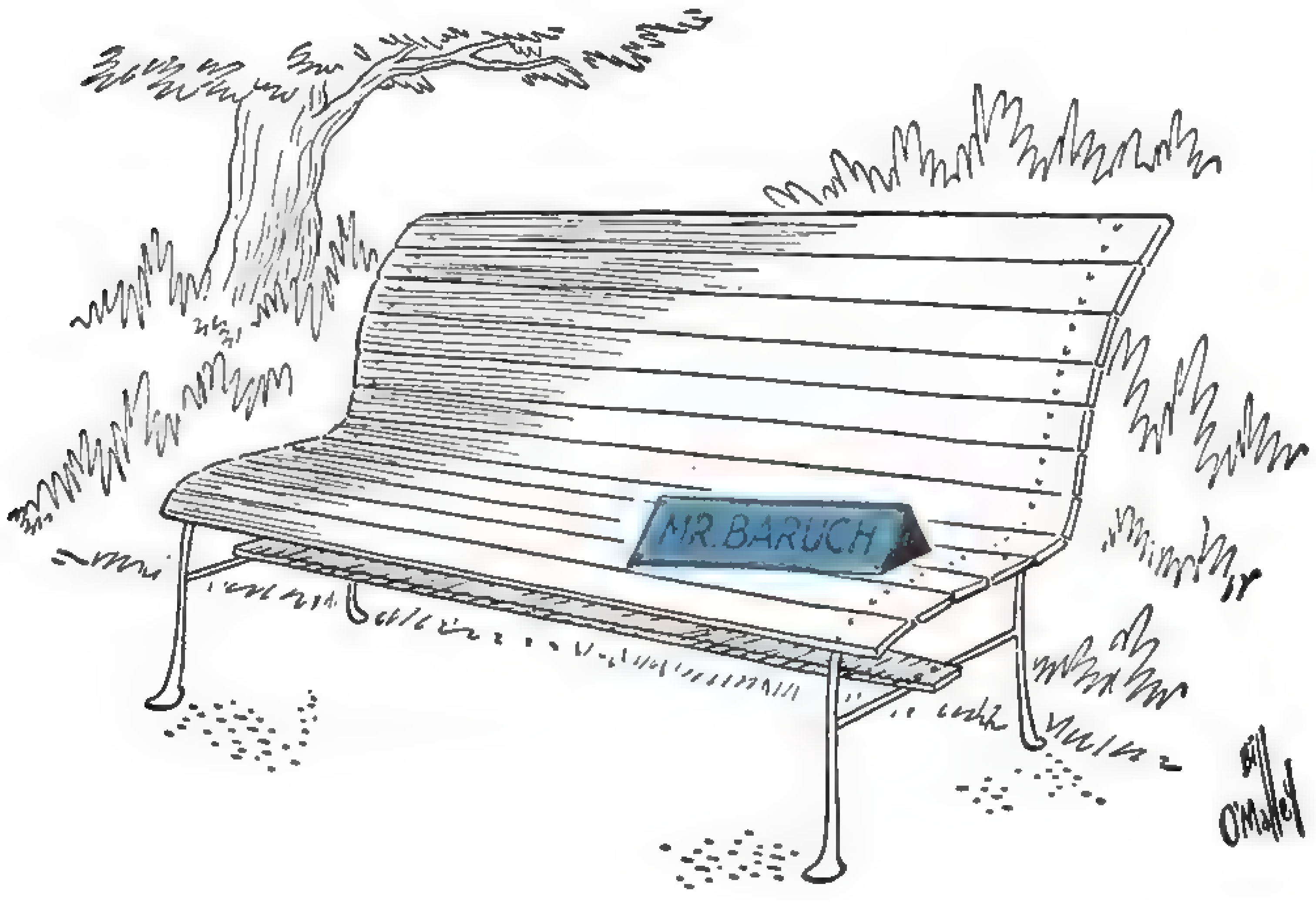
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## Report for a Corpse

Continued from page 141

"Anybody see you coming home?"

"I don't think so. I came home at about ten o'clock. I let myself in, and I went directly to my room."

"Fine. So you weren't home. You didn't get home until four."

"Where was I?"

"You were with Lily Rose. At the Ostrich. With Sammy Bone looking down at you most of the evening."

"What?" said Ronald Hanke. "What?" said Lily Rose. "What?" said Sammy Bone.

"Like this . . ." I went into rehearsal. Then they went into rehearsal. And after a few hours, we had it straight. Ronald Hanke loved Lily Rose, sort of. They had met once, by accident, in a lobby of a hotel. Saturday night, at ten-thirty, they were at the bar of the Ostrich. Not at a table: a waiter at a table might remember; a bartender at a crowded bar like the Ostrich couldn't possibly be positive. But Sammy Bone had seen them, because Sammy knew Lily Rose. He had waved to them, and, later, when the rumba band relieved, he had even joined them for a drink. They had stayed from ten-thirty to one, and then they'd gone back to Lily's place. He had left there at half past three.

"Lily," I said with my fingers crossed, "do you have an extra key to your apartment?"

"Sure. I keep it up at my sister's. You know how it is, people get tight and forget things. People . . ." she shrugged. "I mean me."

"Swell. Give him the one you've got on you. Papa, with that key on your key ring, reluctantly displayed, papa, you're a cinch."

"Shamus," Lily said, "you're an artist."

"All right, Mr. Hanke. The minute they pick you up, you howl for your lawyer. All that the cops have is a mishmash of circumstantial evidence. But you've got a stand-up alibi. And it'll stand up. These kids are people; they've been around."

Solemnly, he wrote out a check for $5000. I waved it to dry and I thanked him, and we left. I put them into a taxi and they started reaching for each other's hands which was good by me, Cupid Chambers, but I stuck around. I stuck around most of the day, and sure enough, at four o'clock the bulky boys came for him and took him away. I went back to the office and I called every half hour, and at seven o'clock, Ronald Hanke answered.

"All right?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You managed it quickly."

"I had my lawyer ready and apprised."

"Nice going. Stay there cooped at home. Don't worry."

Ah, the poor detective; he gets more exercise than a bull-pen pitcher in a shaky ball game. Now I scrambled out again and down to Headquarters, and Parker, dear Parker, looked like he'd lost his best bookmaker.

"You," he said. "Please. I hate your face. It smirks. Go drop dead. Somewhere. Not here."

"Ronald Hanke?" I inquired.

He jumped and he turned over a chair in his eagerness to be near me. He crushed my lapels in big fists. I joggled. "Look," he said. "God. If you had anything to do with *that* . . ."

"I may have something for you."

He released my lapels. He brushed them flat. Purple went out of his face. "Something for me?"

"Maybe."

"On this case?"

"Yes."

"Spill."

"I'm previous, if you know what I mean. I'll need a little help. Then either I'll have it wrapped up for you, or I'll come here and declare details."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why you interested?"

"I'm being paid."

"For what?"

"For delivering whoever murdered Mrs. Hanke."

His hand reached out again for my lapel. He drew me over. Close. Purple seeped back into his face; not purple, more lilac-lavender. Veins in his neck bulged like a dowager in a party dress. "You"—gratingly—"s.o.b. So you *are* mixed up with it."

"Louis . . ." I reminded him.

He shoved me back. "Look, the police department gets along without you, and it solves its crimes without you. Admirably. That is, when you don't jerk things around. But the minute you start mixing it up, to earn your dirty dollar, then we got trouble. Okay. It better be fast and it better be good. What do you want?"

"Nothing," I said, "really. I'd like you to pick up Vevrick at his office, at eight. That's office hours. He'll be there. But you pick him up with display and fanfare. Then you call me at my office."

"Display and fanfare. But for what do we pick him up?"

"Questioning. Anything. But with display—"

"I know. And fanfare. Look, big-brain, I warn you . . ."

"Louis," I said. "We're a good team. We haven't missed yet."

"All *I* need is *once*. And I'm bounced. On my ear."

I used his phone. I got the Hanke place. I asked for Veronica. I talked to Veronica. "Urgent," I said. "I must see you. Terribly urgent. Oh terribly . . ."

"Of course," she said.

"So long, Lieutenant. Eight o'clock. But with fanfare."

He slammed the door after me.

I got there at twenty minutes to eight and even in a severe black suit with her blonde hair tight over her ears and a bun in back, she put prickles on the nape of my neck. She gave me the eyes and a warm hand tight on my sleeve.

"We've got to get out of here," I said. "Quick."

I wanted her away from a phone.

"Why?"

"Please. It's important."

"But why?"

"Listen," I said. "Police, that sort of thing. I tell you it's of utmost importance."

She went with me. We flagged down a cab. I maneuvered with time, checking my watch. "Drive down Fifth," I said to the driver.

"What is it?" she said.

"He wants to see you."

"Who?"

"Vevrick. I was there this afternoon."

"I know . . . oh!" She put a hand to her mouth.

"Sure. This afternoon we didn't see eye to eye, but I've since convinced him. Now I'm on his side. He's paying me to help. There's trouble."

"Trouble." She put her hands under my arm and she moved very close, snugly. "Honey," she murmured, "you're so cute . . . trouble . . ."

I looked at my watch. "All right, driver. Adolph Vevrick." I gave him the address.

Display and fanfare! Parker did it right. There were four police cars outside the house. "Hold it," I said to the driver, upstreet. "Stay right here." We watched while a phalanx of law came through, with Vevrick in the middle, and we listened to the sirens' wailing departure. She shivered.

"It's not good, sister. We'll go to my office."

Bobo, the night man, took us up. Bobo was ex of the wrestling gentry, with a sweating bald head and small gleaming eyes.

"You still a notary, Bobo?"

"You bet," he rasped.

We sat in the frightening quietness of any business office after hours, and I let her fidget. I said, "We wait here. The lieutenant is a good friend of mine. He'll let me know."

She came near me. "Please, please. I'm scared. Put your arms around me. Please. Hold me."

"Look, sister, not now . . ."

The phone rang. She jumped like a filly nervous at the barrier.

"Answer it," I said.

She creased her forehead, and her nostrils opened.

"Answer it."

She lifted the phone.

I could hear him. "This is Detective-lieutenant Parker. Police Headquarters. Chambers there?"

"Yes, sir." She gave me the phone. I put it flat on my ear. "Chambers," I said. I listened and I said yesses, interspersingly.

I hung up. "You're jammed."

"What?"

"He's singing. He's blaming you."

Her eyebrows came down, knotted. "You're a filthy liar."

"Sister, I'll put it plain. There's one way you can keep off the wired chair and that's by telling it all to me. Now. We put it down and you sign it, and you're State's witness. Against him. It wasn't your idea, I'm sure of that. Mainly, your trouble is you can't resist a man. Especially, a pretty one."

She slapped me across the face.

"That's just silly," I said.

"You're framing me," she screamed. "You're trying to bluff me into something."

"You want *me* to tell *you*?"

"I dare you."

I told her. I gave it to her in blobs, no detail work. I told her how Vevrick had come to the house one afternoon and how they'd gotten chummy and how they began to see each other, quietly. I told her about how Vevrick had cooked up a big idea. Here was Hanke out to murder his wife—yet fighting against it. Here was a perfect setup. If someone pulled it, all suspicion would settle on Hanke. It could be *proved* he did it. Then Mrs. Hanke is dead and Mr. Hanke is executed—and look who inherits all the money: Veronica. And then she marries one Adolph Vevrick, because what has he got to lose, and they're both very rich and happy forever after. So she pulls it and Vevrick notifies the cops about Hanke—and our babes in the woods think they've outsmarted the world.

She was trembling like a breed-improver in the eighth with a ticket on glue which has finally gotten a nose into a three-way

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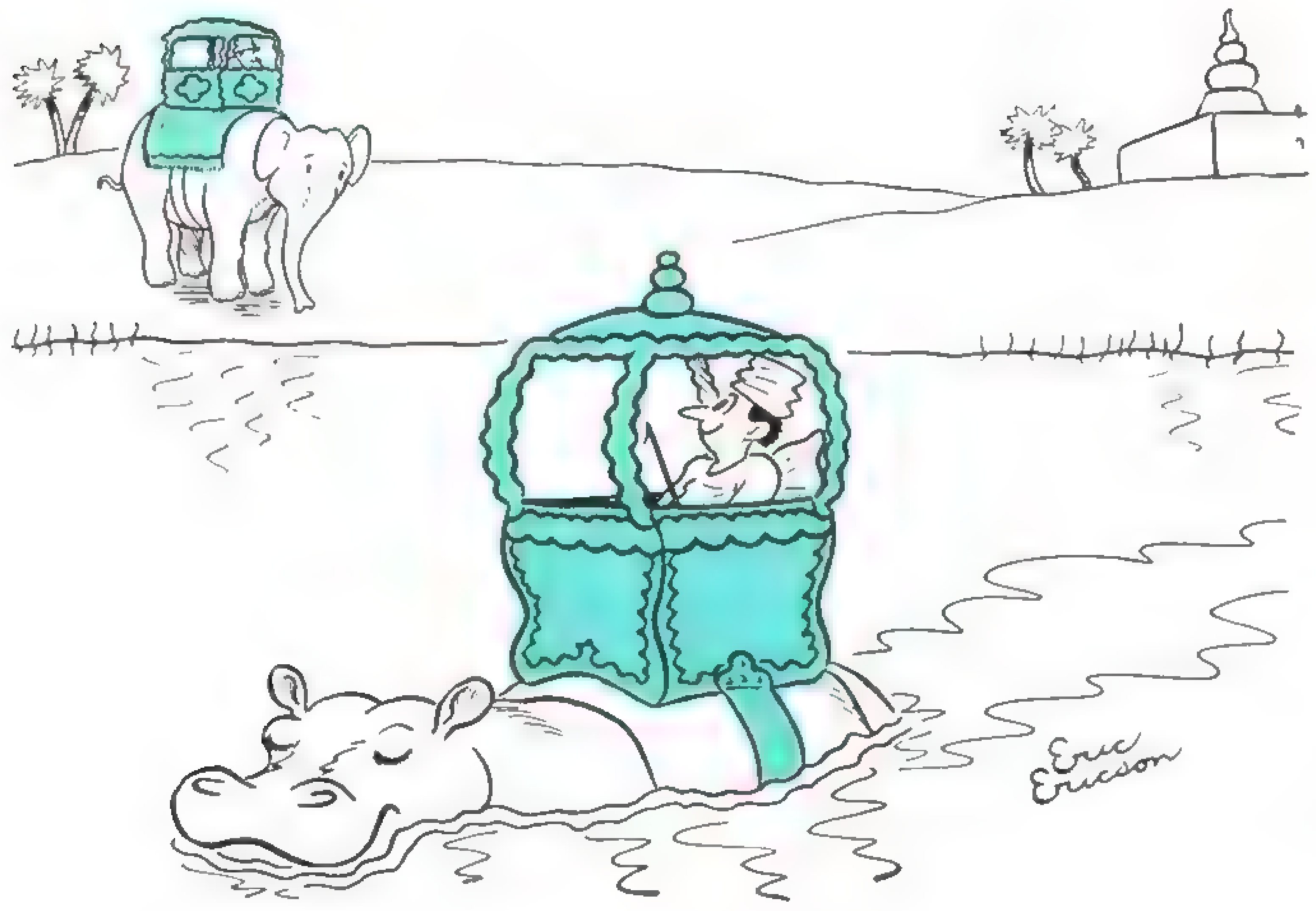

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## *Report for a Corpse*

*Continued from page 143*

photo—and she was white and worn, when I said: "Well?"

"How do you know?" she whispered, fingernails at her teeth.

"Parker just told me. Because Vevrick told him. And he shoves it along to you. All you. According to him, he was only the pawn." Pawn. That's good. Pawn. It always works with the ladies.

"Oh, the bastard," she said. "The dirty, dirty . . ."

The rest of it was easy. She told me, and I typed, two-fingered and laborious. She filled in, importantly. Like, that all along Mrs. Hanke had confided in her. Like, that Mrs. Hanke had told her about me, and why I was hired. Like, that she had told Vevrick about me; and he had recognized me when I had called on him. Like, that they had had to work fast because the old lady was preparing to get out, quietly, on Sunday. Like, that she herself had prepared the old lady's drink that night, and brought it to her, with stuff out of some of Hanke's bottles in his medicine chest (wiped afterward).

I had it all typed, and I didn't listen to her while she said, "I'll fix him," over and over again; I went out for Bobo. "Here," I told him. "Take this sworn statement. You got your paraphernalia?"

Hoarsely he said, "Me what?"

"The seal and stuff."

"Oh, sure, sure. I gotta sign also. I do dat wid me left hand on account de right one's got de fingers bit off."

Bobo performed the notarial ritual with solemnity and concentration, like he was changing up a baby's diaper. He finished and straightened up and sighed, half-bellow, half-fire siren; and then Veronica Hanke and I went down for a visit with Parker.

I said, "Here you are," to Parker, and he grabbed it and he read it and he said, "Good, good, you son of a beehive" (in the presence of a lady), and then the lady, murmuring, insistently, "I'll fix him," was taken out of our presence, and I said, "Okay. Go to work on them."

"Me? Don't be stupid. With this setup, what do you think I've got assistants for?"

He called for Cassidy, and he showed him the statement, and Cassidy said, "Maybe an hour. Then you can call in the D.A.'s smart boys for the legal touches."

Parker smiled at me, wide across like an opera singer. "Drink?"

"No."

"You sick?"

"Hungry."

"How's about a pastrami sandwich?"

"Yes, sir."

So we went across the street from Headquarters to the Lonesome Bar and Grill and we had pastrami sandwiches with mustard and pickles and munchingly and in wonder, Parker said, "Tell you the truth, I don't know how the hell you do it."

"This time," I said, "I really didn't do it. It was the young lady with the lubricity."

"Lubricity? It sounds like something when you grease a car."

"Well, concupiscence."

"That only sounds dirty."

"The lady was a hot number. Here I am sitting around with her on a rainy day, sitting around with a girl with abounding charms and a raffish eye, and she asks me for Mrs. Hanke's report. So I give her a fast stall, and a flick of an envelope, and I tell her: 'Report, oh report, I left it in the office.' I don't want to waste time. I also don't want to go into a lengthy discourse about how an ethical detective don't give reports, only to the one that hires him."

"Please. What's that got to do with it?"

"Detective," I said, "eat your pastrami, but think. *What report?* I'm a private dick, I'm not a fancy dan with trimmings. I had a report, strictly verbal, for the old lady. That's all. Then you tell me about a psychiatrist whose patient knows about me because he *read* my report—that's impossible. So how does it add? Lubricity; because of the look in that tomato's eye, I pass off that report business, quicklike, by taking out an envelope and saying wrong report. So who would know about a possible written report? She! Then how would Vevrick know? Because she told him. Certainly not Ronald Hanke, because there never was a report for him to see and tear up. So why are they trying to paste it on Ronald? That answers itself, and it gets underlined when I check records and find Vevrick is on his uppers."

Parker waved a pickle. "Yeah, but if the old lady took her into her confidence—how come she didn't know it was a verbal report, not written?"

"Because taking into confidence contemplates *volunteering* information."

"Sure enough."

"Not cross-examination."

"Sure enough."

"So, since it wasn't volunteered, Veronica couldn't press with cross-examination; it might make the old dame suspicious. And there wasn't enough time to work her over, subtly; the old dame was moving out on Sunday."

"She must have looked for that phantom report, huh? But hard."

"You bet. And when she couldn't find it, they decided, she and Vevrick, that the old lady had destroyed it, so that Hanke wouldn't get a peek and spoil her plans for moving day. And if it ever did turn up, then Hanke hadn't destroyed it, maybe he crossed himself up in his trance—but here it is again, boys, pin it on him!"

"Lubricity." Thoughtfully, Parker chewed pastrami. "How do you like that lubricity? It even solves a murder case." ⧻

*Continued from page 62*

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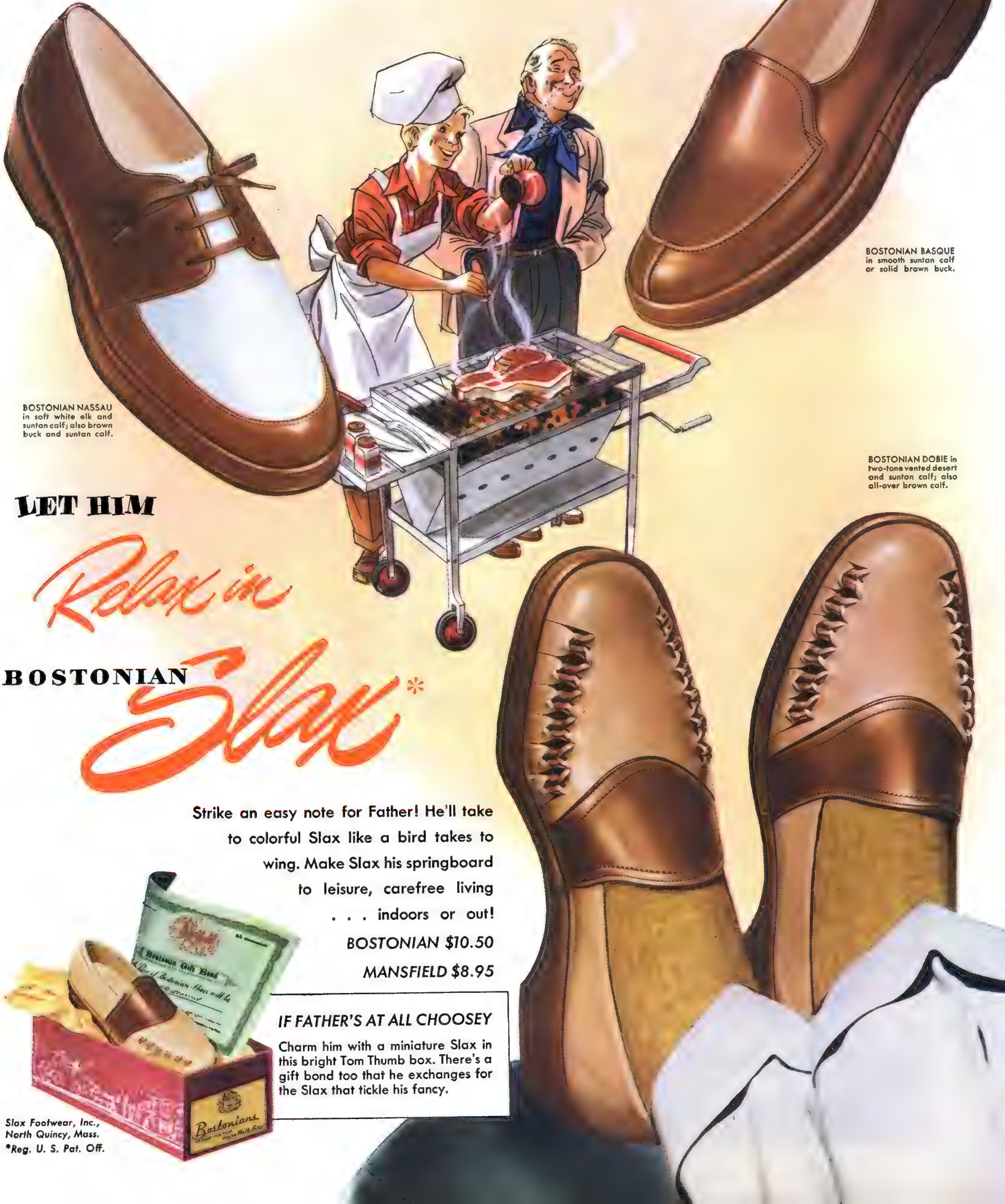

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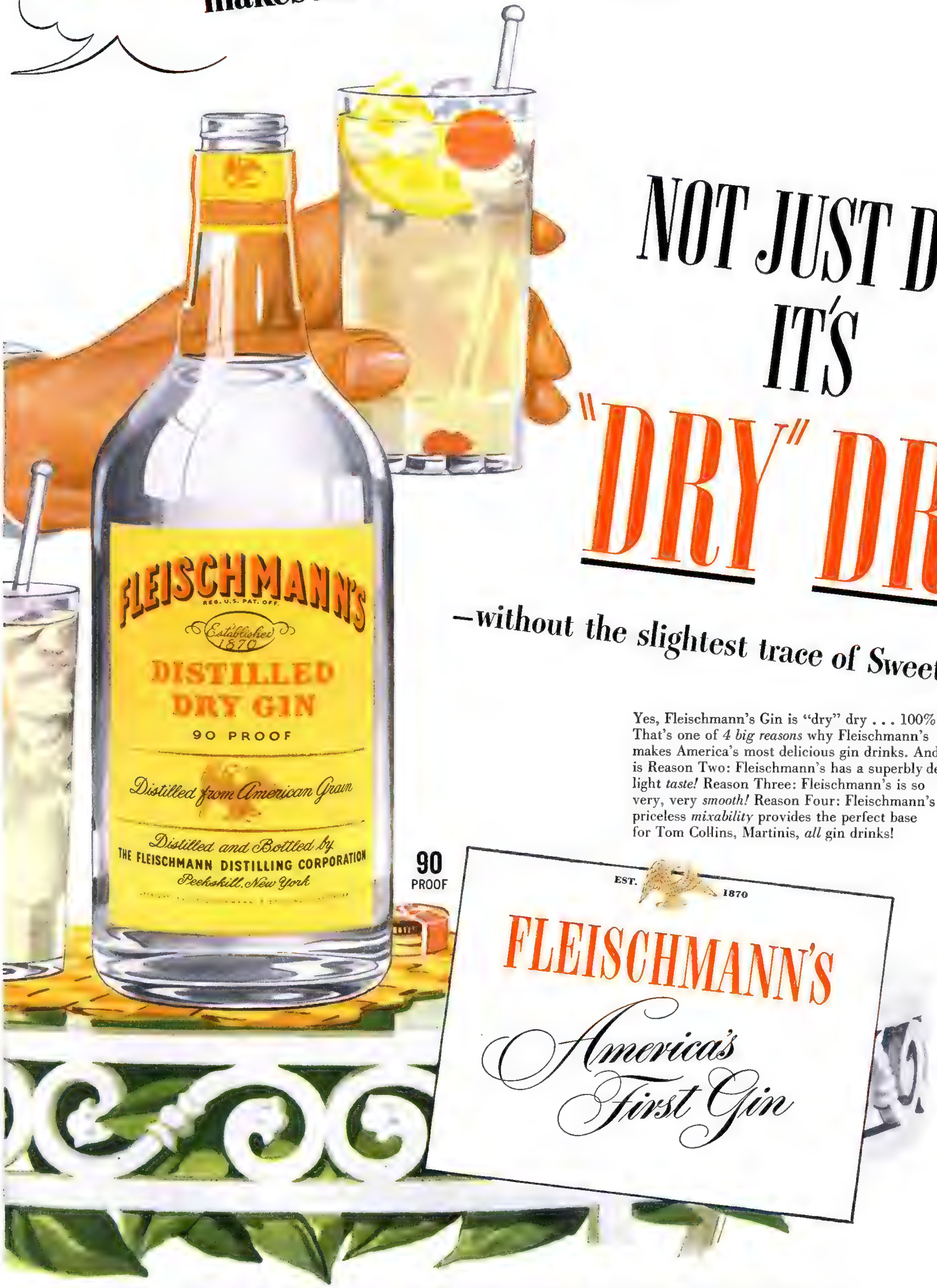
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## A Nineteenth-Century Swoonsong

Continued from page 98

covered, plunged toward it, with one positive attitude: he would demand respect for his profession, his own dignity. The custom of viewing musicians as menials he would disperse, somehow. So, in a great salon when the Dowager Queen of Naples continued talking as he was about to play, Ole Bull stood, glaring at her, arms akimbo. Suddenly conscious of his displeasure she said icily, "I suppose there are many bears in Norway." Bull replied, "Your Majesty, I had the good fortune to be nursed by one." Again, he resented the yappings of a lap dog, a disturbance climaxed when the dog bit the accompanist's leg. Enraged, Ole Bull kicked the dog up to the gleaming chandelier and was ordered from the house. Paris, he felt, was unreceptive. They wanted to see music through lorgnettes, not hear it.

He made tracks for Italy and the warmer, more informal Italian temperament. He was enormously rewarded. His colorful interpretations and technical feats lifted the excitable Italians from their seats and the orchestras from their chairs. Men unhitched the horses and pulled his carriage through the streets. He had his first glimpse of his power to hold an audience entranced. He learned the folk songs there as he did wherever he was to go, and could speak the language of any people without an accent. He threw every ounce of ham he could lift into his Italian performances, playing to their own exaggerated emotions. Calmly, the critics watched. They felt that when Bull reached the middle of the bow the strain must be taken up by an accomplice in the wings. They didn't know the strength in Ole Bull's arm.

Now he was in Paris again, performing alone in the Opera House. Only the great Paganini had done so before him. Ole married the little girl of the rooming house, and, quiet soul, she accepted his notion that she should stay close to home. He moved, through a swath of acclaim, into England and was presented a cluster of diamonds by the Duke of Devonshire. These Bull placed in his violin bow; the gaslights caught the flash of gems and his music seemed to flash through a heaven of dancing stars. Already, indeed, he was jewel-laden.

And stories arose of highwaymen besetting him at every turn and of his beating them; and these, in turn, enriched him in the eyes of women. Not only was he Culture. He was a 19th-Century Tarzan. He was muscle and virility and a man. He met the amorous Queen of Spain and she offered him a generalship in the army. This declined, she salved her frustrated emotion by handing him a diamond pin with 140 stones engraved "Pour la vertu." Later on the Queen of Sweden, knowing of the Spanish Queen's inclinations, asked why he had received such a gift.

"Because of my virtue," Ole replied with a bow and a grin.

He lived up to his means. Just how he lived, his quiet little wife suspected. She wrote: "I know you very well . . . that you live with more than your violin, for you are not one to be satisfied with the contemplative life."

Ole looked away, toward the fabulous promise of America. In 1843, with family left behind, he was off for our shores. In his bag were two rings from the Czarina of Russia, one set with 180 diamonds, another with a large emerald and 140 diamonds.

Then, on November 25, 1843, a mass of pulsing flesh and brilliant clothes pressed against the Park Theatre, almost suffocating under the flickering gaslights in the elegance of crimson and gold decorations. Solo performances were rare then and the audience fidgeted through the preliminary event, a play titled *The Thumping Legacy*. Then Ole Bull appeared. He was tall and craggy and blond. He walked with assurance, in a stride like a man out to meet a dream or a tiger. Ole Bull smiled. There was a trace of friendliness, a suggestion of arrogance. There

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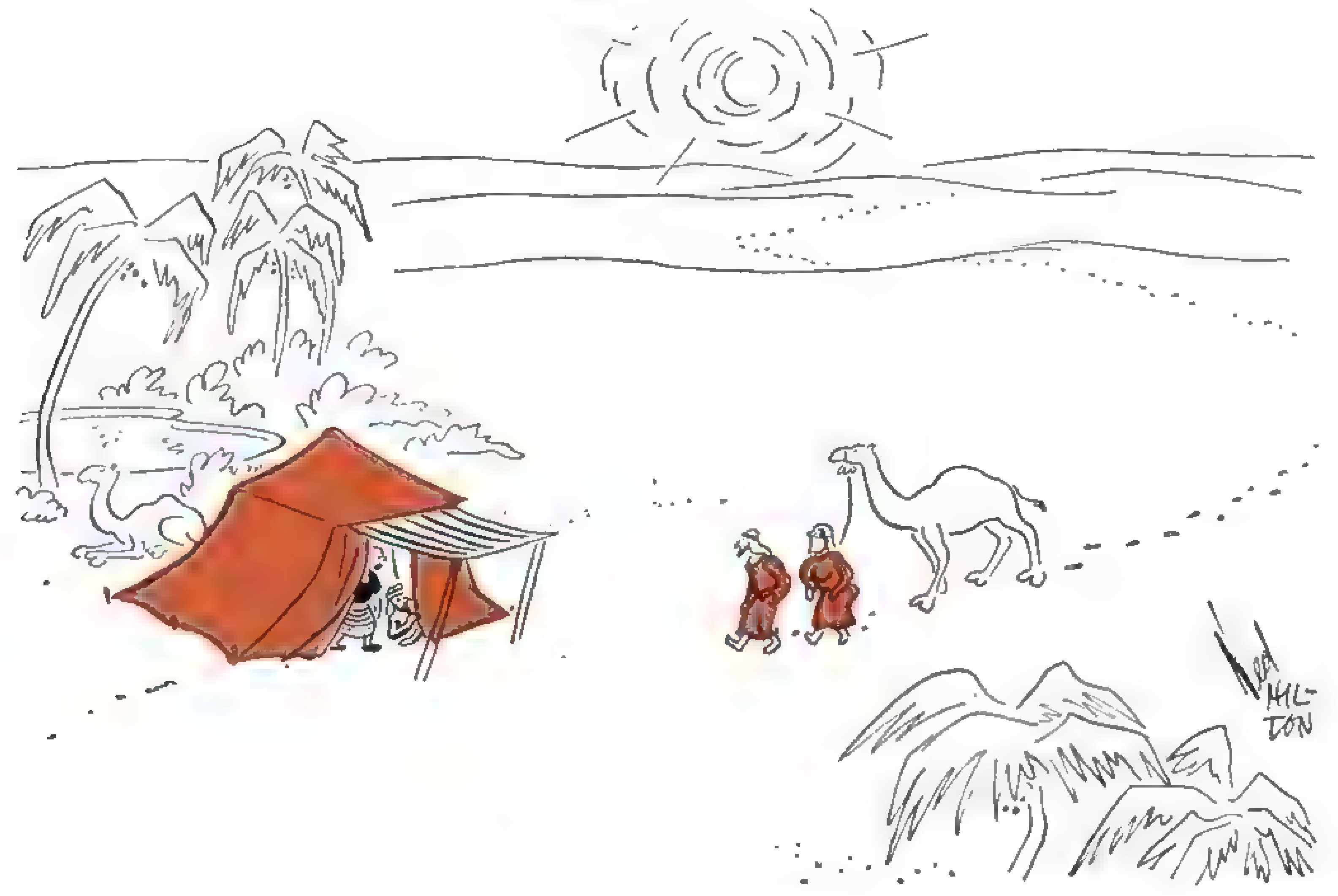

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## *A Nineteenth-Century Swoonsong*

*Continued from page 149*

was an interminable moment . . . He raised his instrument, struck the strings. His blond hair tumbled like woven threads down the cliff of brow. Every note reacted on his face, the joy of a bird call, the pang of a breaking heart. He sent his listeners, he helped them, he told them what it meant. The town went wild.

Ole was to travel far in the next two years, to triumphs in Boston, Philadelphia, every city of size east of the Mississippi, and to Havana, where he found the Negroes who accompanied him the best musicians in America. Once, on the Mississippi, a gang of ruffians invited him to a drink. The offer was rejected and they demanded that he fight. Ole replied that a Norseman could fight as well as any man when his blood was up, but that he couldn't when it wasn't. So he offered to wrestle with the strongest of them. The man seized him about the waist; Ole wrenched free, threw the man over his head and upon the deck. The two then swore eternal friendship. When the boat reached the next town the whole gang went to hear Ole's concert. The local editor next morning made an unfavorable comment on Bull's performance and was promptly waited on by Ole's recent opponent. Retract or fight, said the ruffian; no man can say anything against "the strongest fiddler I ever met."

Again, in the South, The Man emerged. Up swaggered a ruffian to demand the diamonds in Ole's violin bow. Refused, the stranger drew a bowie knife, saying he would take them anyway. In an instant he lay on the floor, flattened by a highly unesthetic blow from Ole. When he was able to get to his feet he presented Bull with the knife.

By now Ole Bull's programs took the form they would follow the rest of his life. To Americans he gave what they most liked and Americans were to be the greater part of his audiences, even into the later years when his hair hung white on his shoulders. Mozart and other classical composers were dropped (with the exception of an occasional Paganini). He played *The Last Rose of Summer*, *Auld Robin Gray* and a lively, spirited improvisation on *Yankee Doodle*, as encores to his own works. His own compositions included *Niagara*, a grand fantasia called *To the Memory of Washington*, and *Prairie Solitude*, composed before he had seen a prairie.

After two years Ole Bull left America because Mrs. Bull, now with three children, was loudly upset by his absence. He had pocketed $100,000 and given $20,000 to charity.

During the next thirty-five years he performed in Europe and America, an aging man with tossing white locks and consistent charm, which even toward the end could draw six thousand persons to a concert in Philadelphia. His energies were quite unconsumed under the burdens of mass adulation and his bow. Grand schemes raced through his mind like the threads of music. Against unimaginable obstacles, he established a National Theatre in Norway—to the fortunate end of giving Ibsen a start. His mind leapt on the idea of creating a Norwegian colony in the mountains of Pennsylvania, with himself as a benevolent dictator. That the land was unsuited to farming failed to bother Ole. The mountains suggested Norway, which was enough. Straightway, he brought in hundreds of colonists, named the settlement Oleana, then brought in from New York twelve dozen silk top hats. The colony passed from life. But for years the top hats were visible on random heads of the region.

Again, someone sold Ole a rock in the Taunton River for $50 on the claim that the Vikings first set foot upon it in America. This Bull meant to remove to the Royal Society in Denmark. The rock still lies in the river.

Patiently, Mrs. Bull died in remoteness; and the eye of Ole eventually fell upon twenty-year-old Sara Thorpe, the daughter of a Wisconsin lumberman. The father objected because Ole was sixty. But the formidable mother pressed for the match. The three took off on a boat for Norway and soon the marriage occurred. At last Ole Bull, for whom women had never been more than pleasant companions, was ironically to spend out his days under the domination of an emphatic mother-in-law.

But no strait jacket was ever made for his irrepressible spirit. At the age of sixty-five, while breakfasting with the King of Sweden, the King laughingly proposed that on a coming tour Ole should play his famous composition *Saeterbesög* from the summit of Cheops' Pyramid. And, like an aging Richard Halliburton, he did. Rushing ahead of his party, he clambered to the pyramid's top, an Arab following with the violin. The Egyptian winds fanned his tumbling locks while the violin sighed the tune of the unhappy Norwegian maid. To the King he wired: "I played, on this my sixty-sixth birthday, on top of the Cheops Pyramid in honor of Norway and its beloved King." That night Cairo packed his concert hall.

His life faded quietly, like a passage of still music. At his last American appearance, in Chicago in 1880, he was unknowingly dying of cancer, able to give only two numbers. Back home in Norway, visibly sinking, he beckoned with one of the once powerful fingers to his young wife. He wanted her to play the organ. What would Ole Bull want, she wondered. Mozart's *Requiem*, he said. The old rebel, dying, would leave from within the fold. ⧻

*Continued from page 98*

## The Biggest Sports Job

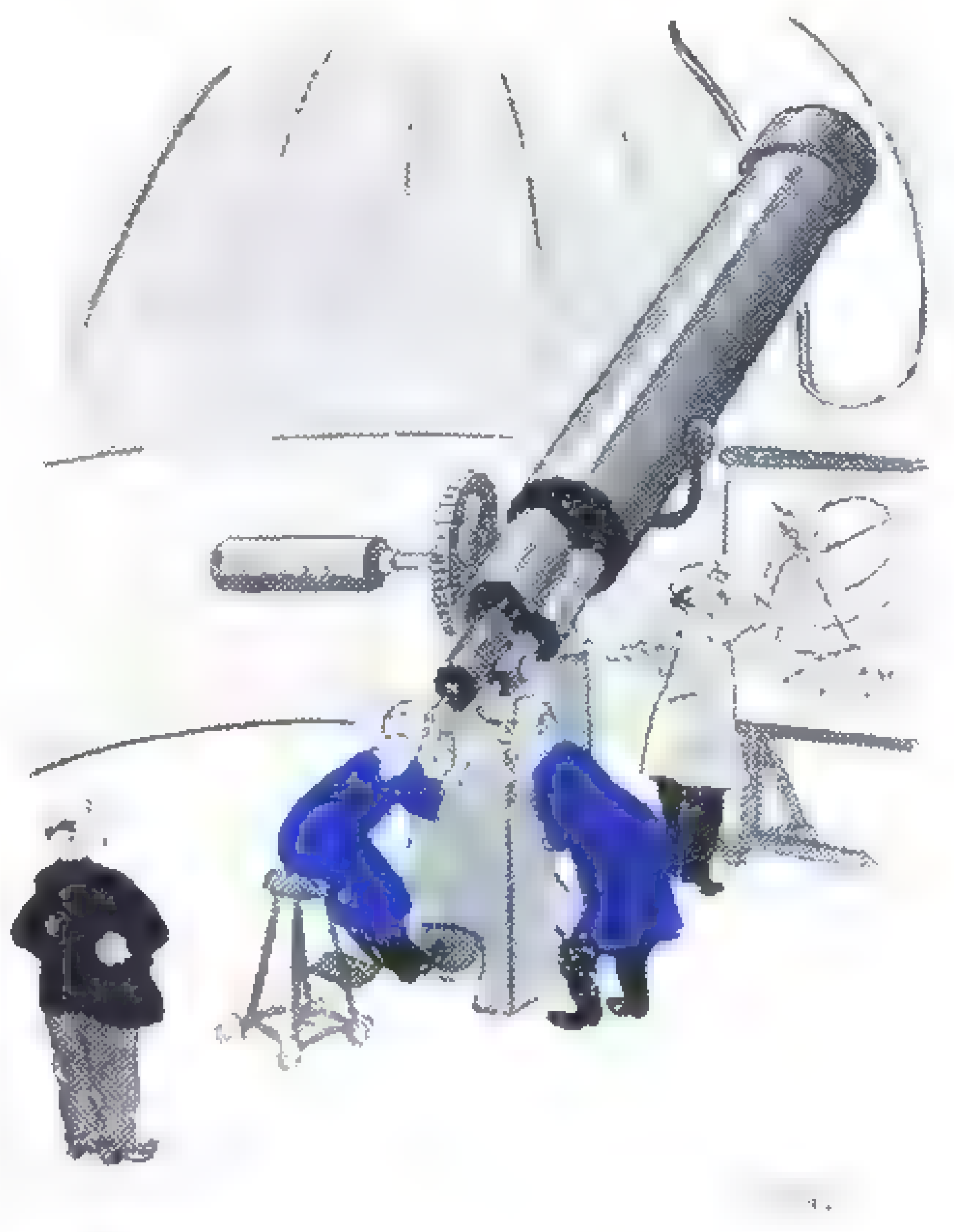
Continued from page 90

—one for individuals, one for teams, one for countries—understandable in any language because alphabetical symbol keys were used.

Nevertheless, problems came up, such as the bewildered letter from a South American country which, after a list of events had been sent out in English, confessed inability to comprehend the sport listed as fencing. "Our English-Spanish dictionary defines this as building enclosures or barriers," the Latins wrote. "Please explain in more detail."

Such problems disappeared when Henry's technical committee printed fifteen sports booklets, in four languages each, for a total of 53,000 copies. But bigger problems arose. Invitations were sent out two-and-a-half years in advance to virtually all countries in the world; simultaneously the U. S. State Department asked each country's ambassador in Washington to call his government's attention to the invitation. There were the usual diplomatic cat fights: one country wouldn't come if another were invited; an ousted administration wouldn't turn over entry blanks to its successor; the issue of Olympic participation had an influence on elections in obscure republics.

The Olympics' sports technical director really starts getting his serving of grief in heaping spoonfuls about two years before the Olympics begin. He becomes entangled in the problem of laying out cross-country courses through a vast web of city boulevards jammed with traffic. He discovers the difficulties of getting the world's best equipment for each event. He waits while the International Water Polo Federation (each sport is governed by its own world federation) tests water-polo balls from thirty different countries to decide which it will use. He meets delegates from various sports federations, who have come to his city to investigate the terrain he has chosen for the 50,000-meter walk or the cross-country cycling race or the horseback phase of the pentathlon. He learns that a precise mixture of selected soils must be imported for the high-jump runway; that Olympic fencers can compete only on a clay base covered by canvas surmounted by continuous strips of a special cork linoleum.



*"I wish sometime I could ask the time around here without everyone going into mathematical calculations"*

He also shakes hands with the gigantic problem of medical care. Suppose contagious disease breaks out in the Olympic Village—as it might with 2000 men living close together in summer weather? Suppose a cross-country runner is bitten by a mad dog—as happened in the 1904 Games? Or suppose one boxer is bitten by another—as an Englishman was by a Frenchman in the 1924 festivities? How can he provide medical care in the marathon, where contestants are strung out over twenty-six miles, and runners may collapse anywhere? Remember that a Portuguese athlete dropped out of the Stockholm marathon and died; that at St. Louis an American almost died on the roadside from hemorrhage of the stomach before medical aid reached him; that at Paris, where thirty of the world's greatest distance runners started the marathon but only seven finished, five runners came reeling into the stadium completely out of their heads, so that three turned left instead of right, the next crashed into the flagpole at the side of the track, and the fifth ran into the grandstand in the delusion he was breasting the tape.

There were no such disasters at Los Angeles. The medical arrangements were airtight. Dentists, psychiatrists, ambulances, and distinguished physicians of all descriptions stood by night and day. During swimming races and water polo a pulmotor and trained crew were waiting beside the pool. During the steeplechase there were four doctors, seven first-aid assistants, ten ambulance attendants and four ambulances on the course—which was just as well, because there were three serious accidents. For the marathon there were seven complete medical stations along the route, plus two ambulances, a mobile hospital unit, a pickup bus for unhurt dropouts, and a head physician in a radio-equipped car. This paid off too, because ten runners needed medical treatment. All were in perfect shape again within three days.

No matter what illness or injury turned up, there was a top specialist available immediately. Among the improbable conditions which required treatment at Los Angeles were orchitis, hematoma, conjunctivitis, beriberi, hypertension, insomnia, and urinary frequency—but the medical committee was never caught unprepared, and every athlete departed Los Angeles in good health.

Playing landlord to the athletes is still another headache

Continued on page 152

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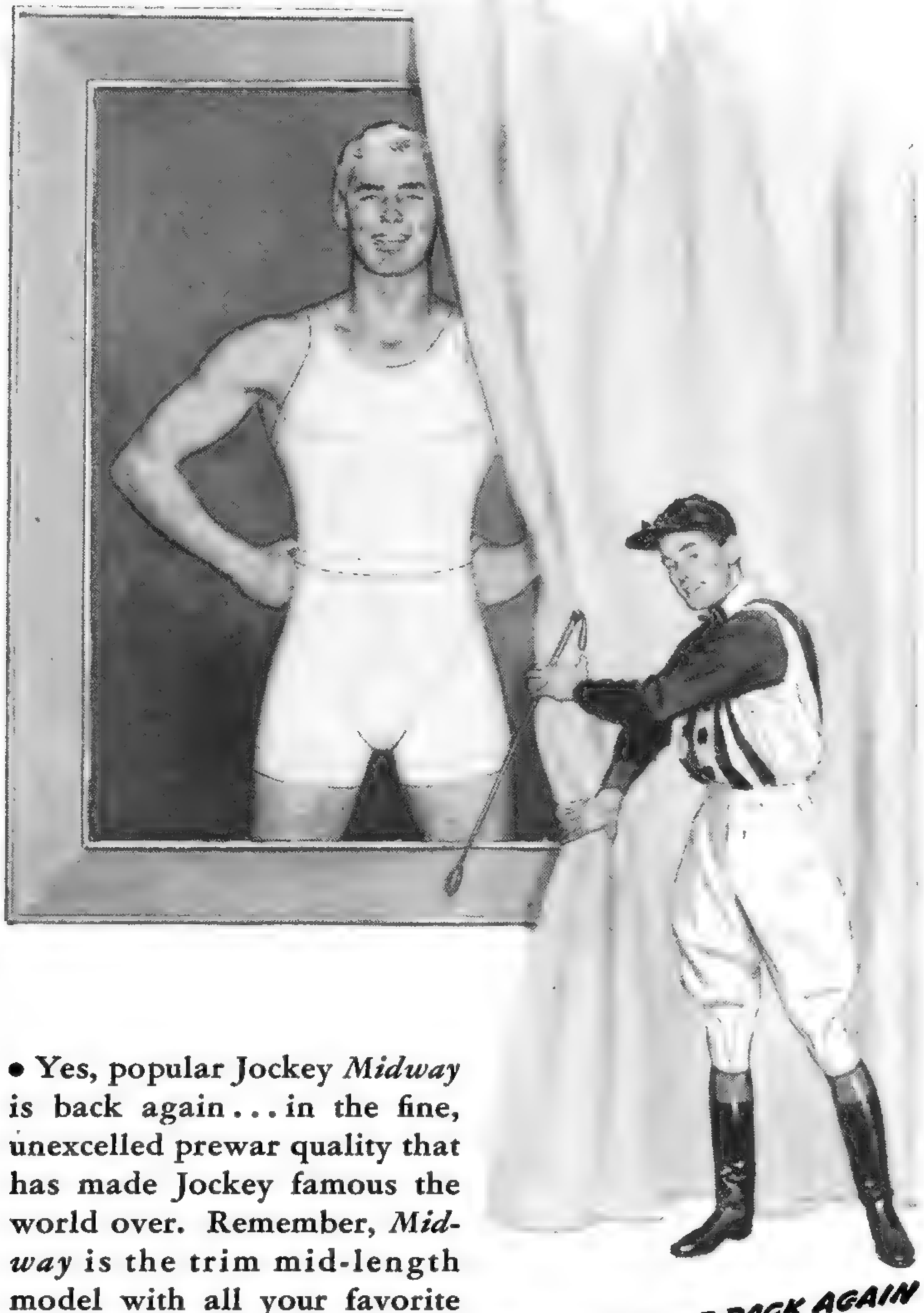

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## The Biggest Sports Job

*Continued from page 151*

forced on the host committee. In ancient Olympiads all athletes lived together during the Games, but modern organizing committees had discreetly kept each nation's athletes quartered far from the others, for fear of fist fights or rock-throwing. The Los Angeles committee decided to take a chance and go back to the Grecian ideal by building one big village where all teams would live together. It was expensive to construct a whole community, to last but two months, but Los Angeles did it. The result was the greatest splurge of fraternizing, swapping, and entertaining back and forth that the sports world had ever seen. Officials might quarrel in committee meetings, but the athletes were pals.

In the final months before the Los Angeles Games, every man in the Executive Committee (which included in addition to Bill, Zack J. Farmer, General Arrangements and Protocol; Gwynn Wilson, Operations, Management and Traffic; J. F. Mackenzie, Tickets and General Operations; H. O. Davis, Construction, Planning, and Operation of the Olympic Village) had two telephones on his desk and both were ringing constantly. Would the Finnish baths for the Scandinavian teams be finished in time? Could local hotels be persuaded not to raise their rates? Would quarantine regulations permit shipping horses across the ocean, and could stables be found at the ports of entry? Could Olympic athletes be granted the passport facilities and customs courtesies given to distinguished foreign visitors? Could thirty Los Angeles bands, choruses and other musical groups all be trained to play properly the national anthem of each visiting team? Could a motor traffic route be devised which would rush busses and official cars from the Olympic Village to the Olympic Stadium, without being slowed by the dense traffic en route to the games? Would visiting chefs have an adequate supply of national foods their teams required? In every case Bill Henry and his tortured colleagues were able, eventually, to answer yes.

Hectic as all the above sounds, the worst headaches in running an Olympics don't begin until the teams start their trip. Nobody knows what will happen between the time a gang of high-strung athletes and assorted kibitzers embarks and the time it arrives in the host city. Somewhere there may be a blowoff like the celebrated Matoika Mutiny of 1920, when the American team objected strenuously to living conditions on shipboard and almost didn't compete in the Antwerp Games; or like l'Affaire Jarrett, when the then Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett was removed from the 1936 swimming team on charges of fortifying herself with too much champagne while she was en route.

Some Latin team can usually be counted on to furnish fireworks during its journey. In 1932 the Brazilian boys, with no money furnished for the trip by their home government, were sent aboard a big boat loaded with coffee. The idea was to sell the coffee in this country and thereby pay the team's expenses. But some government ruling set a quota on Brazilian coffee and most of the team never did get into the Games. In 1936 Brazil, instead of having no team, had two: rival political parties at home sent rival Olympic teams to Berlin. Germany's totalitarian arbiters could think of no way to settle the dispute except by barring both teams. When a similar situation arose in Los Angeles, Bill Henry suggested letting both Argentine teams compete, and this satisfied everybody—temporarily. The fireworks finally broke out after the Games when the two teams brawled on shipboard.

The Finns and Swedes, who have been feuding for thousands of years, carried the Los Angeles discussion of Paavo Nurmi's eligibility from the quip modest through the countercheck quarrelsome right up to the lie direct. But there were no such pre-Games explosions as arose at Amsterdam, when a wrong-headed Dutch gatekeeper forcibly prevented the French team from entering the stadium; at Stockholm, when King Gustav sent for Jim Thorpe to congratulate him on his American victories, only to receive a reply from Thorpe that he was too busy drinking Swedish beer; or at Antwerp, when Morris Kirksey tried to get into a locker room to retrieve his sweater and was jailed as a burglar by the Belgian police.

When at last the nine full years of preparation are over, and the great Opening Parade launches the Games, look out! Scarcely an Olympiad goes by without an international incident during the parade. In 1908 Sweden and the United States were insulted because the stadium was decorated with banners of every nation except theirs. That same year the Finns marched flagless because Russia had insisted, through diplomatic channels, that they must carry a Russian flag if they carried any at all. In 1928 the Finns were crowded out of line by the great mob around the stadium, and had to climb over the fence; the Americans made everyone angry by declining to dip their flag before the royal box, in accordance with stubborn U. S. tradition that the Stars and Stripes should never be dipped for anyone. In 1932 the Germans were angry because Great Britain, by mistake, paraded into the stadium ahead of them; nations were supposed to enter in alphabetical order. In 1936 the Berlin crowd gave the silent treatment to every team which did not give a Nazi salute to Hitler, and acclaimed those which did.

During the actual running of events, the sports technical director stays in the stadium all day and sleeps there at night, but he sleeps soundly if his years of preparation were well spent. He need only make sure that every hurdle, jumping standard, diving platform, equestrian obstacle, discus, stop watch, water buoy and press typewriter is in its right place at the right time; and he has a big committee to follow through on these details.

There were few unforseen emergencies during the Los Angeles Games, and those which did arise were dealt with painlessly. At the last minute no one with sufficient ability to pronounce foreign names could be found to handle the public address system, so Henry took over the microphone himself. During the famous incident of the 5000-meter run, in which a Finn, Lehtinen, apparently fouled a home boy, Hill, in a neck-and-neck finish, Henry cut short the crowd's angry booing with a quiet remark over the loud-speaker: "Remember, please, that these athletes are our guests." In a few moments everything was peaceful.

Henry's press arrangements kept reporters better informed than they had been at any other big sports event in history. Several hundred stock-market tickers in the huge press section hammered out a running summary of the day's events at all fields. The tickers gave instant information as to what was happening. In the 3000-meter steeplechase a foreign official made an error and held up a number which would force the athletes to run an extra quarter-mile lap. Notified of his mistake, he still refused to change it. So, by the time the runners were on their third lap, Henry's staff had already sent on the tickers a note to the press explaining that a mistake had been made and the athletes were going to run an extra lap.

The public understood and enjoyed these Games to the full, because of Henry's careful arrangements for the benefit of the cash customers. It was his idea to have gadgets on the field which showed the spectators the exact status of every event at every moment. Height of the bar in the jumps was shown on white cards by the jumping standards. The American, Olympic, and World Records were indicated by flags in all field events. The daily program gave full information on the background and peculiarities of each contestant, the results and interesting highlights of previous events. The stadium scoreboard, designed by Henry, has since been copied by many football arenas; it was the first of its kind to flash instantaneous (almost) messages as typed on a keyboard behind the scenes.

Henry likewise originated the novel idea of, for once, having Olympic events properly timed. In previous Games a crowd of old duffers had done the timing with their own pet watches, which usually were family heirlooms. At Los Angeles there were thirty chronometers which had been tested and certified at Greenwich. Henry also installed the first "photo finish" camera—now standard stuff at the horse tracks—which showed the winner crossing the finish line and also showed a 100th-second watch which had been started automatically by the starter's pistol.

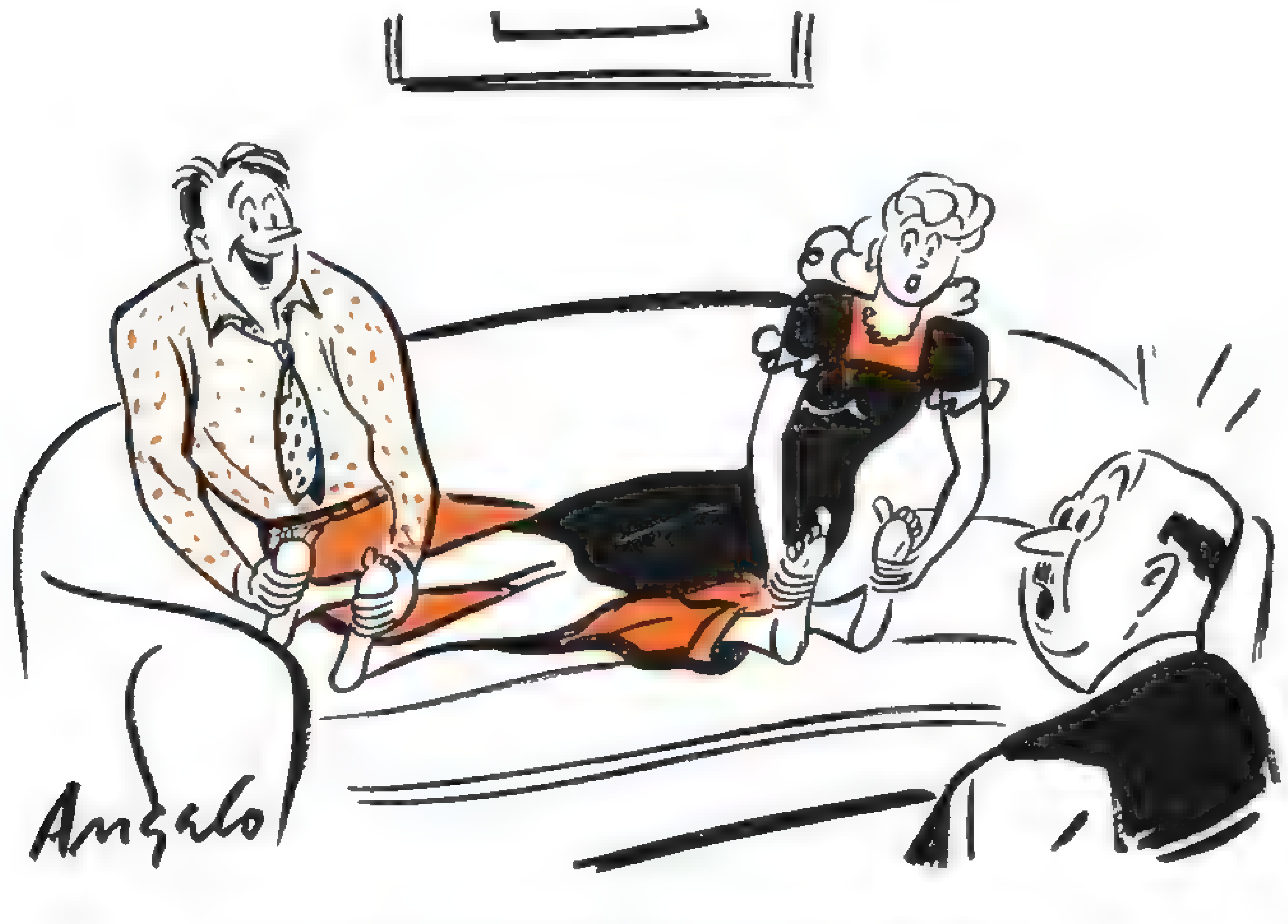
Practically all of Henry's technical innovations were picked up by Berlin, and presumably will also be in evidence at London. The organizing committees in Germany, Finland, and England have hoped for no higher praise than was bestowed upon Bill Henry's original committee when, on the opening day of the 1932 Olympics, Westbrook Pegler advanced into the splendidly equipped press section only to have Grantland Rice stand up and wave him away.

"You might as well go back home, kid," Rice yelled to Pegler. "You won't find anything wrong here."

And Pegler, to the everlasting awe of the beholders, nodded glumly.

What better tribute could any Olympic Games have? ⧻

*Continued from page 90*



*"We grew tired of holding hands"*

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## *Poetic Seal from Mulo: Ray Prohaska*

*Continued from page 65*

slavia. He had been living simply among common people, simple people, the people for whom Pieter Breughel painted. In Yugoslavia he painted water colors which were strongly influenced by the Frenchman, Dunoyer de Segonzac. Though he has outgrown this influence, it is pertinent to observe that even here he chose a hero whose work was notable for its powerful driving line, its virile attack, in other words its elemental force.

Back around 1916 a group of disillusioned European artists, as sick of the muddling, dangerous politics of the day as they were of the chaos which contradictory schools in painting had produced, launched a devastating attack upon art, culture, politics, morals, all the accepted ideologies. They were the nihilists of their day. Their undisguised project was to make everything they touched ridiculous. The movement spread, took on international scope. They were not political, they were antipolitical. They were a destructive force using nonsense as a weapon. They were the product of a bad time in world affairs and of an art epoch which had lost track of its standards. Their movement has little meaning except the meaning in a good dose of salts. To an extent, though, they electrified, clarified the atmosphere. Into this clarified atmosphere, since the faddists in art abhor a vacuum, was projected the next major movement in world art. It came to be known as surrealism. The pompous and the academic in art had been given a thorough shellacking by the Dadaists. The time had come for a new school of art-thought to take over.

The new movement took its cue from good old Dr. Freud. Man, up to now, said the surrealists, has been content with painting things seen with the physical eye, or with painting his reaction to things seen with the physical eye. But, they contended, there is another world, a far vaster world, which is as dark as the Mammoth Cave and where your eye would woggle around in its socket forever without seeing anything except nothing, because there isn't any light in this underground world and an eye would have no more use than a second glove to a one-armed man. They were talking about that Freudian nether region called the subconscious. We, said the surrealists, will paint the phantasms that exist in this nether region; all sorts of shapely fixations make it their habitat. The Dadaists had thrown out Whistler's mother; the surrealists enthroned Whistler's mother complex.

Nothing ever happens in the world of art without bringing with it a train of mixed blessings. The good is usually not unalloyed. It brings with it, along with fire and ice and poetry, a lot of something hereinafter to be referred to as hooey. The surrealists ushered in a school of art-thinking which, in essence, had taken for itself a legitimate and magnificently stimulating objective. The things that pop out of the subconscious as it prostrates itself on the psychoanalytic couch are legitimate fare for the brush of the painter. Why not? Let's not pooh-pooh. Those images, flashing before your mind's eye just before you fall asleep, are sometimes hauntingly beautiful, always provocative and not necessarily due to the rarebit you had before going to bed. But tagging along on the heels of the legitimate surrealist experimenters came a drove of the pretty boys of art, the autoerotists, the antisocial narcissists, the diddle-or-die boys who liked nothing so much as telling you about their apparitions. As always we must be able to look over the heads of the lunatic fringe.

Why does surrealism interest a man who adores the earthy, solid, healthy, normal, joyful concepts of Pieter Breughel? Why does Prohaska venerate Joan Miro and the august beauty of Piero della Francesca . . . in the same breath? Miro paints, in brilliant, vibrantly contrasting colors, nameless forms wandering across a canvaslike id seeking its mate. Often he uses a symbol which, if they looked closer, would send the vice-squad boys running for their axes. On the other hand, in Piero della Francesca the forms are religiously austere, gracious, devout. The fisherboy from Catarro loves them both. He sits like a large, vitamin-fed child, pink, beaming, his hair *en brosse* (just like your eleven-year-old's), his big hands, happy, holding a piece of nude, silvery, contorted driftwood, loving its form.

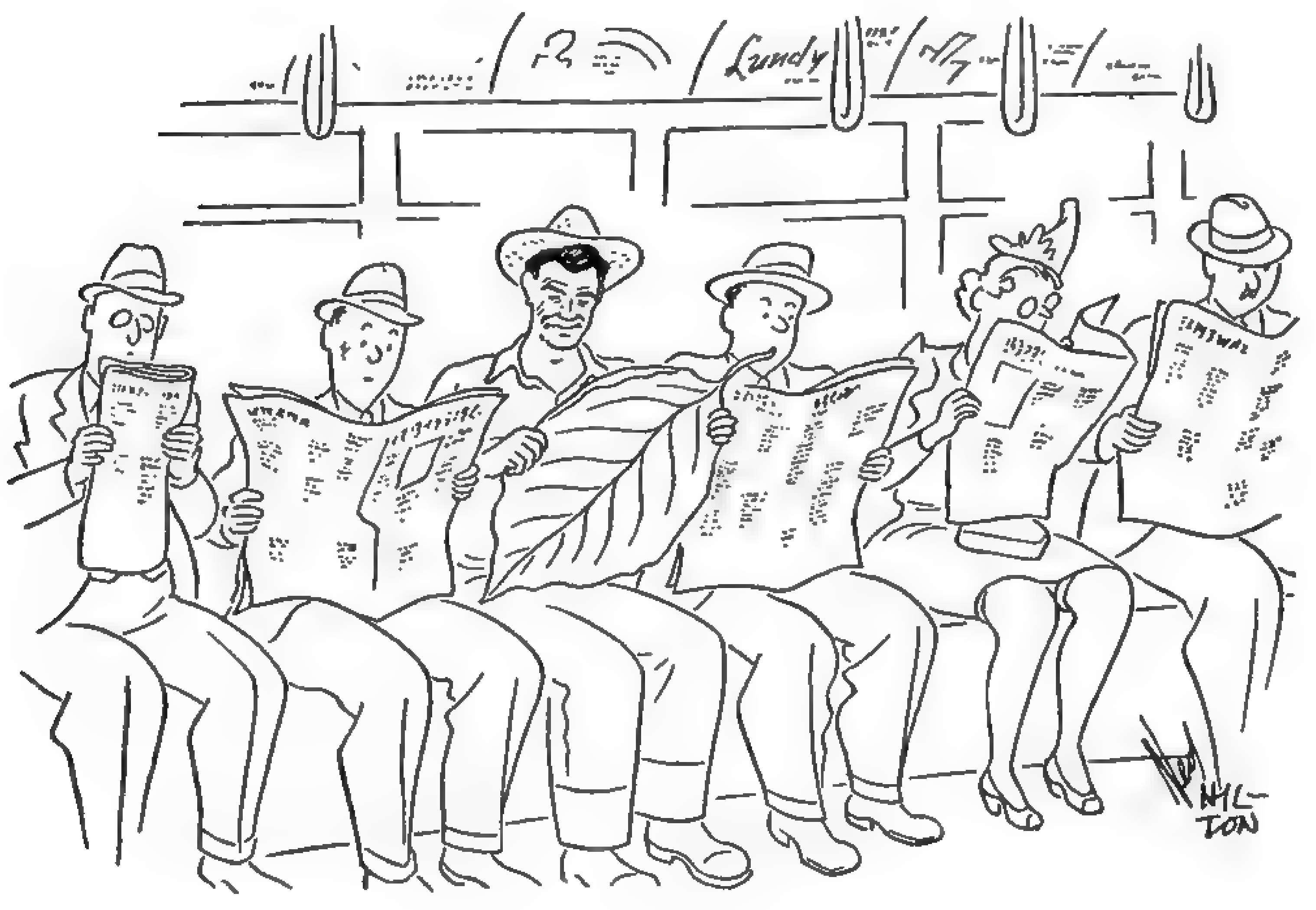
Ray Prohaska is possessed of an almost violent love of the world, of what it was, is, and can be. He roams among ideologies, seeing them all as manifestations of the human spirit. Shells, bones, pieces of wood are things that have lived. As long as man has lived there have been shells, bones, pieces of wood. They are the antique jewels which Grandma Nature willed him. There is a lot of family history connected with them. In school they call it natural history, but it is more than that: the history of natural things is the history of man himself, because man too is a physical thing, a natural thing subject to the same laws of governance. Man too is a type of fossil. Miro paints simple, undiluted forms, the amoeba forms that wander around in the subconscious mind, sometimes gay, sometimes naughty, but always basic and always essentially pure. They are as revealing as a man's handshake. They are as intimate and as natural as a Breughel peasant taking his noontime siesta under a burgeoning tree. They have the dignity of that which is honest. It is this honest, natural dignity that delights Prohaska—just as the natural dignity of the Dalmatian peasants and the Long Island fisherfolk delights him. Natural things have a purity which the Society for the Supression of Vice has not yet discovered. And in Giotto, Piero della Francesca, Paolo Uccello, Prohaska finds again, and here suffused with a devout religiosity, natural human dignity, a decency, a finesse of form, a simplicity of concept which is the opposite of lace curtains, overstuffed furniture and sequinned pot holders. Prohaska is a healthy man as delighted with simple totems as dad with junior's set of electric trains. He wants to play. If more people played in the manner in which Prohaska and Miro play, we would have a healthier, happier world. Such men are the real men of good will. So was Breughel.

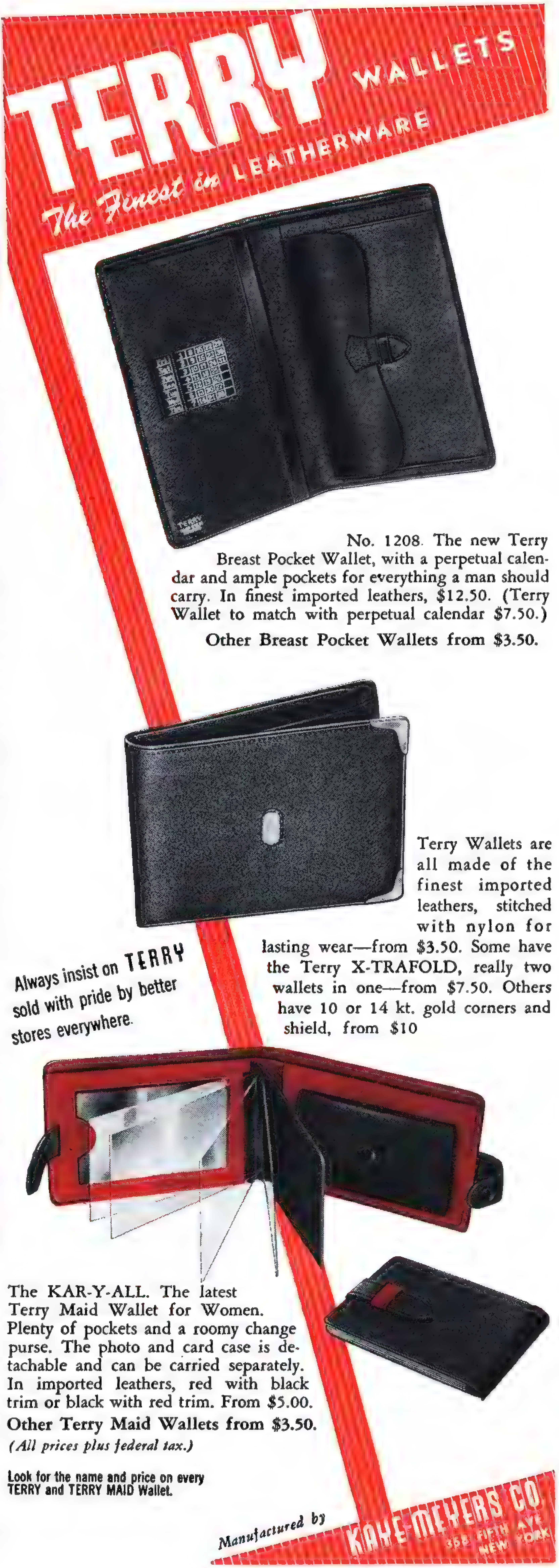
Now when a man has stripped himself of all useless decorations, all timeworn conventions which have outlived their utility, when a man has taken down the lace curtains and let in the sun, and maybe the smell of salt, and of fish, and of sunshine on rocks, and the clean smell of water and sand and blanched driftwood, he is getting closer and closer to himself as a breathing, natural, normal thing existing naturally in its natural element. And the closer he comes to all the essential things that have gone to make him whatever he is, the old memories, both personal and racial, the inner needs, the inner drives, the inner images. The more natural a human being, the nearer he will be to his own subconscious. The probing questionnaires of the psychoanalysts merely attempt to make that which you are underneath apparent and intelligible to that which you are on the surface . . . in other words to break down the conventional barricades that exist between you and your mirror.

It will stand to reason that the nearer a man can come (and still survive) to the thing which he is basically, the more at home he will be with the imagery of his own subconscious. Revealing the reality of his own subconscious on canvas is, then, surrealism, i.e. super-realism. Prohaska is close to his own imperative symbols; in painting the forms which mean most to him he is painting himself. He doesn't have to invent forms like the surrealists Arp, Tanguy, Matta. He finds his intimate forms already on hand, unlike my friend the silk and satin poet in the Village dive. The sea places at Ray Prohaska's hand an idiom all ready for use.

He begins work on a new theme by letting his pencil roam around wherever it wants to go. Without taking it off paper he permits it its self-propelled peregrination. It ambles about, bisecting itself and returning upon its traces. This impertinent line, willing its own development, fascinates him. It is something like the early automatic writing of the surrealists, where whatever wanted to come out of limbo was allowed to come . . . with strange results. But because Prohaska is a highly developed draftsman his wandering line has grace and invention. And it comes directly from him like a form of subconscious calligraphy. At first it has no apparent meaning. But as it wills its way along, seemingly at random, it begins to suggest forms. The bones and the shells begin to emerge as pictures in cloud formations emerge to a child's eye. It is as though these elemental forms were inherent in the wandering line, or as though the line, an umbilical cord stretching back to id or omphalos, which is a man's core of being, had hoisted up out of dark regions this particular artist's particular symbols. We mustn't get too abstruse about this. Your pencil on paper, allowed to go wherever the electrical impulse in your hand willed it to go, would probably do the same. But with the developed artist a conscious directive will finally enter to begin the process of organizing, as soundly as his artistic ability will permit, this random, irrelevant stenography into a coherent, intelligible composition. Once what had seemed dissolute, irrelevant, nomadic in the line begins to propose shapes and relationships, the will of the

*Continued on page 156*





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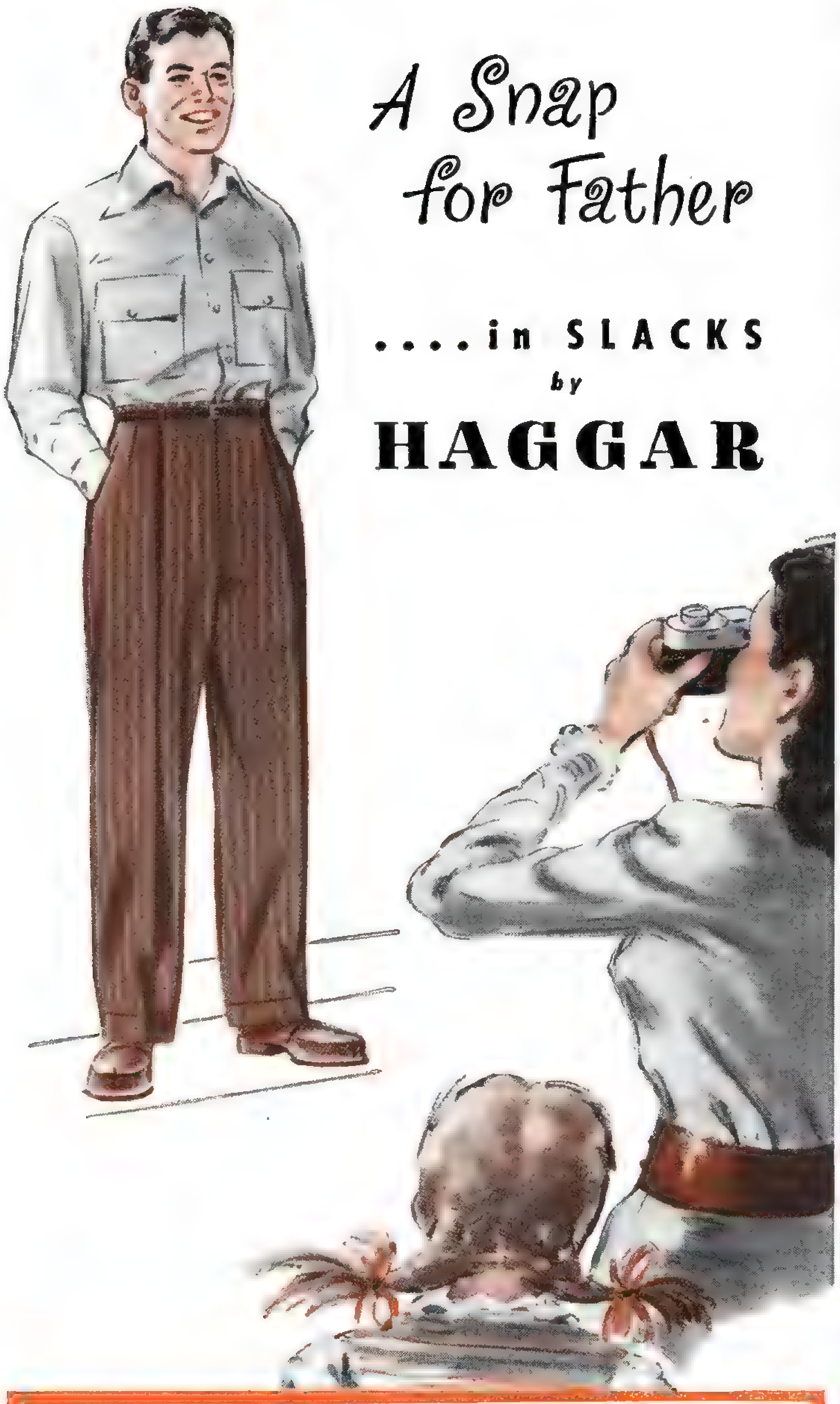

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Dad will be the picture of crisp, cool comfort if your Father's Day gift is a pair of *Haggar Slacks*. He will like the perfect fit, tailored comfort, and good looks always found in these handsome slacks. Ask for HAGGAR TROUSERS . . . a name that wears well.

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## *Poetic Seal from Mulo: Ray Prohaska*

*Continued from page 155*

artist has entered. Prohaska's elements are at hand, cuttlefish bone, algae, bleached stones. They begin filling in the gaps in his calligraphic notation. And you begin to see that what the man does is indistinguishable from what he is, which is why we have spent so much time talking about Ray Prohaska as a person.

He works on several canvases at once, allowing his compositions to simmer. The forms begin to glow in each, take on surface, evolve, clarify themselves. Tone comes through. What had started as an idle, wandering line is beginning to take on bulk, meaning, purpose. But under the painting, under the glowing color, under the solid, meaningful form, the fundamental calligraphy out of the man's inner consciousness still is there, intangible, personal, and, in the proper sense of the word, surrealist. In other words the line underneath is Prohaska himself, not a movie, speaking without a microphone.

During the war Prohaska took on a curious assignment for the U.S.O. It was his job to go to hospitals and do portraits of psycho cases. Boys whose contact with reality had become precarious often found entertainment in the usual sense—hoofers, glamour girls, wisecracking comedians—unacceptable. It wasn't always good sense to parade before men who had been kicked in the psyche the good health and animal spirits of their more fortunate brothers. The U.S.O. assignment Prohaska took on was to make the patient important, important enough to have his portrait done. For the time it took to do the portrait the boy who had cracked at Anzio, Salerno, or on the sub-infested ocean, was a king, a man as important as a diplomat. He was having his picture painted. Prohaska, so obviously a man of good will, a simple man to whom the simple men who sat to him were brothers, was a good doctor. He was a good doctor, too, before that, when he appeared at various art organizations with a set of slides to lecture sophisticates on the essential relationships between the great moderns, Picasso, Miro, Braque, and his beloved Piero della Francesca, Fra Angelico and Giotto. But here he was a less successful doctor. The psychos were men who were coming, through untoward circumstances, closer to their own subconscious natural selves. The professionals to whom Prohaska showed his slides were men who, to their own detriment, had let social values, expediency, traditions of academic propriety, divorce them from what they basically were. Their barricades were intact. It is hard to break down the traditions which society sets up to keep man from living at peace with himself.

Prohaska thinks this is so in international affairs, too. He thinks outworn ideas, mistrust, envy, misunderstanding keep men from living with men naturally, as fish live with the sea, as Breughel's peasants lived and worked together. He wants men to be natural. He has no fear for the future of the world if man can only return to his essential self. This is his ideology. He is a son of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The small and the unimposing is not necessarily the trivial; a shell is not trivial, but a bastard piece of forty-story architecture may be as trivial as the lace on a garter.

A man of his temperament is easily a friend because the efforts of other men interest him almost as much as do his own efforts, which is comprehensible when we realize that the nearer we get as individuals to what each of us is fundamentally, the nearer we will get to what all of us are fundamentally. Therefore he takes great pleasure in the work of many other artists, admires them wholeheartedly and manages to maintain friendships with them despite widely varying methods of work. Julian Levi, one of the most sensitive painters on the modern American art scene, is his closest associate among artists. Stanley Hayter, the brilliant English abstractionist to whom well-known artists go for lessons in print making, is another friend. Yasuo Kuniyoshi, superb craftsman and famous teacher, is another. Prohaska admires, too, the surrealist Matta, Karl Zerbe, Milton Avery, Peter Blume, Darrel Austin and John Marin, dean of American water-colorists and a man who, incidentally, shares Prohaska's adoration of the sea. The exuberant good health of a seal like Prohaska finds it easy to expand in many directions, making friends wherever he encounters honesty and where no one has put up barbed wire.

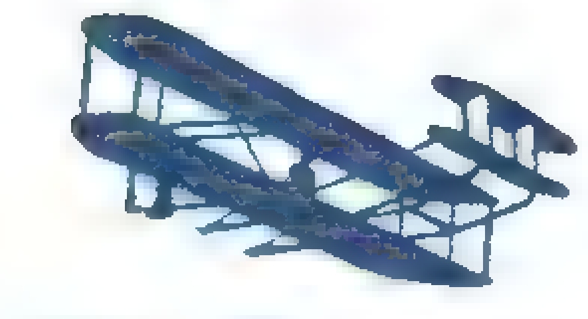
We need men of good will . . . from the Bay of Catarro and the Bay of Fundy, from the Pyrenees and the Ozarks, from penthouse to packing case. We need natural men. We need men who have not forgotten that bones are bones whether they come out of milady's corset or the waters off Amagansett, whether they rest secure under our own well-fed business suits or lie, tossed up, on some lonely stretch of Dalmatian seacoast. More than anything else in the world today we need seals, natural creatures, happy seals whose bark is a poetic means of communication set up to capture the ears of all the other good-willed seals in a world that invented television but forgot to take off the mufflers from its ever-listening heart. I vote for Prohaska as at least a cabinet member of the Union of Seals and Poets whose flag is a painting by Pieter Breughel with a Miro id rampant on a field of green, sea green. And let nobody try to get a corner on the driftwood. ⧻

*Continued from page 65*

**FATHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY JUNE 15TH**

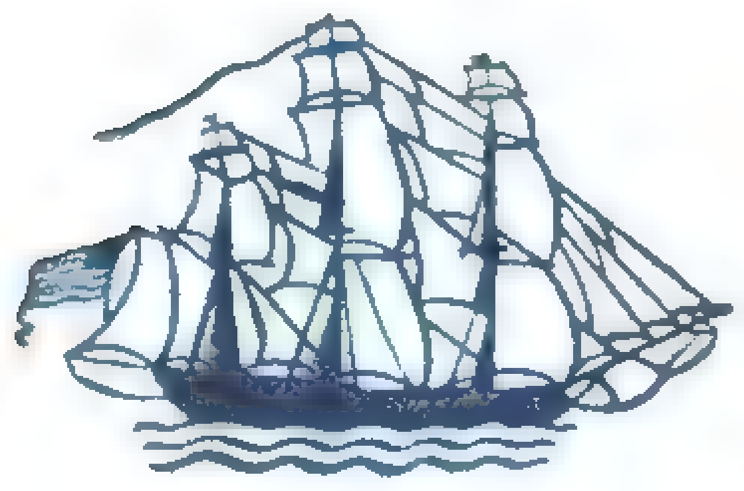
## Famous Fathers of History

**Robert Fulton,** father of the steamboat, made the trip up the Hudson from New York to Albany in his new ship, the Clermont, on August 11, 1807.



**Orville and Wilbur Wright,** fathers of the airplane, made fours flights in their bi-plane at Kittyhawk, N. C. on December 17, 1903. Their first long distance flight was in 1905.

**Peter Cooper,** father of the steam locomotive, designed the "Tom Thumb" that pushed a carload of 26 passengers thirteen miles in one hour and fifteen minutes on August 28, 1830.



**The Grand Turk,** launched at Salem in 1786 and first American vessel to reach China, is credited with opening American-Chinese trade. This famous ship is a trademark for Old Spice.

## History's MOST Famous Father

# YOUR DAD!

MAKE this Father's Day a banner day . . . give your Dad something he *really* wants. And *what does he want?* Old Spice toiletries! How do we know? Recently men in every section of the country said, when interviewed, that they preferred Old Spice toiletries, preferred their fine quality, their tangy scent. To be sure you give your Dad what he wants, stop at your favorite store tomorrow and choose an Old Spice gift set.

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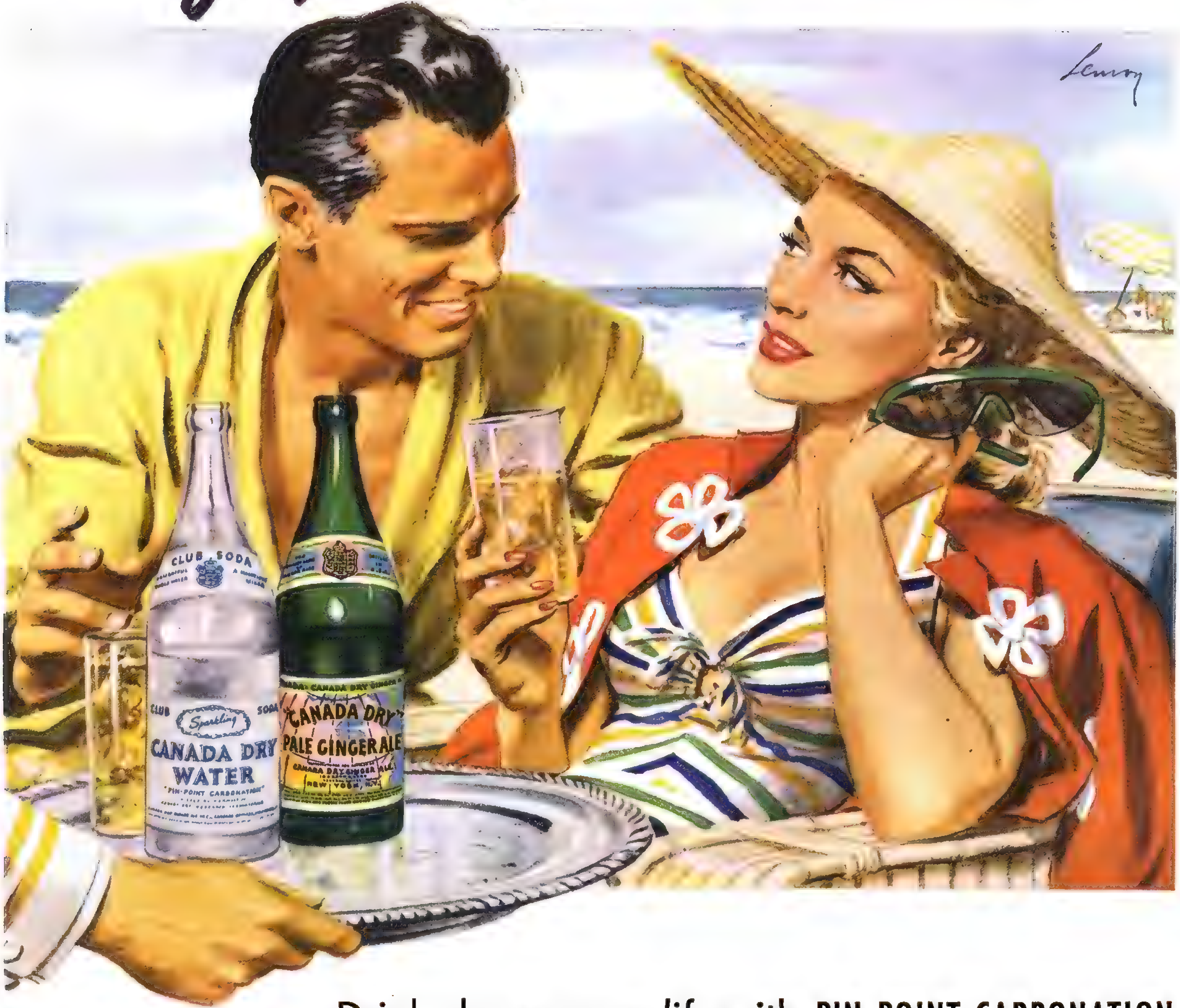
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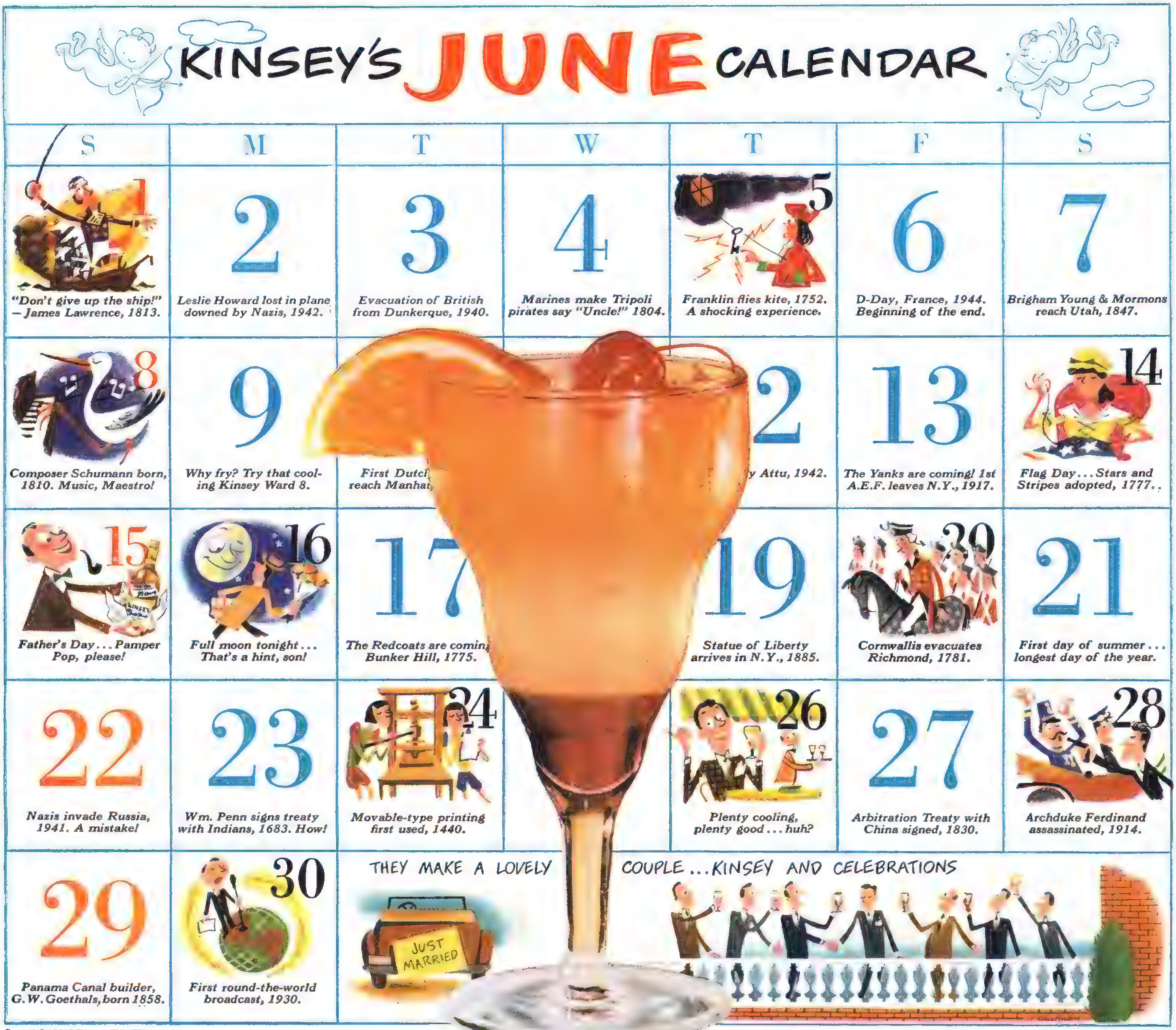

## KINSEY'S JUNE CALENDAR

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1<br>"Don't give up the ship!" —James Lawrence, 1813. | 2<br>Leslie Howard lost in plane downed by Nazis, 1942. | 3<br>Evacuation of British from Dunkerque, 1940. | 4<br>Marines make Tripoli pirates say "Uncle!" 1804. | 5<br>Franklin flies kite, 1752. A shocking experience. | 6<br>D-Day, France, 1944. Beginning of the end. | 7<br>Brigham Young & Mormons reach Utah, 1847. |
| 8<br>Composer Schumann born, 1810. Music, Maestro! | 9<br>Why fry? Try that cooling Kinsey Ward 8. | First Dutc<br>reach Manhat |  | 2<br>y Attu, 1942. | 13<br>The Yanks are coming! 1st A.E.F. leaves N.Y., 1917. | 14<br>Flag Day . . . Stars and Stripes adopted, 1777. |
| 15<br>Father's Day . . . Pamper Pop, please! | 16<br>Full moon tonight . . . That's a hint, son! | 17<br>The Redcoats are comin<br>Bunker Hill, 1775. |  | 19<br>Statue of Liberty arrives in N.Y., 1885. | 20<br>Cornwallis evacuates Richmond, 1781. | 21<br>First day of summer . . . longest day of the year. |
| 22<br>Nazis invade Russia, 1941. A mistake! | 23<br>Wm. Penn signs treaty with Indians, 1683. How! | 24<br>Movable-type printing first used, 1440. |  | 26<br>Plenty cooling, plenty good . . . huh? | 27<br>Arbitration Treaty with China signed, 1830. | 28<br>Archduke Ferdinand assassinated, 1914. |
| 29<br>Panama Canal builder, G.W. Goethals, born 1858. | 30<br>First round-the-world broadcast, 1930. | THEY MAKE A LOVELY |  | COUPLE . . . KINSEY AND CELEBRATIONS |  |  |

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*Question:* What is so rare as a day in June? *Answer:* A drink as delicious and satisfying as a Ward 8 made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how to mix one:

**¼ oz. Grenadine . . . gently add crushed ice . . . ½ oz. lemon juice . . . 1¼ oz. Kinsey Whiskey. Decorate with slice of orange and cherry. Stirring is optional.**

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## This Man's World

Continued from page 47

we were, a club car full of passengers, Washington bound from Penn Station, New York, and as the train pulled out of the station, some of us ordered highballs, and others old fashioneds, and others still favored a nip of gin to while away the four hours of the trip, and as indicated above, deponent, for strictly therapeutic purposes, commanded the healing whiskey sour.

Time passed. The Column was getting along famously or at least so it seemed, viewed through amber-colored glasses. Then the muse showed signs of wavering. Hideous memories of Saturday night crowded to the fore. "Bring me another whiskey sour fortified with Old Grandpappy," said I to the genial waiter who was lugging the likker.

"Sorry, sir. Can't serve you no beverages now. We outa New Jersey. We in Pennsylvania now."

"What's wrong with Pennsylvania?"

"Don' allow you to serve no alcoholic beverages on Sunday, sir."

Now here we were, the same people on the same train that had started out from New York. Nobody was different. No one had changed. But, mysteriously and irrevocably, a tabu had been placed upon us all. We were suddenly observing the Sabbath according to the odd will of the citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"Okay, then. Bring me another whiskey sour when we cross the line and depart the boundaries of the backward and benighted state of Pennsylvania."

"Sorry, sir. Can't do that. Then we's in Delaware. Can't serve no liquor on Sundays in Delaware."

"Oh, Delaware too. But you can serve it in New Jersey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do we go through any place else where you can serve it?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. Pretty soon we get into Maryland. The bar opens in Maryland again . . ."

A song lilted in my heart—*Maryland, my Maryland. . .* I said, "Will you prepare a whiskey sour and produce it as soon as we leap from the darkness of Delaware into the sunlight of Maryland? It may, or may not be in time."

"Yes, sir. I certainly will."

The choo-choo yclept The Embassy went swaying along on its gleaming rails past farmhouses, woods and townlets, over rivers and past bays and inlets. Suddenly the waiter appeared from his lair, his tray laden with drinks. He set my prescription down beside me and then teetered down the eager aisle, dispensing Scotch, rye, bourbon and gin.

All the people, the same, identical people who had begun the trip from the Empire State and who couldn't drink while passing through a corner of Pennsylvania and Delaware, now could because their fannies were being transported above the sacred soil of Maryland.

Oh, my America! I love you.

And this in the year of enlightenment and the splitting of the atom, anno Domini, 1947.

### Fisherman's Gripe

FREE for nothing, and at no extra charge beyond the regular fee extracted as the price of this publication and duly exposed upon the cover, I am offering a suggestion to the sporting-goods houses that fatten upon a steady diet of human victims in search of proper fishing tackle, lures, plugs, spoons, spinners, poppers and baits; namely that they give us a break and take the trouble to learn a little something about the assortment they are peddling us over the counter.

There are two types of customers that contribute to the merchandiser's dream and who will buy anything if there is a sufficiently florid promise on the label, the golfer and the fisherman, and of the two the latter is the more helpless and the bigger patsy.

I am that prize sucker, both quondam golfer and passionate fisherman, and I know whereof I speak. Year in and year out the boob marches into the fishing-

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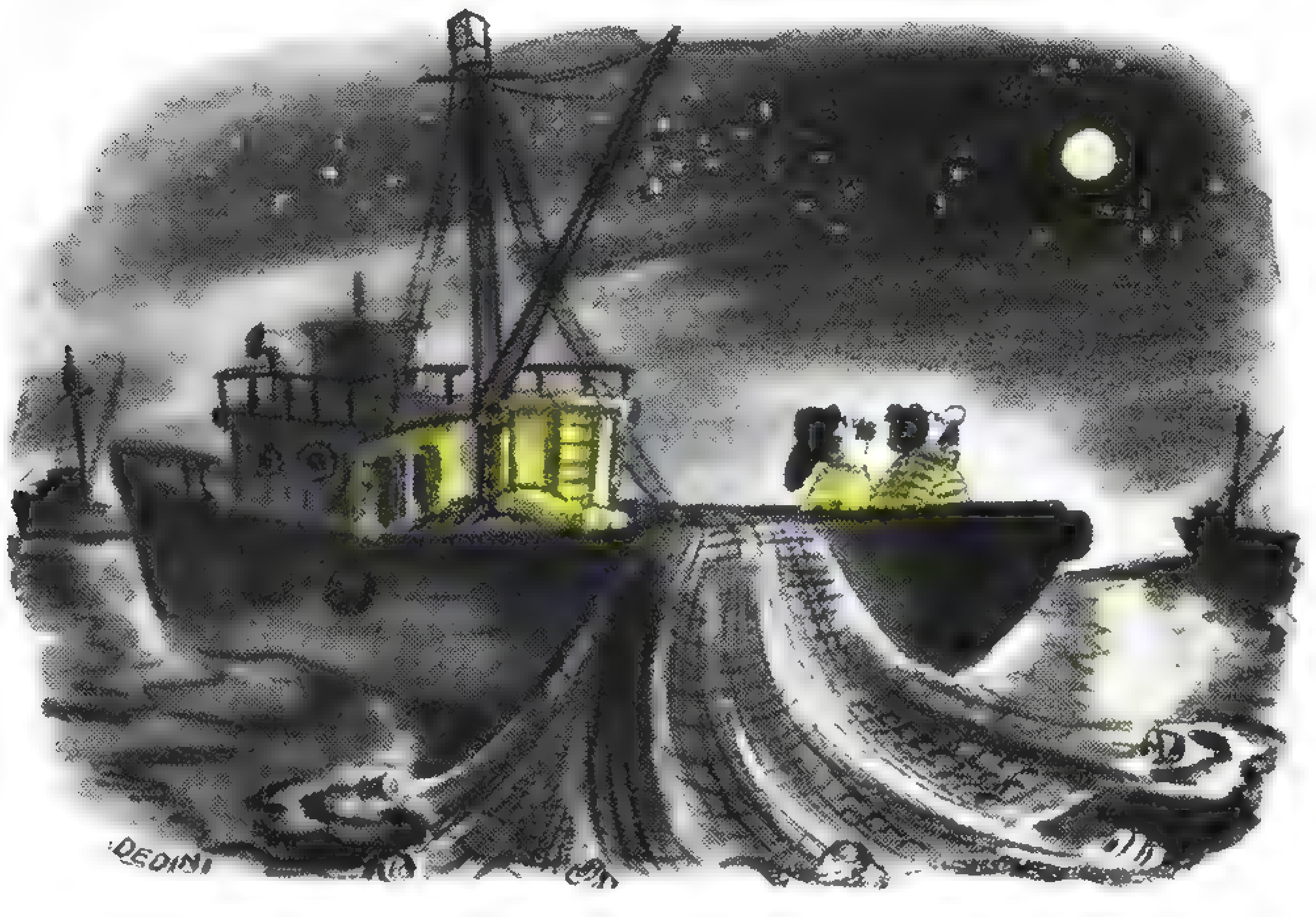
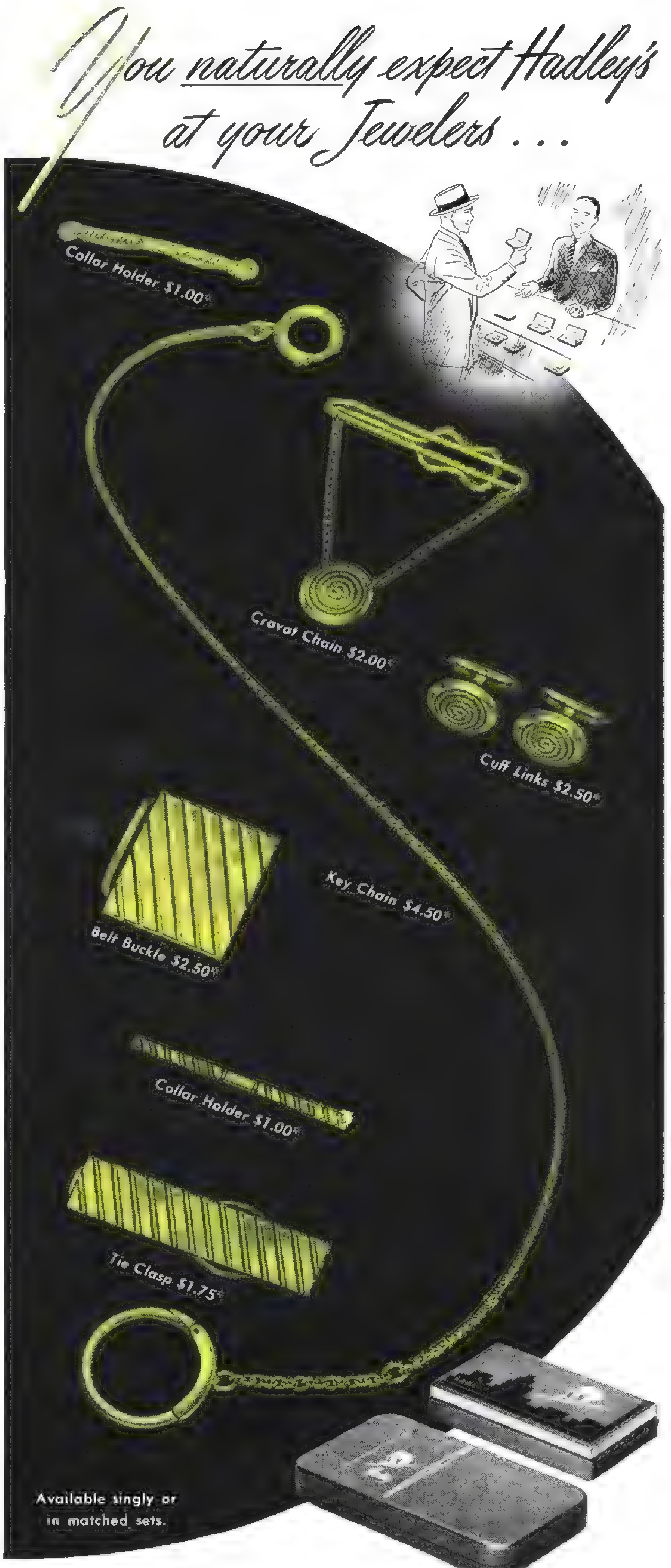


"Antonio, we should bring our girl friends on nights like this"



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## This Man's World

*Continued from page 161*

tackle emporium, his greenbacks clutched in his hot little hand, and marches out again minus the folding moolah, lugging gadgets, lures, feathers and goggle-eyed dewflickers made of tin, wire, glass, plastics and ceramics that wouldn't fool a two-year-old baby, much less any intelligent and self-respecting fish. These are variously and misleadingly labelled and if any of them ever landed anything it was purely by accident because the fish was hurrying to keep an important engagement and ran into the thing when he wasn't looking where he was going.

I suppose it is just because we fishermen are such a pack of prize loobies and so wistfully eager to believe that some ridiculous voodoo object made of rooster pinions, plumbers' washers and old cigar containers will succeed in luring the big fellow out of his office at the bottom of the lake, that the tackle purveyors and sporting-goods houses give us no more than we deserve, but the war is over now boys and the watchword is going to be service. How about giving us a little?

For instance, the salesmen behind the bait bargain counters are charming and gracious fellows, alert and well-mannered, many of them war veterans wearing the little yellow duck in their lapels, but the most complete and colossal set of ignoramuses where the art of fishing is concerned that I have ever encountered anywhere.

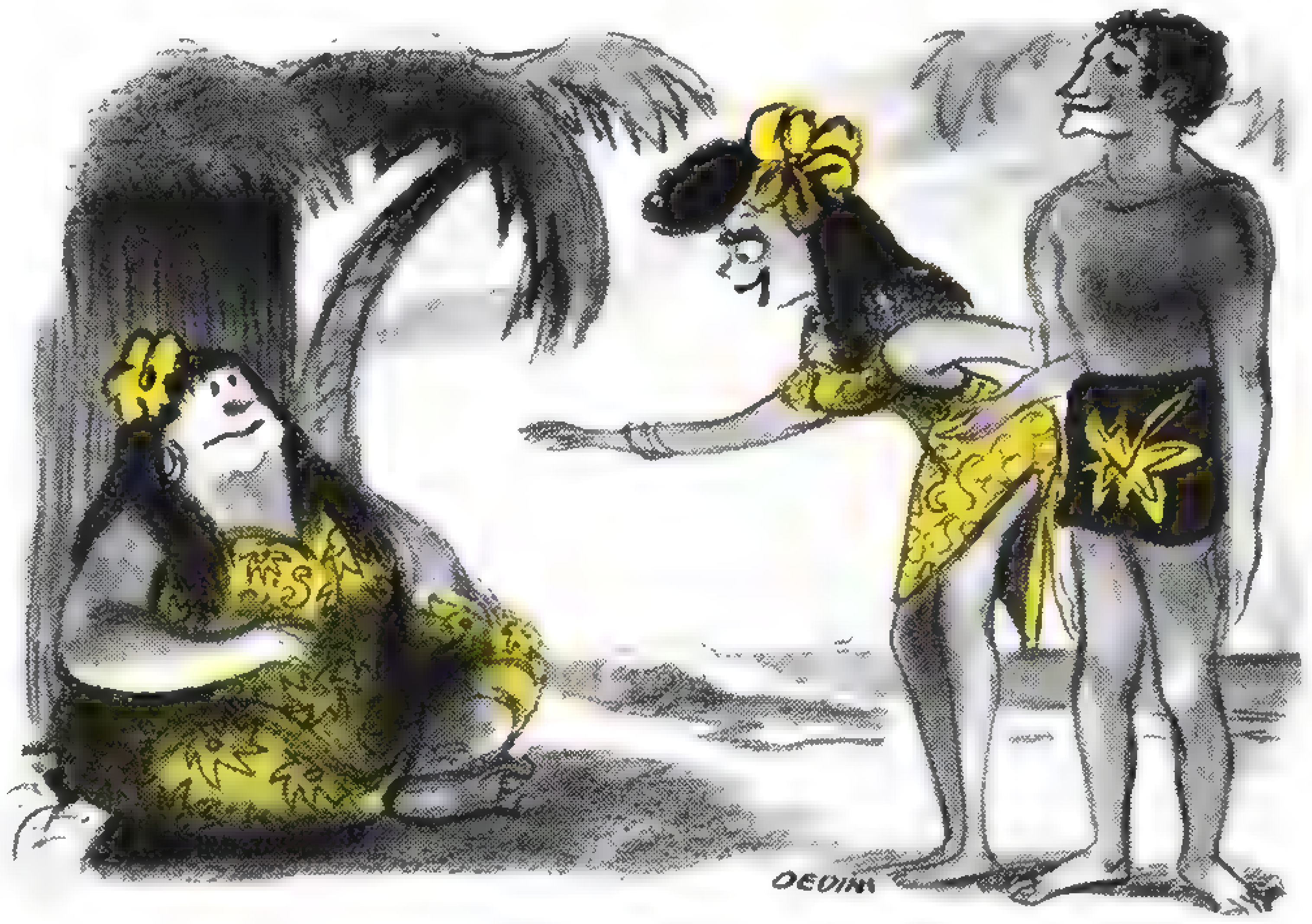
An automobile salesman is required to know something about the innards of the heap he is touting—performance, speed, gas consumption and the number of blondes it can convey at one sitting without blowing a gasket. The chap who sells you paint knows something about fading and weathering; the fellow with the washing machine can guide you as to how to operate it and what it is good for; the same for the refrigerator guy, the tobacconist, the shoe clerk and the various tradesmen who cater to our needs. Only the fishing-tackle salesmen seem to remain in pure and blissful ignorance as to what the stuff is for, what is really needed and where to go when to catch what. Many of them aren't even fishermen. Their ability reaches no further than an ingratiating smile and the ability to read the price tag, fill out a sales slip and make change. This is shabby treatment for a huge population of eager fishermen who annually spend millions of dollars and get little of real use for their money.

Newspapers make a good thing out of publishing fishing columns, and a damned competent set of fellows operate them, chaps who get out and around, move about, see what is going on, who is catching what where, and report it. This service is included in your nickel's worth. But would a sporting-goods house offer similar service to the chump who spends between twenty-five and a hundred dollars? Not that I have been able to notice it.

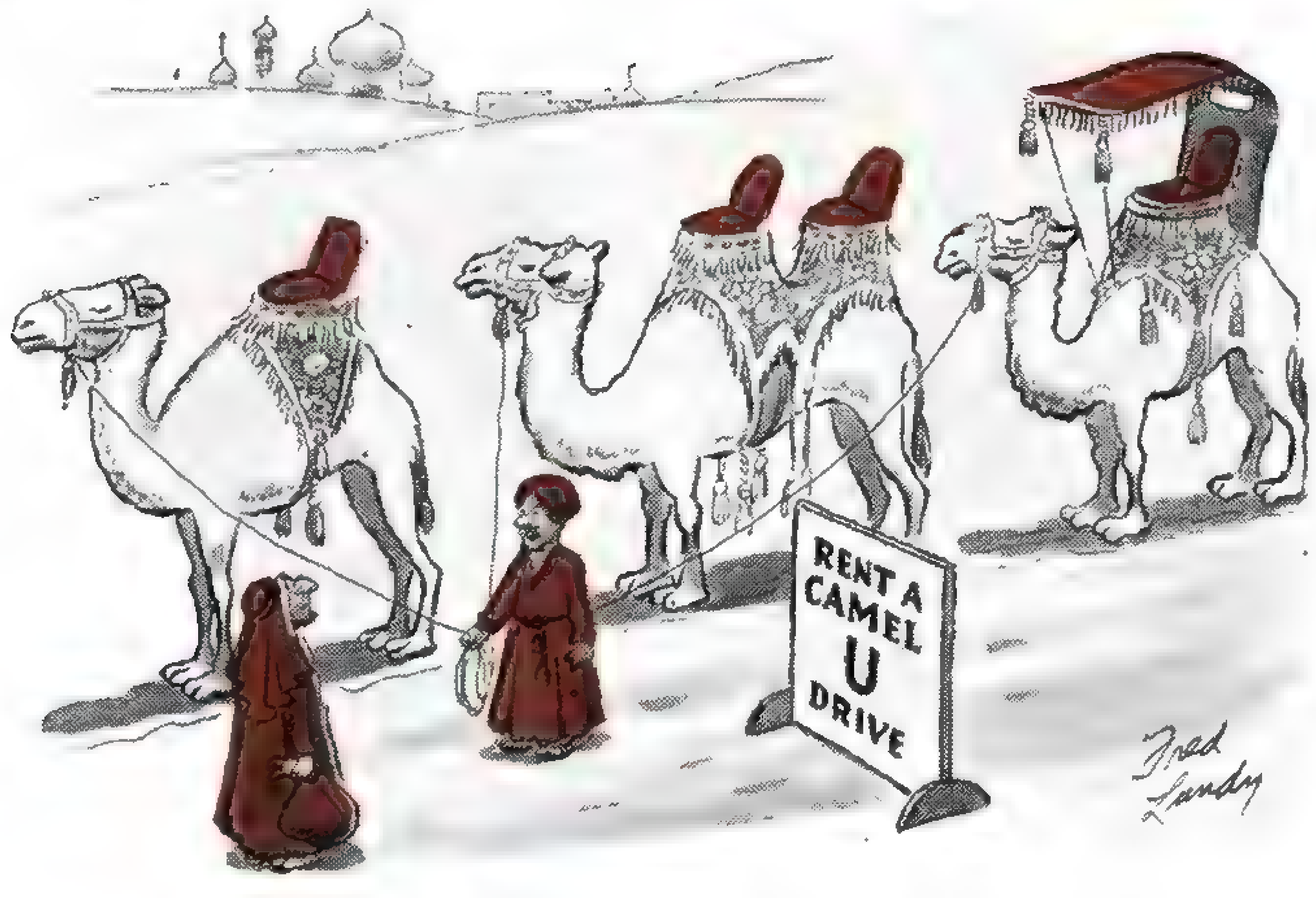
There is no one so gullible, eager and loving as a fisherman, which I suppose is why he deserves to be taken, but if the tackle people only realized that we are a still-untapped gold mine, they might really hist up their socks and settle down to selling us and satisfying us at the same time.

Now if I were running a big shop engaged in selling tackle and bait this is what I would offer, and these brilliant suggestions are likewise free to all companies who have been wise enough to invest four bits for this delectable literary potpourri. I don't want anything for it. I just love fishing and fishermen. Someday, if some poor sap who has been taken year in and year out by the vested interests hooks into a big one because of reforms instigated by this article, and as he lands it, murmurs with a tear in his eye, "God bless Gallico and Esquire Magazine," that shall be my reward.

My fishing shop would be a clearinghouse of accurate and up-to-the-minute information about fishing—all kinds. It would build up a letter and telegraphic cor-



*"Mama, my name isn't Katahanamoka any more—it's Oahutuahuhu!"*


RENT A CAMEL U DRIVE
Fred Landy

"*Coupé, sedan or convertible, sir?*"

respondence with guides, local residents, oldest inhabitants and innkeepers in every part of the country where the finny gamester is pursued.

There would be a card index kept up to the minute. When a client entered, his eyes alight with that certain look, and announced that he was enthralled with the notion of hooking and landing, let us say, a walleyed pike, out would come the card index. We would tell him in what northern lakes the walleyed pike flourished, where and at what time his appetite was likely to be most stimulated and hence profitable to the hunter. We would furnish him with the name of the best guide and the price of his services, plus a side light on his personal idiosyncrasies. We would be prepared to detail the hostelries in the vicinity, the tax on bed and breakfast, whether or not there is local option or a guy should bring his own, and the best and the most convenient method of getting there, with schedules and timetables and the amount of the fare.

Is this so much to ask of a nation that makes a cult of service and pleasing and pampering the customer? Last spring I wanted to go surf casting for channel bass, the copper-colored fish that makes an annual appearance in the shoal waters off the Carolinas in April and May. Was there a single solitary person in a New York store to warn me that it is utterly useless to try surf casting for the golden warriors in April or May, that they are only taken in the surf in the vicinity of Manteo, Virginia Beach, Kill Devil Hill and Capes Charles and Hatteras in late June and July, and then only from dark to midnight, and best on the full moon? Not on your life. But they sold me enough squids, jigs, lead lures and blocks of tin mounted with ostrich plumes to founder a battleship. I got bowlegged carrying them and when I got to Manteo they were just so much ballast. It cost me a couple of C-notes to learn by experience what some smart guy should have been able to tell me for nothing, and Mr. Sporting Goods Clerk is marked lousy in my book. Is that smart business?

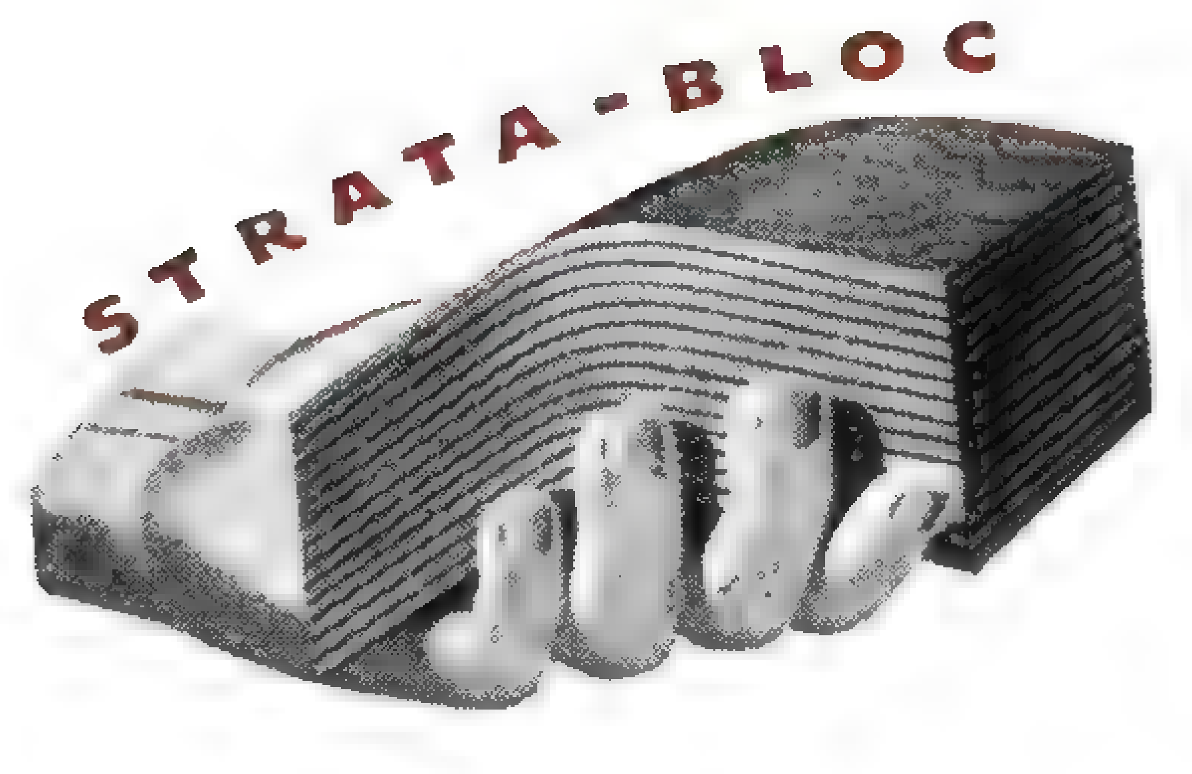
My shop will employ a full-time feller equipped with a little coupé and traveling money, and if I cannot afford him alone I will split him with a couple of other stores and all he will do is drive around in season to where the fishing is going on and send back telegrams about where they are biting and what they are biting on. And whatever it is they are snapping at, that is what I will have in my shop to sell you. It doesn't take a genius to figure that out, does it? But no one is doing it.

A fisherman is a sucker to buy his artificial bait in a city store anyway, because when he reaches the place where the fishing is happening he will find the local general store well stocked with the one or two types of lures that experience has proved attractive to the fish in that particular vicinity. Sooner or later the fisherman finds that out and down go the graphs in the sporting-goods and fishing-tackle stores. To protect my shop against this decline, and likewise to protect my steady customer, my traveling man would make a study of the lures most effective in the various sport-fishing centers and I would make it my business to see that I had both the information and the bait.

A man gets to go on a real fishing holiday only once every so often and then his time is limited. To have this precious vacation loused up by misinformation, or worse, no information at all, is a crime against humanity, and I am against it.

Sure, my shop would sell you all the phonus-balonus razzle-dazzle baits you wanted to buy, since no dyed-in-the-wool fisherman can be wholly prevented from making a sap of himself and his bank roll, but only *after* we had given you the up-to-the-minute dope about fishing conditions on the spot for which you were heading and had sold you the lures on which fish had been taken and no kidding. We would also see that you had the right weight tackle, proper reel and line for the weight of fish you could be expected to snag, and a couple of earplugs so when the guide started his song

*Continued on page 164*



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GOLF CLUBS

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

## This Man's World

*Continued from page 163*

and dance about how many fish they caught *last* week before you arrived, and funny-how-they-ain't-here-now, you could tune him out.

All right, all right, I know. This is a cruel, materialistic world and we must all grow up eventually and face facts. But a guy can still dream a little, can't he?

### *Summer Dream*

THERE is a vacant lot right next to where I live, and the other morning, looking down from my window, I saw two kids engaged in a game of pitch and catch with glove and ball. They were all alone in the world, a big, skinny kid in a striped jersey, and a little chunky kid. They had two fielder's gloves and a catcher's mitt and a baseball, and the two of them made for themselves a summer's dream that touched my heart.

They started with the big kid catching and the little kid pitching, and they warmed up a little first, because it was still early in the season and it said in the papers that muscles, disused during winter, were stiff and had to be worked carefully to get the kinks out of them so as not to come up to the opening game with a sore arm.

Pretty soon the little kid began to get some steam behind his pitches and the dream began in earnest. The tall, skinny one with the striped sweater plunked the extra fielder's glove down in front of him for a plate and, because it was not quite wide enough, halted proceedings while he got a piece of stick and enlarged the area to the proper dimensions. Then he got behind it, thumped the hollow of the catcher's mitt and crouched while the phantom batter strode to the plate, lugging his mighty ash. It was probably Ted Williams.

And now the dream began to take shape in all its grandeur and clarity as the little guy stood with the ball and looked the situation over. The angle of his head, the tilt of his buttocks, the calculating pose of his arms and his tentative and speculative grip upon the ball banished the near-by street down which the cross-town traffic roared, the tall buildings, the passage of time and people, the open lot with the wire backstop, and in their place, materialized out of the magic of their eager minds and bodies, the stadium grew up about them, tier upon tier, packed with the roaring crowd, the white-coated figures of the candy butchers moving against its solid ranks, the emerald green of the infield and the dusty base paths punctuated with the sacks. "Batreeeeze for tuhday's game..." They were it. Pitcher and catcher.

The chunky kid contemplated for a second more, wound up and let fly. The ball burned across the plate waist-high and the skinny one took it with a fine thunk in his mitt, and his body and his gestures added form and roundness and reality to the dream as he plucked the ball forth and showed it to his partner and to the umpire, and to the poor befuddled phantom who had let it go by him without taking his bat from his shoulder, a palpable, unquestionable, irrefutable strike.

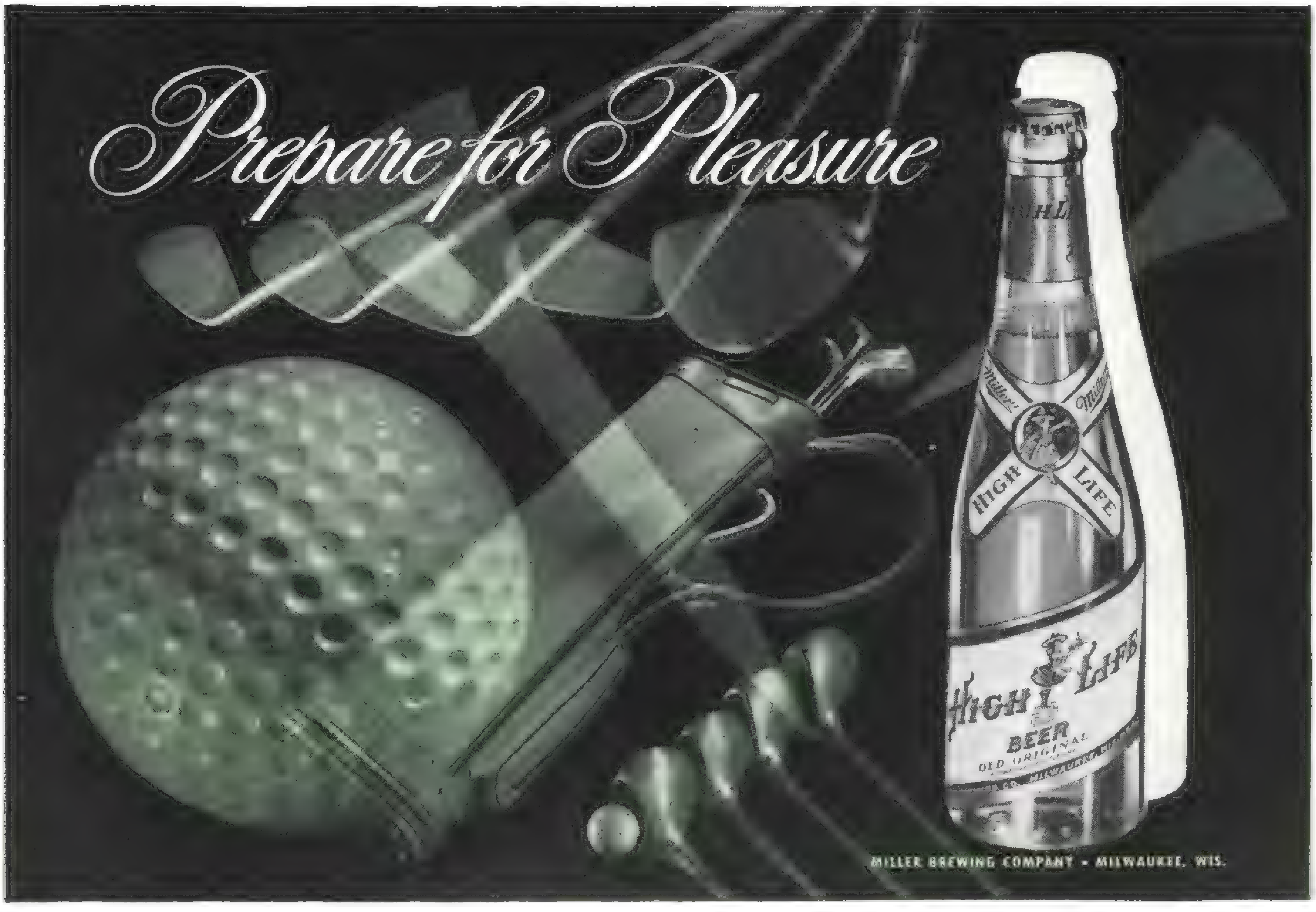
The crowd roared its approval; some jeered at the man who had been duped by perfect speed and control. The little kid hitched up his pants, plucked the returned ball out of the air, juggled it carelessly for a moment and grinned at his battery mate. A little, oh just the least bit of swagger is permissible, especially when you've got the stuff to back it up. What a sucker, that Williams.

Now strategy entered. The catcher held his hands shoulder-high. A signal from the bench perhaps. Put 'em where he don't like 'em. The dream waxed. I could see that the base paths were loaded now, the runners threatening with false starts, the infielders feinting them back to the bags, because the little guy held the ball for a moment and carefully bestowed a glance to his left, to his right, and behind him. He had his eye on all of them. The crowd was mad with excitement, some begging for a home run, a hit, a fly—anything; others imploring for a strike-out.

A throw! A thud! Strike two! Poor Williams. He'll hear about that in the locker room after the game. How often does he have to be told not to bite at high ones around his neck.

The catcher straightened up and walked towards his battery mate. The pitcher came in from the mound and met him half way. The tall one bent down to the smaller one and they conferred and the dream took its final shape and was complete, for the attitude of their bodies and the expressions on their faces proclaimed that this was *it.* Two out in the ninth inning, the home team leading by one fragile run, and *the pennant at stake.* If Williams connected . . .

A hush fell upon the vast throng, for not a man or woman in the stands did not know what hung upon the next pitch. The flag, the gonfalon, the championship and a fortune in money. Even the cries of the peanut vendors were stilled until the only sound heard in the vast stadium was the soft silken whisper as the umpire whisked



the plate clean in preparation for the climax.

Somehow it had become three and two now. No need for the pitcher to deny himself a windup. Every man would move with his pitch. And who were the steadiest men in the park? The little guy rubbing the ball against the seam of his knickers, estimating distance, windage and batter's craft, the tall skinny kid in the striped jersey, his arms outspread, a veritable rock, a wall of a receiver.

Unbearable tensions! Heroes in the making. It must end. Now he winds. He coils. Up comes the mighty leg. Flash! *Thud!!!*

Oh, Williams, Williams, trail your useless bludgeon to the dark dugout cavern. You've met your match today—a keen calculating brain behind the plate, a steel arm on the mound... Hear that crowd! They've gone mad! See how affectionately the tall catcher puts his arm around the shoulder of the little pitcher . . .

The dream was suspended for a moment. It was not dispelled or shattered, but only parked for a moment, quivering in the air the way scenery is wafted up into the flies to hang there until it is needed again, as I watched the tall kid and the little one change places. Shorty was catcher now and Skinny the pitcher and the wonderful dream was resumed with only a change in the roles of the principal actors.

And how they fell into them. It took but one lusty thump of fist into the catcher's mitt to strip the attributes of pitcher from the smaller boy, the touch of the five-fingered glove to change the bigger boy from receiver to moundsman. Now the little guy pounded and crouched and signaled and spread his legs, gauged the batter and spat tobacco through his mask; now the tall one peered and fiddled and hitched and studied and made marks on the ground with his toe, wet his finger and rubbed the ball, every gesture a reassertion of the divine gift of youth to yearn, to have faith in and create the dreams of greatness and glory that lie in their power to realize.

For out of these strong, sweet dreams are born the men and the heroes of tomorrow and as I watched the tall kid and the little chunky one at their play I loved and blessed the land and the people in which the phantasies of the young reach for the innocent glory of a game . . .

### *For Home Consumption*

Dig out the old mess kits and tin hats, boys, here we go again. The "He's-Talking-Only-For-Home-Consumption" boys are at it once more; only me, I don't fall for it any more.

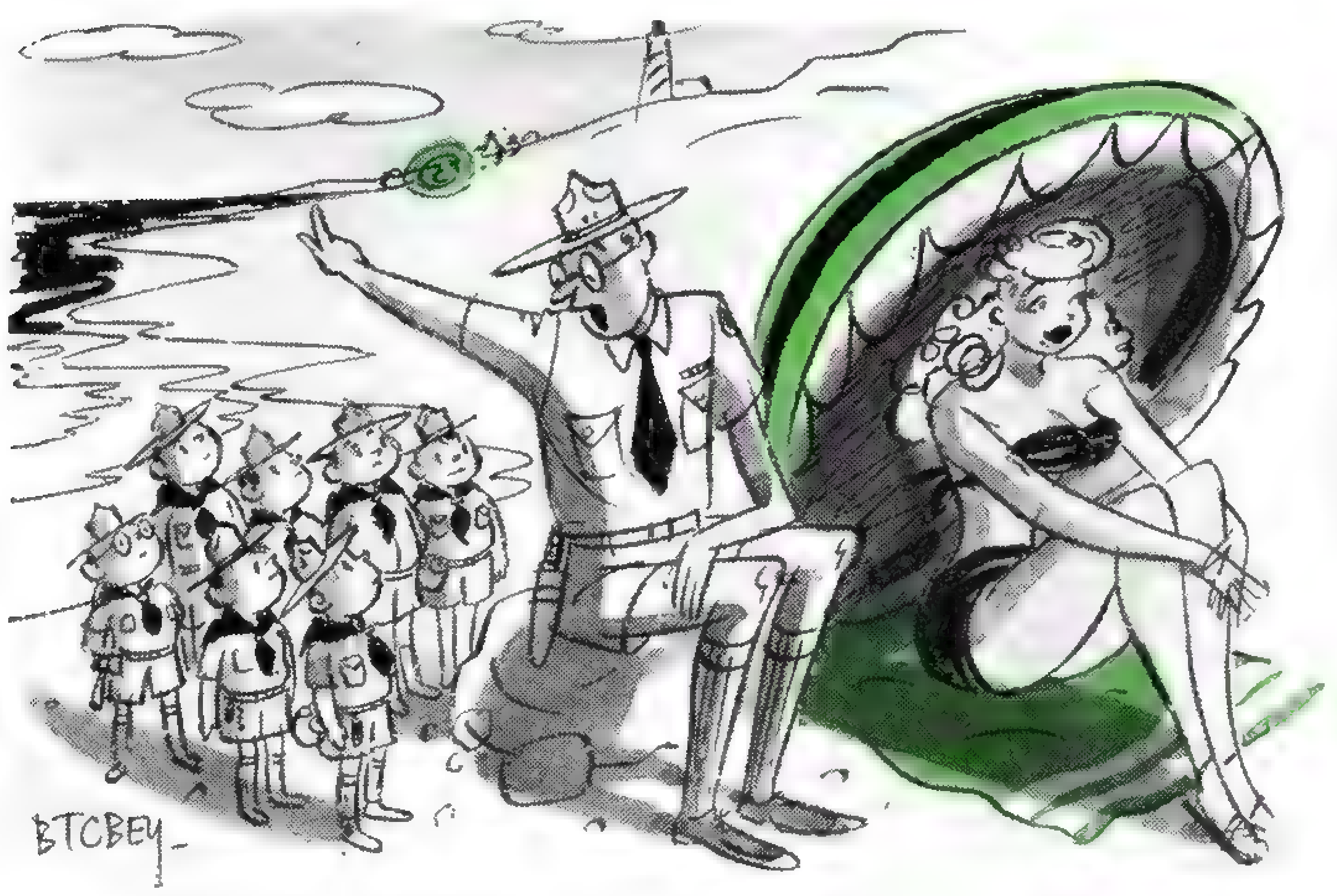
Not long ago one of the head Rooshans made a speech in which there were some abusive and unpleasant things said about the U. S. A., its government and its aims, which I can understand, since members of our Government have in recent times likewise passed some violent remarks anent the U. S. S. R. and all its works. The Rooshan speech did not upset me, since it was a clear and factual statement of how the speaker felt about us. What scared the breeches off me was that the next day, the diplomats, the cutaway and striped-pants boys and the official interpreters of international double talk were in print saying, "Of course, we heard Whiskerovitch's speech, but he didn't mean what he said about us. That was just for home consumption . . ."

Oh yeah? Where have I heard that one before?

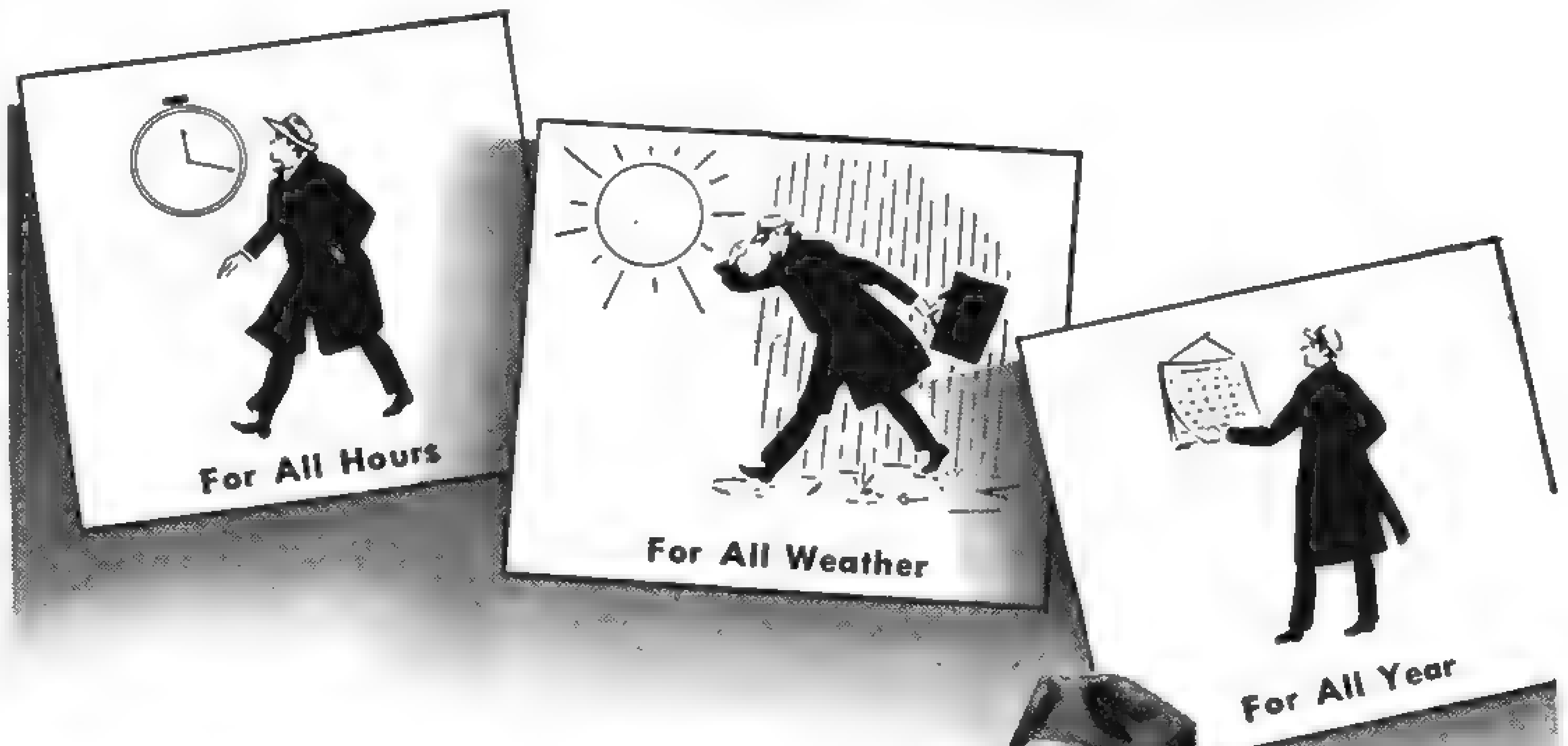
I remember. I was sitting in the office of a big morning paper in London back in 1938 at the beginning of the Sudeten Crisis, with a number of the editorial staff, listening to *der schoene Adolf* scream his defiance of the civilized world. He boasted, he threatened, he abused. He called names —his favorite, "*Kriminalverbrecher.*" He hollered about the might of the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe. He defied the world to try to stop him from getting what he wanted. If ever I heard a feller talking up a war, if ever a rattlesnake clicked its self-operating castanets before striking, it was Germany's sweetheart.

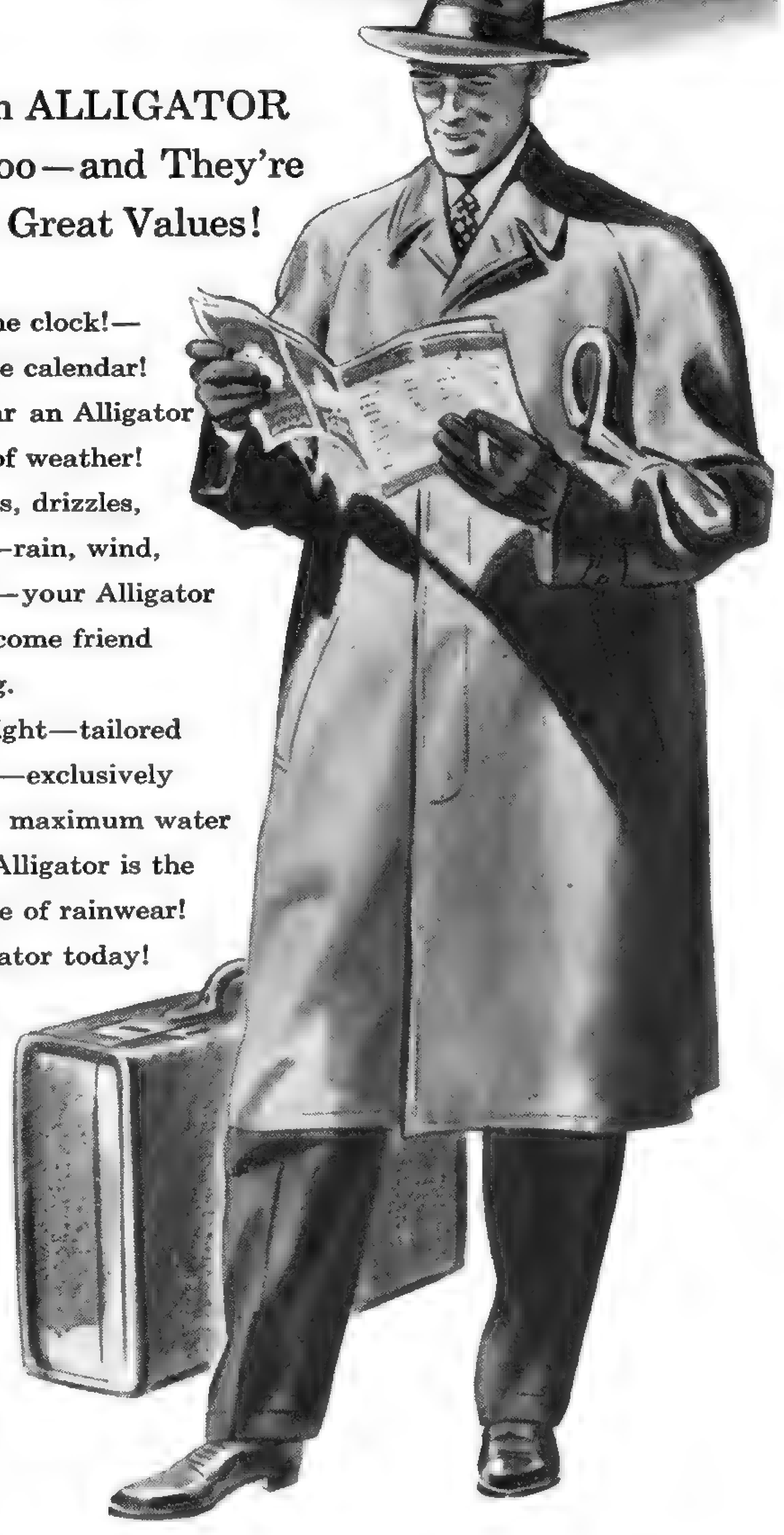
When he had finished, I was in a sweat. Even listening to a mad dog is likely to be unsettling. But

*Continued on page 166*



*"I think you're most apt to find beautiful shells a mile down the beach"*





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because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

## This Man's World

*Continued from page 165*

not my English pals, veteran interpreters of diplomatic billingsgate. Their comment, "Not as strong as we expected. Obviously for home consumption. Nothing to worry about really."

No? Oh, brother!

They fed us that "home consumption" stuff for another year until Adolf was ready, whereupon he proceeded to carry out every threat he had made in the past and came within a hair of pulling it off because all the suckers fell for that "He doesn't really mean those nasty remarks. Those are just for home consumption."

Not again, boys, please. I can't buy it any more. From now on when *Pravda* takes a paste at us, when *Izvestia* winds up and lets fly from the outfield, when some obscure Professerovitch does a learned article in an equally obscure Rooshan magazinski about the necessity of destroying Western Democracy and Capitalism, when "spokesmen" in satellite countries fulminate against American Imperialism, for me that "home consumption" stuff is out. I believe them. Those monkeys mean business, and what interests me is what about this United Nations safety valve? Is it going to work, and if not how are those new B-36s coming along and what about those fellows firing those rockets out in New Mexico? Are they getting so's they can hit anything?

I do not say that capitalism in the machine age is the most wonderful thing the world has ever known, but it's what we've got and so far it has provided a higher standard of living for the average person who lives under it than any other system, and that is what we will have until a majority of our citizens vote it out of existence at the polls. As long as we have it, the Rooshans are determined to break it up. They said so twenty-five years ago. They've been saying it ever since and they are still saying it. For home consumption, eh? So was *Mein Kampf*.

Home consumption my retina! The Russkis declared war on us a quarter of a century ago, and last March brother Truman declared war right back at them. Face it. We're in it. Whether we can keep it from reaching the shooting stage depends in part on our becoming realists and keeping those drips and wet smacks, the double-talking, ostrich-minded "don't-look-now-but-that-blackjack-that-fellow-is-swinging-is-only-for-home-consumption" boys away from our nice dry powder. They got it damp once before. ⧺

*Continued from page 47*

Quality Crafted for Richness that Endures
The hide of Northern calves
. . . *s-l-o-w-tanned* with extract of Argentine quebracho trees
. . . expertly finished and detailed with Craftsman care
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Step by step, the quality of these Craftsman Calf Billfolds is jealously guarded. Only the costlier hides of Northern calves are selected — for their greater strength, longer wear, smoother, more luxurious grain. Each is *slow-tanned* . . . not for days, *but for weeks* . . . with fine vegetable quebracho extracts which enrich the leather with soft lustre, supple pliability. With painstaking care, Craftsman experts cut, stitch, crease, and tool these elite calfskins. The result — a handsome billfold which looks softer, richer as you use it.

**3-way zipper • leather lined • removable pass-case with 8-way visibility • handy open-end bill compartment • extension change pocket**

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TED WOOLLEY, President

## The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

**cartoon-strip tease**

Only one thing disappointed me in your recent article on cartoon strips, and that was that you didn't touch on how Milt Caniff, who started *Terry and the Pirates*, happened to transfer his allegiance from one syndicate to another and why he couldn't take his cartoon characters and the name of the strip with him.

Otherwise I thought the article was an excellent one and was glad to get the inside story on some of the strips I have been enjoying for years.

George Freytag
Chicago, Ill.

**anxious**

Once upon a time—before you started your cooking lessons—I'd have given anything to have my husband take a turn in the kitchen once a month. Now I can't keep him out of it, and it's all your fault.

It began last September, the day after Jim had read your October issue. He arrived home on the 4:15 instead of the 5:15, a little lopsided from the bag of groceries he was carrying, and announced importantly as he dashed through to the kitchen that he was going to cook dinner that night. The first *Look and Cook*, if you will remember, was filet mignon, and it was awfully good, but we didn't eat until nine o'clock and it was after midnight when I got through cleaning up the kitchen. Since then, things have got worse instead of better. Sometimes he turns to your *Cook's Tour* pages. These are a little more complicated, he tells me, and we're lucky to sit down to dinner at eleven o'clock on those nights.

Can't we have the old Esquire back, minus the cooking pages?

Mrs. James Bastian
New York City

*Editor's Note: We doubt whether there's any way of stopping your husband at this point and can only suggest that you move to Argentina where nobody eats dinner much before eleven o'clock.*

**unpuzzled**

Ho-hum! After seeing you publish such simple puzzles as Berchtold's Bender in the February issue, I suppose we can brace ourselves for such complicated problems as Q. Why does a chicken cross the road? or, Q. Why do firemen wear red suspenders?

I would not have taken up your time at all except I noticed Einstein's protegé, who calls himself A. F. Berchtold, submitted his own original answer in your April issue. He *could* make his own solution even more difficult by retracing each course twice more. Do you suppose it would be ethical for you to tell me if Berchtold is a former Government or O.P.A. employee who spends 99% of his life trying to make even the simplest things of life a complex, complicated problem? Or e. c. Was Berchtold on a "Bender?"

C. L. Goody
Denver, Colo.

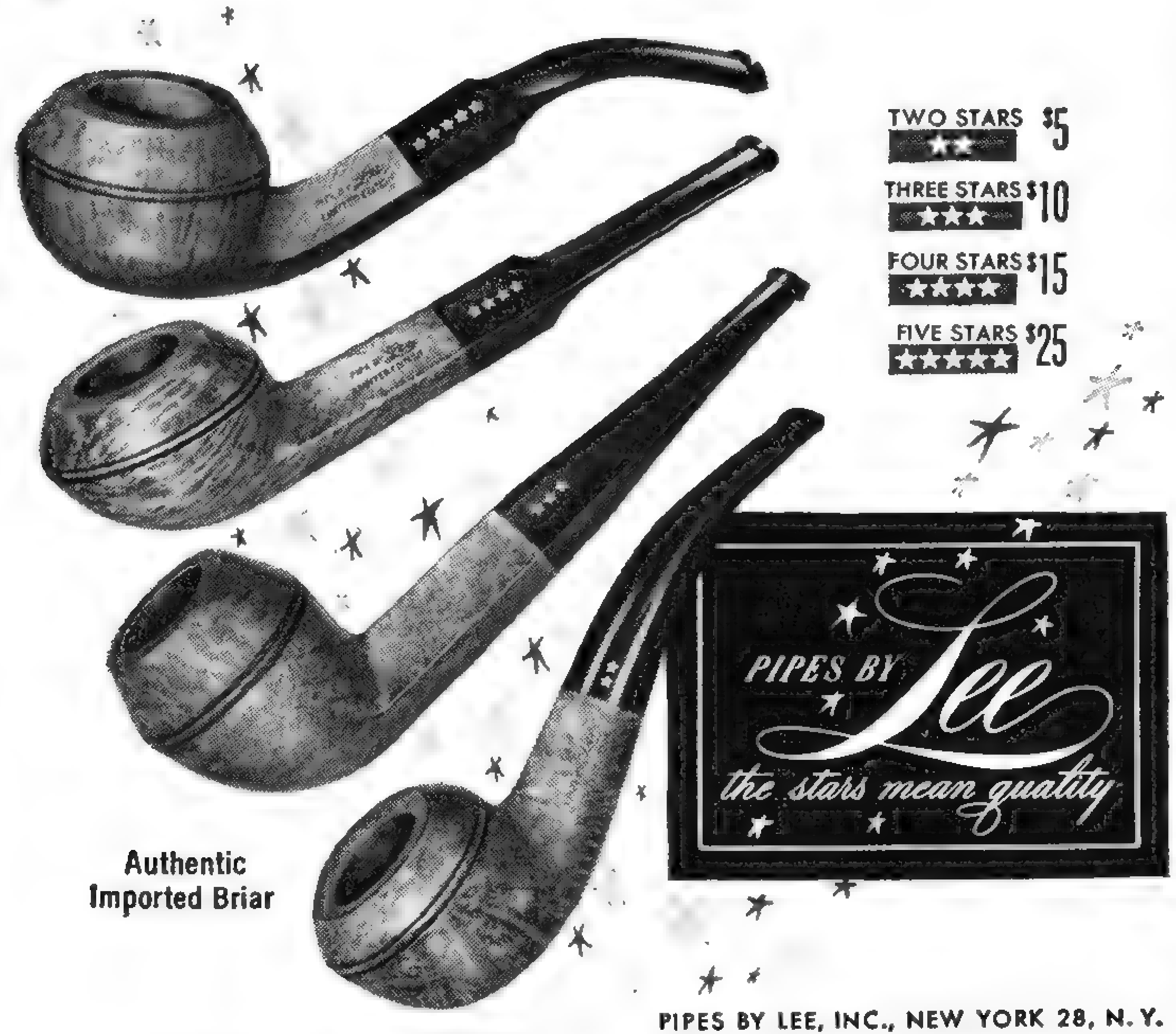
Continued on page 168

Look to the Stars

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST PIPES!

*The number of stars denotes the degree of rarity*

Different numbers of golden stars, inlaid on the bit of each PIPE BY LEE, tell at a glance the degree of excellence of the rare, imported briar, the flawlessness of natural grain, the perfection of workmanship. Here are superb pipes, available in "connoisseur" shapes, made by pipe masters for pipe lovers.



TWO STARS ★★ $5
THREE STARS ★★★ $10
FOUR STARS ★★★★ $15
FIVE STARS ★★★★★ $25

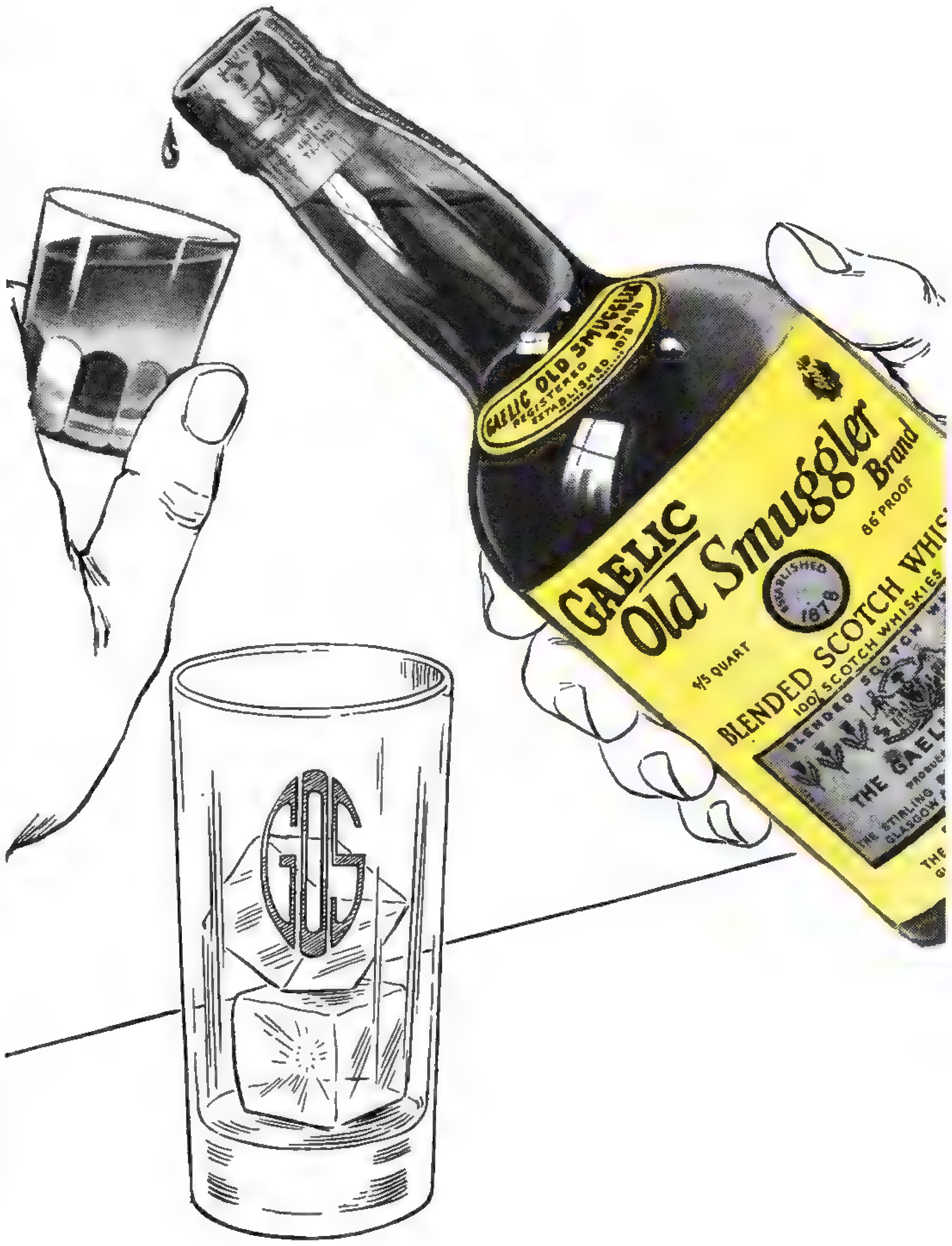
PIPES BY Lee
the stars mean quality

Authentic Imported Briar

PIPES BY LEE, INC., NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

Careful...

don't waste a drop



Old Smuggler

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple... and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

From Scotland for 69 Years

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 proof

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 15TH

The gift for Dad
*
is a gift for all

*Home movies are a hobby Dad will enjoy . . . especially if he owns Revere Eight equipment. With Revere, he will find movie-making surprisingly easy. What he sees through the viewfinder he shows on the screen in all its brilliant, natural color. A film record of all happy occasions *in life-like action* costs no more than ordinary snapshots, because Revere uses inexpensive 8mm color film.

Let your dealer help you select a Revere Eight Camera and Projector . . . the gift for Dad that's a gift for all the family.

REVERE CAMERA COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Revere
EIGHT

In pursuit of happiness Revere adds to your pleasure

## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from page 167*

### pedestrians' golden age

Very interested in your May article *The Fiercest Foot Race*. The boss gave me the afternoon off one day in June, 1908, and I saw the finish of that Marathon race in the London stadium. Pietri entered the stadium first but fell—not from exhaustion—but the change from running on hard roads to the soft cinder track. They said his legs collapsed from the shock.

Unfortunately a policeman stationed at the gate helped him to his feet; he finished the half circle of the track in strong style to be the first to break the tape. The second was a Mr. James J. Somebody, an American who claimed a foul on account of Dorando having been assisted by a policeman. He was therefore awarded the Silver trophy as winner of the race by Queen Alexandria.

Her Majesty was so touched by Dorando's bad luck that the next day she called a public audience and presented Dorando with a special gold cup as a consolation prize.

The third man was a South African farmer, Hefferon, who came in for a great ovation; this was only six years after the South African war, and we admired those plucky fellows.

It is pleasant to remember those days when pedestrianism was an art.

H. A. SHEVERSON
North Vancouver, B. C.

### smile when you say that

I've been following your college series with all the vehemence of a perennial sophomore (I never went to college) and am utterly taken by the unique agenda you must be adhering to in your selection of schools to be profiled.

How does Notre Dame ever qualify as an institution of learning? For all your apologizing, N. D. is still just a football team with a college attached. Might I suggest Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio State, the next time you pass through the Middle West on your lush little tour?

ERIC STRATTON
Bloomington, Ill.

### lady of Enterprise

Did you know that the glamorous Veronica Lake, whom you showed in the April issue of Esquire, is appearing as a villainous she-cat in a Western called *Ramrod*?

I just saw the picture in Denver and I was sure surprised.

BILL GARVIS
Denver, Colo.

### for peace of mind

I am writing for the purpose of clearing up a rather unimportant but nevertheless interesting question which has been puzzling me for quite some time.

Was the symbol 卅 chosen arbitrarily to represent "30" as a sign-off for your articles or was that particular editor aware of the fact that this symbol 卅 is the Chinese character for the numeral thirty.

A curious reader and several like friends request that this matter be cleared up so that their respective and inherently nosy minds might be put to a well-earned rest. 卅

ROY S. CUYLER
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

*Editor's Note: Our story-ending symbol, which was first used in the June, 1935, issue, was devised for those uncertain readers who, upon reaching the end of a nonformula story, would write to us sadly, "Is this, then, all?" We were not aware that it is the Chinese character for "30."*

### review reviewed

Give yourself sixteen dots for your book review section! When it first appeared a few months ago, I read it without too much interest, thinking it just another capsule review of current books. Then when you reviewed five mysteries and, in May, five biographies, I realized Book Briefs was not another haphazard literary review but part of a well-thought-out plan.

Congratulations! And how about reviewing some good travel books sometime soon, as well as a few books on my own favorite sport, which happens to be photography?

JULIEN H. JORDAN
Highland Park, Ill.

### liberal offer

I am a shut-in, therefore an avid reader, and belonging to all the book clubs I find my literature piling up. I would like to send them not to an individual, but to a library or a military camp where more people would get to read them. Possibly some lonely outpost in Africa or India or some such place. I would more than willingly send them my latest fiction and nonfiction books. After we all read them, it seems a shame not to pass them on to other people.

BEATRICE SINGER
St. Louis, Mo.

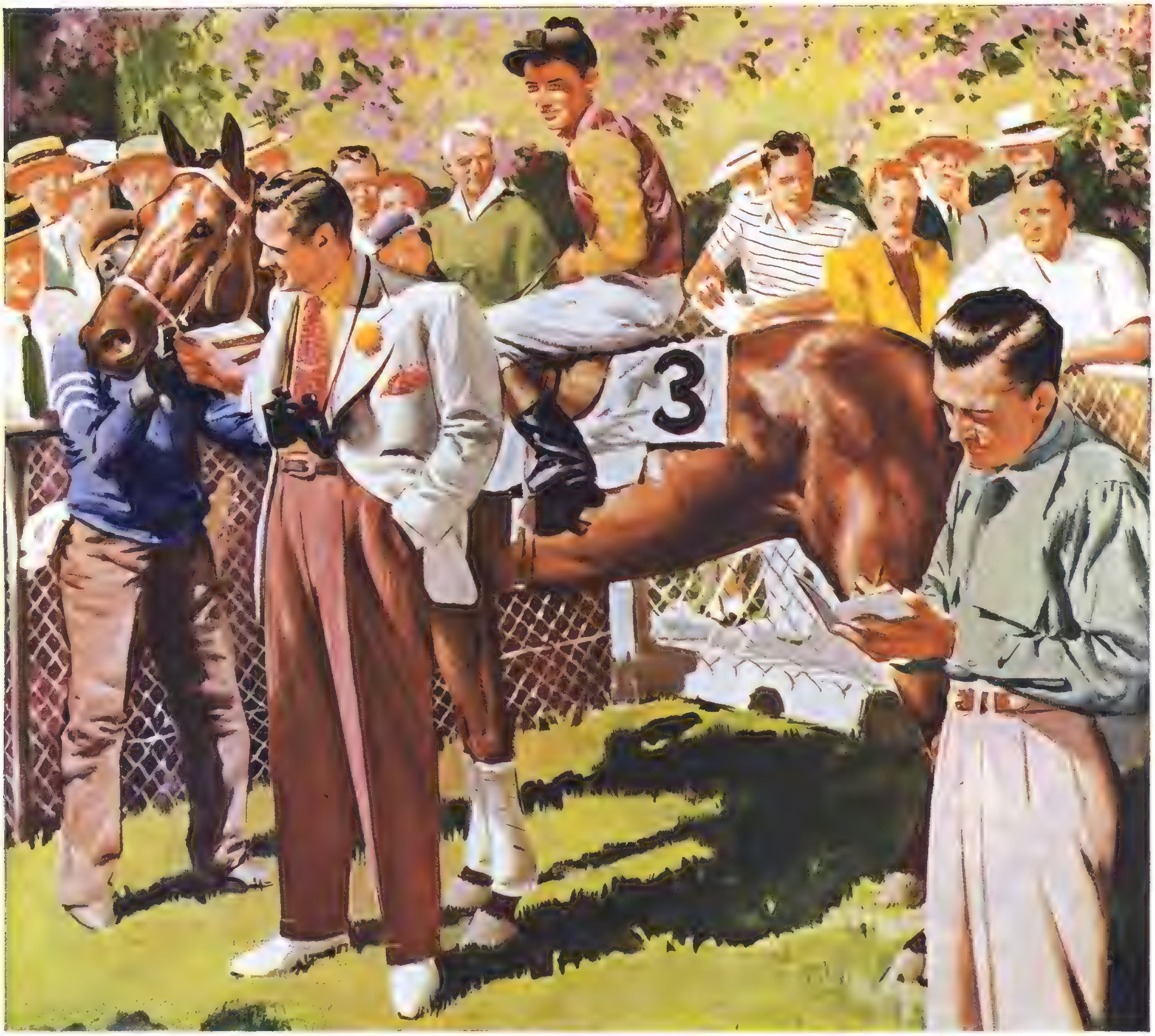
### tall son's new laurel

In reference to a "brief" published in March, 1947, Esquire, my husband and I wish to make an inquiry. The article is titled *Madame's Tall Son* by Beth Barnes. This article interests us because from all details, the soldier described is the man who introduced my husband and me in a little drugstore in Alpine, Texas, in October, 1942. We would like to know where Jim Kilpatrick can be contacted in order that we may let him know we are married.

If you can help us, we would appreciate it very much.

MARTHA AND CHARLES H. MILLER
Streator, Ill.

*Continued from page 10*



**Odds-on favorite...** The thoroughbred qualities of BUR-MIL* marked fabrics put them lengths ahead in the running! These unusual fabrics† have the innate character that does full justice to fine tailoring.

BUR-MIL fabrics in suits, slacks and shirts drape smartly . . . retain their shape and their "quality" look. And when the temperature is up these cool garments keep tempers down . . . give comfort and ease all through the day.

There's a double assurance of value when you buy clothing made of these quality fabrics. The BUR-MIL name and the manufacturer's fine reputation combine to assure appearance and performance.

PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS
BUR-MIL
QUALITY
T.M. REG.

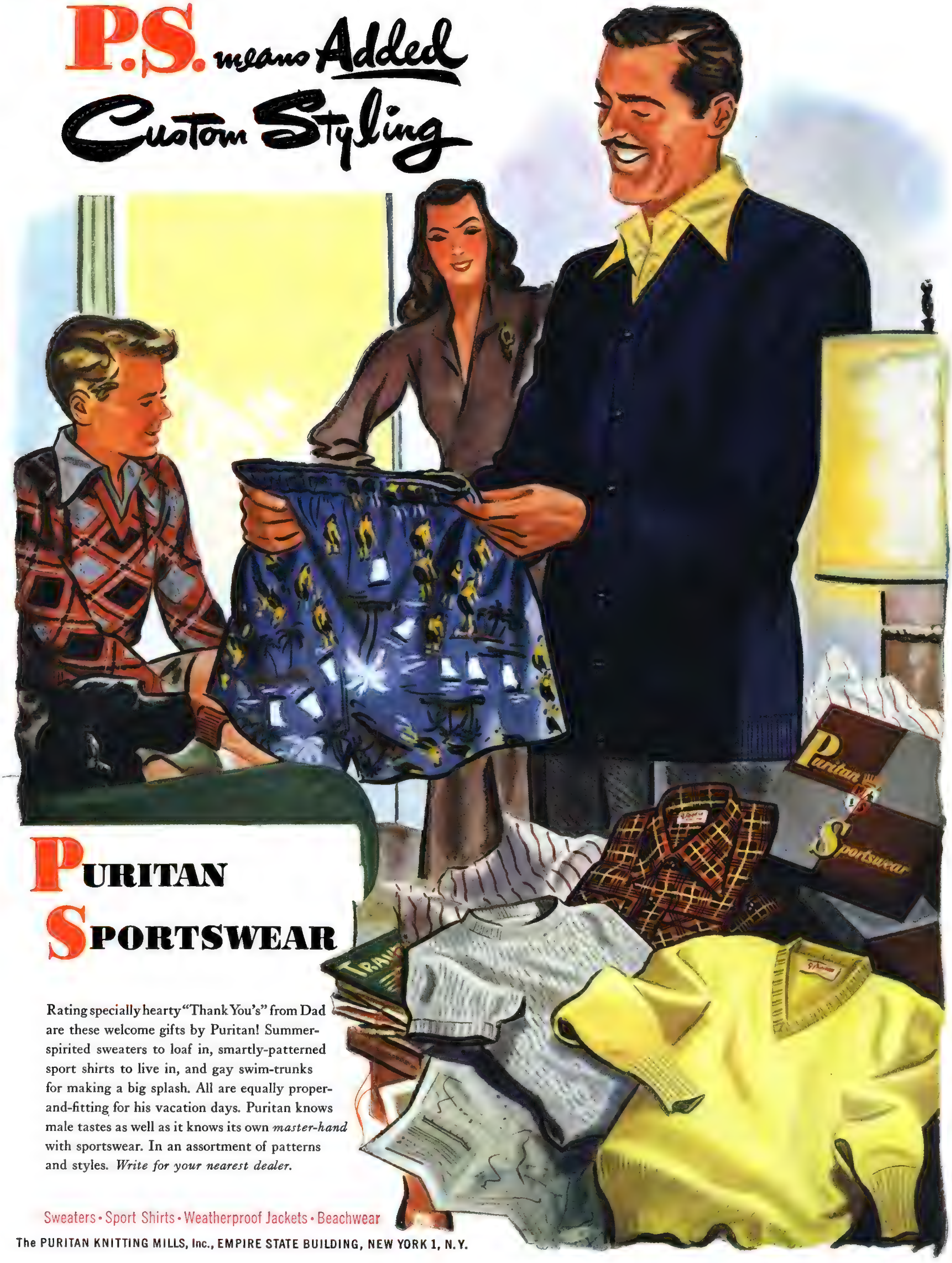
*Registered Trade Mark

†Made of Blended Rayons.
Some 40% wool mixtures.

**BURLINGTON MILLS** CORPORATION OF NEW YORK

MEN'S WEAR DIVISION
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

# P.S. means Added Custom Styling



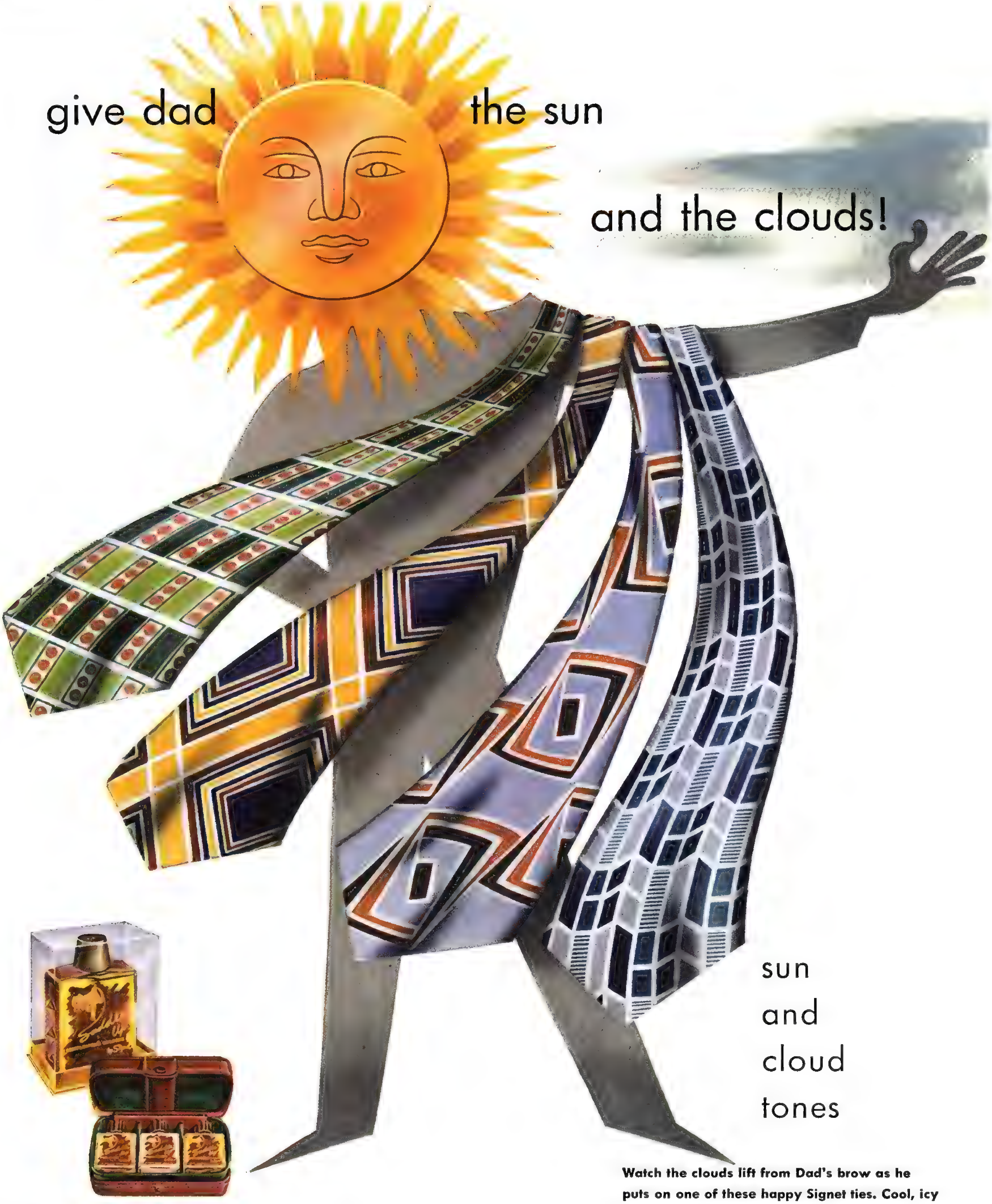
## PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

Rating specially hearty "Thank You's" from Dad are these welcome gifts by Puritan! Summer-spirited sweaters to loaf in, smartly-patterned sport shirts to live in, and gay swim-trunks for making a big splash. All are equally proper-and-fitting for his vacation days. Puritan knows male tastes as well as it knows its own *master-hand* with sportswear. In an assortment of patterns and styles. *Write for your nearest dealer.*

Sweaters • Sport Shirts • Weatherproof Jackets • Beachwear

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

# give dad the sun and the clouds!



sun
and
cloud
tones

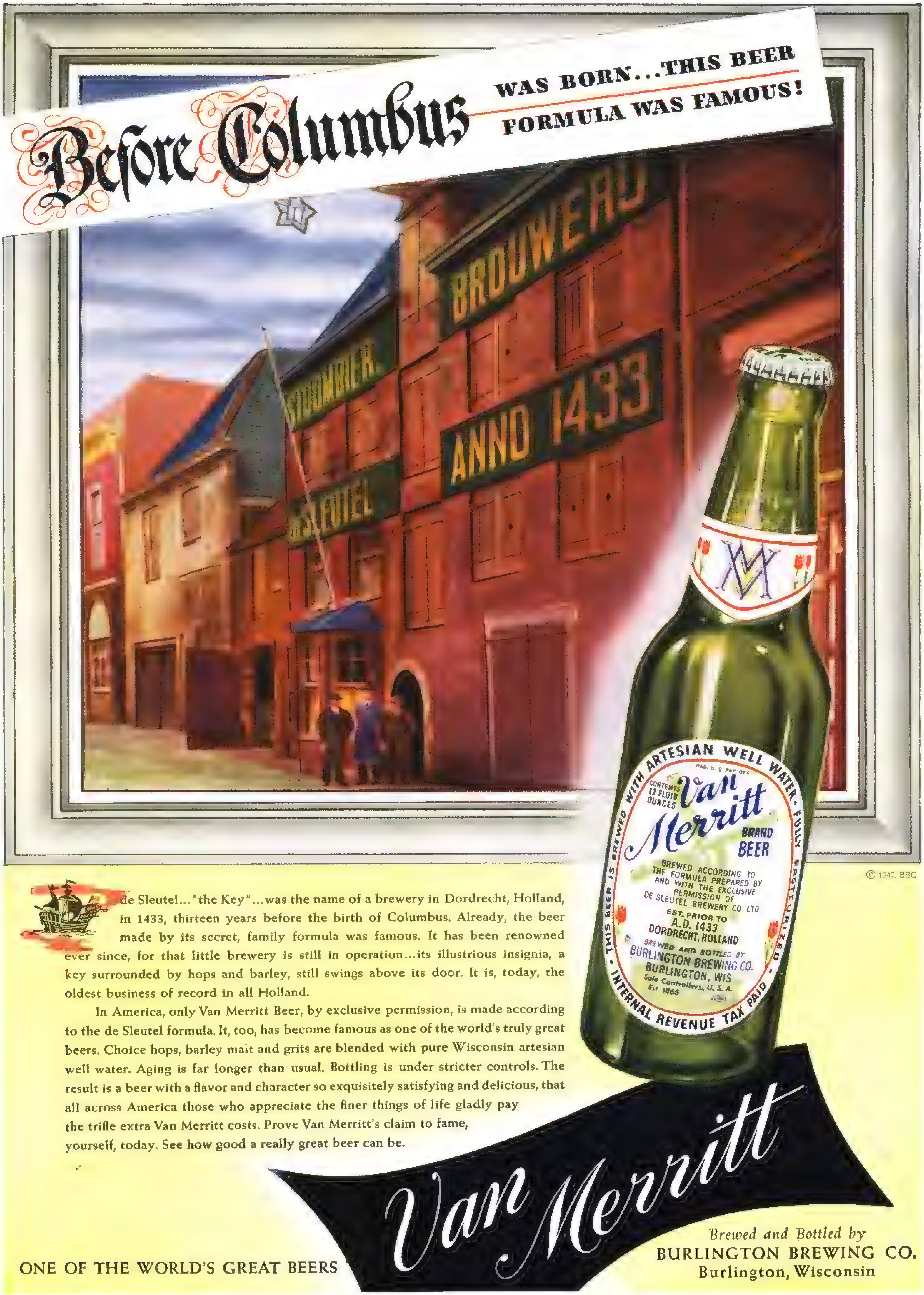
**Watch the clouds lift from Dad's brow as he puts on one of these happy Signet ties. Cool, icy colors are blended with bright, sun-soaked shades to give Pop a terrific lift.**

**Nothing but the best for Dad! Add good taste in grooming to Dad's gifts—with tingling, masculine "*Saddle-Up*" Toiletries by Signet! . . .**

**Signet TIES and toiletries**

*Arthur Siegman Inc., 16 E. 34th St. • New York City*

# Before Columbus WAS BORN...THIS BEER FORMULA WAS FAMOUS!


BROUWER
STOOMBIER
SLEUTEL
ANNO 1433
ARTESIAN WELL WATER · FULLY PASTEURIZED · INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID · THIS BEER IS BREWED WITH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt
BRAND BEER
BREWED ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA PREPARED BY AND WITH THE EXCLUSIVE PERMISSION OF DE SLEUTEL BREWERY CO LTD
EST. PRIOR TO A.D. 1433
DORDRECHT, HOLLAND
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
BURLINGTON, WIS
Sole Controllers, U. S. A.
Est. 1865

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de Sleutel..."the Key"...was the name of a brewery in Dordrecht, Holland, in 1433, thirteen years before the birth of Columbus. Already, the beer made by its secret, family formula was famous. It has been renowned ever since, for that little brewery is still in operation...its illustrious insignia, a key surrounded by hops and barley, still swings above its door. It is, today, the oldest business of record in all Holland.

In America, only Van Merritt Beer, by exclusive permission, is made according to the de Sleutel formula. It, too, has become famous as one of the world's truly great beers. Choice hops, barley malt and grits are blended with pure Wisconsin artesian well water. Aging is far longer than usual. Bottling is under stricter controls. The result is a beer with a flavor and character so exquisitely satisfying and delicious, that all across America those who appreciate the finer things of life gladly pay the trifle extra Van Merritt costs. Prove Van Merritt's claim to fame, yourself, today. See how good a really great beer can be.

**Van Merritt**

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS

*Brewed and Bottled by*
BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
Burlington, Wisconsin

## Figures Tell the Gambling Story

Continued from page 80

about probability is that if something should happen mathematically in a given number of instances, then you need merely play that many times in order to win. The gambler who believes that the sequences of probability turn up uniformly is like the worrying father of four who was expecting his fifth child. He had heard that every fifth child born into the world was Chinese and he was bracing himself for the arrival of a little Oriental in his home. But the laws of probability only hold in a long continued series. Heads doesn't turn up one out of every two tosses of a coin, although its probability is one out of two tosses. Yet, if the tossing is continued long enough, the number of times the coin turns up heads will just about equal the number of times it turns up tails. When a scientist analyzes a slot machine and says that the jack pot will pay off three times in every eight thousand plays, this only applies strictly to a very large number of plays. Actually, in practice, the machines may pay off after only a hundred plays, and not pay off at all for more than six thousand plays. In theory, a bridge hand made up of only one suit turns up once in every 158,753,389,900 hands. Yet many who have held such a hand have not played nearly so many hands.

The mathematics of dice, provided that no one has tinkered with the cubes, are among the simplest illustrations of the laws of probabilities. There are only two dice and each one can turn any one of its six sides uppermost on a single roll. The chances of shooting two aces are the same as shooting double sixes—one chance in thirty-six, which sends the odds to thirty-five to one. If you could get someone to bet you forty to one against making this point, in the long run you should show a tidy profit. On the other hand, if you accepted odds of only thirty to one against throwing either point, you will eventually find yourself cleaned out. Seven is the easiest point to make in crapshooting. It should turn up once in every six throws. Sixes and eights are easy points, scheduled to turn up five times out of every thirty-six throws. And ten is scheduled to appear once in every twelve throws.

Roulette is another gambling game operating under the laws of probabilities. The odds on an honest roulette wheel give a definite percentage in favor of the house. The wheel at Monte Carlo has thirty-six numbers divided among red and black, and a zero. The house collects when the ball falls on the zero. The winning odds on a single number are paid off at the rate of thirty-five to one. As a result, the house winds up with about three per cent of the gross amount bet as its profit. Some gambling wheels used in the United States use a double zero, which brings their net profit up to about five per cent of the gross amounts bet. And some American gambling houses use a triple zero, called an eagle.

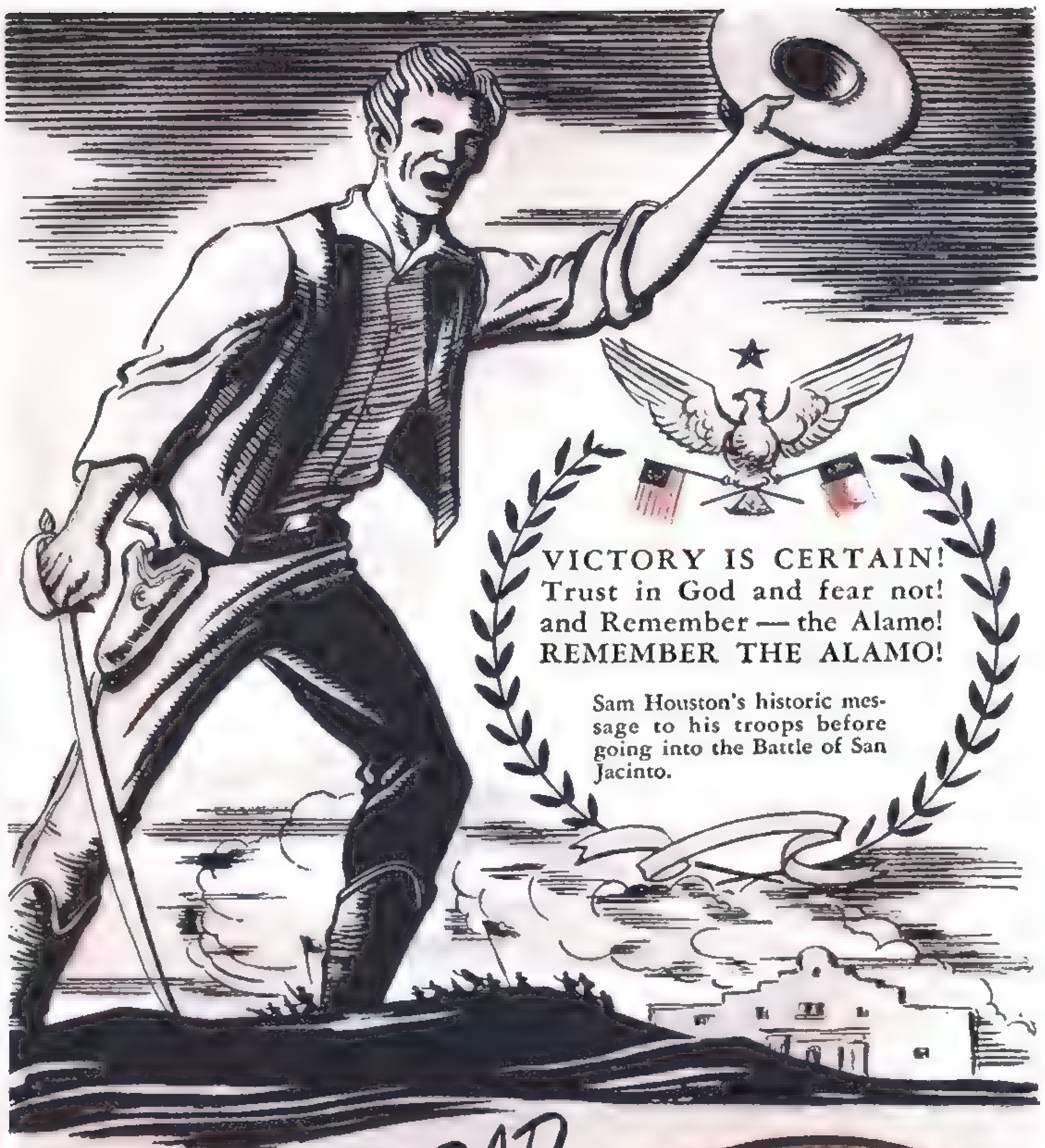
There are almost as many systems for playing roulette as there are players. Mathematicians will tell you that some work in the short run, while others will never work. But in the long run, the percentage in favor of the house will decide. The biggest run ever reported from Monte Carlo was twenty-eight straight spins when the ball landed on even number. Running five tables simultaneously, the probability was that this number of evens would turn up once in 107 years. A run of twenty-nine evens in a row, played on a single table, might be expected to happen in about 6442 years.

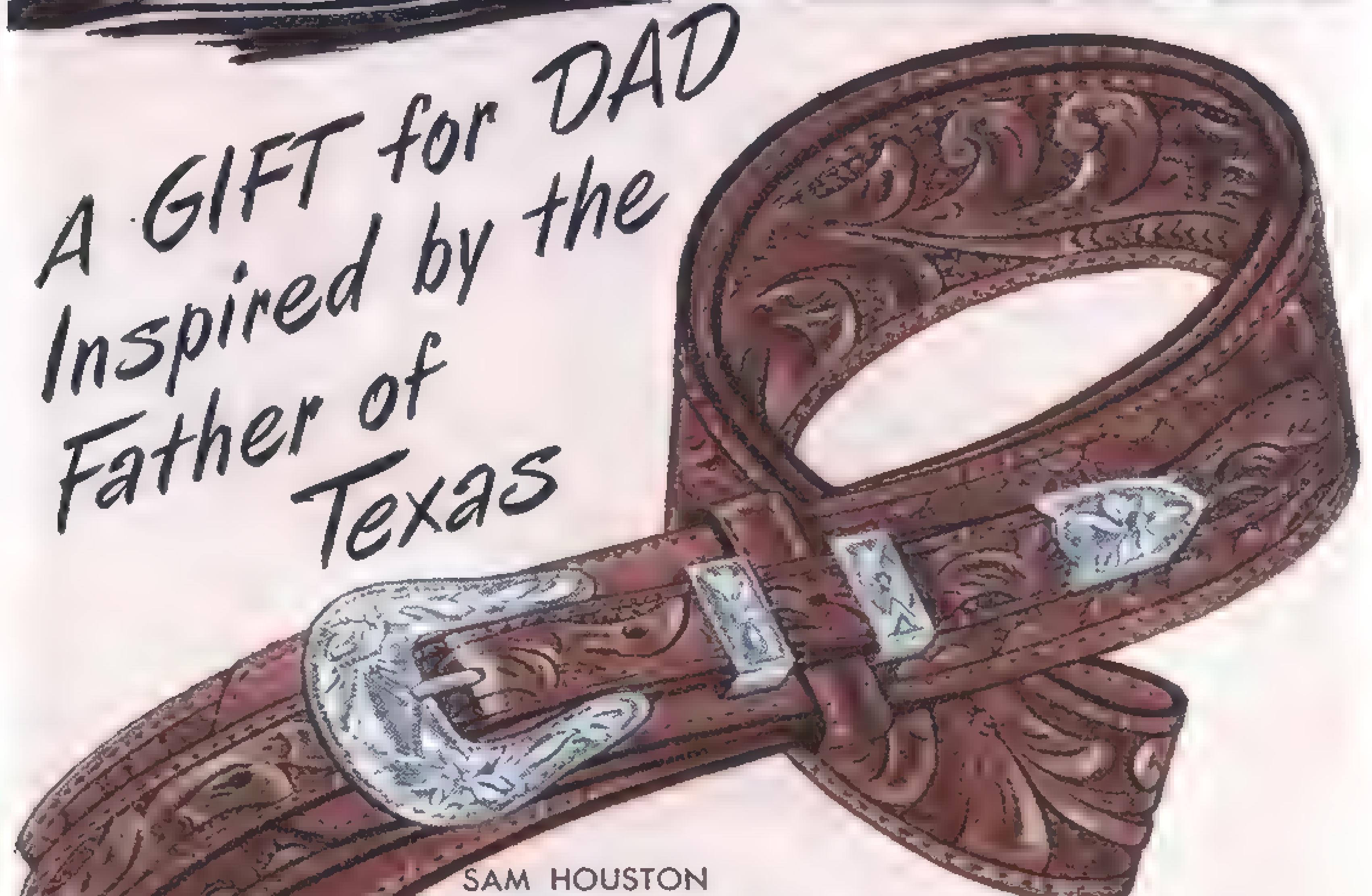
Poker and bridge differ from games of pure chance. In these games, a lot depends upon the run of the cards, but a lot also depends upon the skill and playing habits of your opponents. Winning card games depends to a great extent upon the company that you play with.

Mathematicians have already worked out important odds in poker. Suppose in a hand of draw poker you pick up a pair. If you ask for three cards, the chances of improving your hand are 2.48 to one. On the other hand, if you want to deceive your opponents and hold on to a kicker, the odds against your getting an improved hand are 2.86 to one. The art in playing poker comes in sizing up your opponents and deciding whether camouflaging your hand is worth a difference in the odds against you.

These other mathematically worked out probabilities may help you save a few dollars the next time you indulge in a friendly game with a group of like-minded cutthroats. Suppose you pick up your hand and find a four-card flush. What are your chances of picking up that badly needed fifth card on the draw? The mathematician works it out this way: There are nine cards which can turn your four-card flush into the real thing. There are forty-seven cards left in the deck which you have not seen. Incidentally, it makes no difference to the working out of the probabilities what hands your opponents hold, as long as you have not seen their cards. The factor makes the odds against drawing the card you want shift constantly in stud, as opposed to draw poker. To get back to our flush. If you have nine chances out of filling your flush, you have a little worse than one chance in five. The odds against filling a four flush in the average game of draw poker are then about 4.2 to one. Figuring the same way, the odds against filling a straight with one gap are about 10.8 to one. A straight open at

Continued on page 174


VICTORY IS CERTAIN!
Trust in God and fear not!
and Remember — the Alamo!
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
Sam Houston's historic message to his troops before going into the Battle of San Jacinto.



SAM HOUSTON
. . . Texas Ranger Belt. 1¼ inches wide. Hand Carved Russia Calf with top grain cowhide liner, doubled and stitched with durable nylon thread. With ⅝" solid bronze buckle (made detachable by patented* snap fasteners) **$10.00** plus tax. With Sterling Silver Buckle set as illustrated **$17.50** plus tax.

*Protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,247,835

Other TexTan Belts
$1.50 up

When Sam Houston inspired his little band of liberty loving Texans to victory over Santa Anna's Mexican hordes at San Jacinto, the leather craft was generations old in Texas. Many of General Houston's hardy soldiers wore boots, belts and scabbards, hand tooled in the same symbolic western floral design that is carved by hand on the Sam Houston Belt and Billfold. These handsome belts and billfolds are hand crafted by Texans who love leather . . . who work with the same intricate care as a goldsmith working in precious metals. TexTan craftsmen impart an authentic western symbolism . . . a robust, manly look that sets the Sam Houston apart from so-called Western belts and billfolds like a piece of rare jade among glass imitations.

SAM HOUSTON
. . . Saddle Craft Billfold Hand Carved Sam Houston Belt design on cover and front. Rich, mellow Russia Calf, Goat laced edges. Handsome two tone Red-wood and Russet. Open lined divided bill pocket. 4 pockets. 2 cello envelopes. **$12.50** plus tax.

SADDLE CRAFT
TEXAS RANGER

Other TexTan Billfolds
$3.00 up

TexTan OF YOAKUM
LOS ANGELES SALES (WHOLESALE) OFFICE, 608 SOUTH HILL
FACTORY AND OFFICES, YOAKUM, TEXAS

## *Figures Tell the Gambling Story*

*Continued from page 173*

both ends has at least twice as good a chance of being filled. The odds against it are only 4.9 to one. The odds against your picking up a pair on the deal are about 1.4 to one. And at the other end of the scale, the odds against your being dealt a royal flush are 649,740 to one.

The probabilities in bridge are a little different. You have about one chance in 275 of picking up a hand with no card in it above a ten. An Englishman named Lord Yarborough knew enough about probabilities to make a tidy sum betting a thousand to one against any player in a hand of whist picking up a hand with no card in it higher than a nine. The odds looked attractive; risking a pound brought a chance of a thousand pounds. The only catch lay in the fact that the true odds against holding a nine-high whist hand were 1827 to one. His lordship found that extra 827 which he didn't give in odds paid off. In case you're hopeful, your chances of getting a singleton in any bridge hand are a little less than one in three, the chances of getting a blank in any suit are one in twenty.

The slot machine is something else again. Before they were made illegal, there were between ten and forty thousand slot machines in New York City alone. Their annual take was between fifty and one hundred million dollars a year. By this time, even children know that the only element of chance in playing a slot machine is the chance you will break your leg as you walk over to the machine with a coin in your outstretched hand. New York University tested what was supposed to be an "honest" slot machine—that is, one that didn't have an automatic device for picking the player's pockets even before he could get his fingers on his change. The jack pot on this machine paid off thirty-two coins. The odds against hitting it were one thousand to one. The odds against getting sixteen coins for one were only five hundred to one. The odds on getting back eight coins dropped to eighty-three to one, and the chances for getting back two coins for every one invested were a satisfactory eight to one. Satisfactory, of course, for the syndicate that owned the machine.

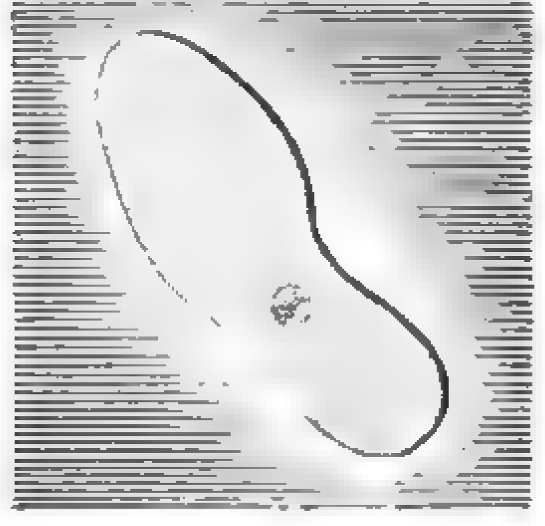
Tough as it is, beating the horses is a good deal simpler than beating the machines. Pari-mutuel odds depend upon the amount bet. A definite percentage of all bets goes to the track and to the state or local governmental agency. This figure varies in dif-

SOLD ON THE SAME THING !

"SOLES BY *Rajah*"

Two hearts that beat as one . . . and steps that tread on air! You get that buoyant feeling from love . . . and Rajah Soles! Once you're paired off with Rajah Soles, you'll "go steady" for life. There's a footwear future of perfect bliss in their comfort, their lightness and their extra wear. You'll find your feet are perfect partners for shoes with Rajah Soles!

*Fine Soles for Fine Shoes*



*Rajah* SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

TWO IMPORTED VERMOUTHS

CINZANO
VERMOUTH TORINO
CINZANO
CINZANO DRY
CINZANO FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH

CINZANO Italian
TRY IT STRAIGHT AS AN APERITIF

FOR THE DRY COCKTAIL
CINZANO French

SOLE IMPORTER: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

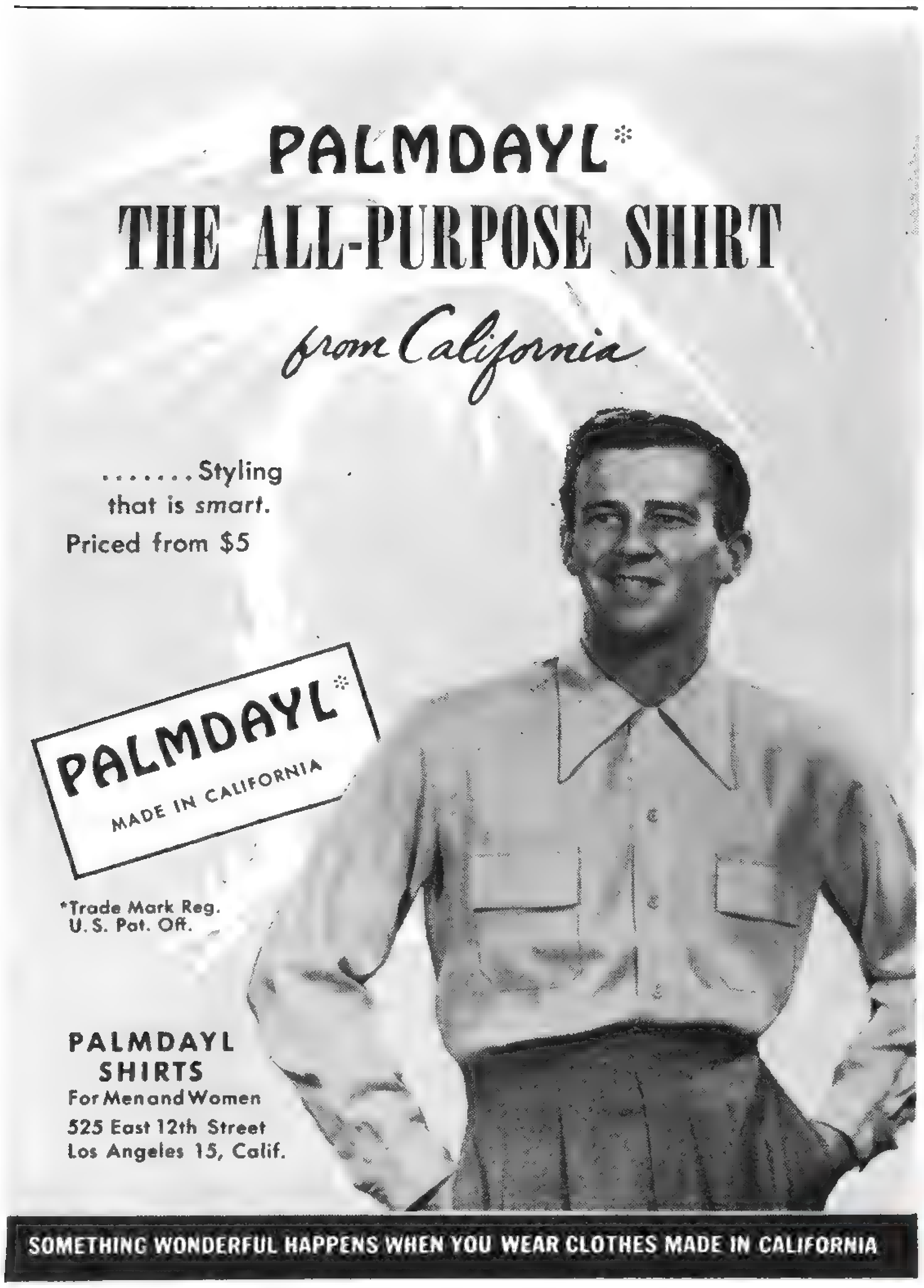
ferent places, ranges from ten to fifteen per cent. On the average, the betting favorites win about 35 per cent of the races. But even if the bettor played the favorites cautiously, he would still stand to lose a tidy sum of money during the course of the season, even if all the horses he bet on managed to show. The odds are so arranged that the average bettor just can't win, even if his judgment is good. This leaves the bettor in the position of having to choose the right horse. Experienced trackmen have made livings, sometimes killings, calculating the proper factors. But the average bettor, left to the mercy of his own judgment, is a cinch to go home to a cupboard that is bare.

Of course, mathematics and probabilities only work where the game is honest. John Scarne, mentioned earlier, figured that loaded dice made an appearance in one crap game out of every five in the Army during World War II. He estimated that more than 100,000 decks of marked cards were floating around in the Armed Forces. About one quarter of the total sum that changed hands in Army gambling was won by the crooked operators.

Gambling has persisted for such a long time that experts are agreed that it appeals to certain fundamental aspects of our human nature. Certainly, it offers a tremendous emotional bang to various people, as well as giving them the hope of some financial reward. The charwoman who buys a share of a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes has nothing to live for. In some large cities, the housewife can flee from kitchen, clothes, and children to the bookie and spend the afternoon tense with excitement, hoping that her long shot will win. The very rich gamble, so scientists tell us, in order to find some excitement in a life that the possession of plenty of money has insulated against all ordinary fears. Charwoman, housewife, and rich playboy all use gambling as a means of being lifted out of daily routine by excitement. Furthermore, failure in gambling depends so much upon chance that it cannot possibly affect the ordinary individual's opinion of himself.

One of the best psychological explanations of gambling has come from a reformed British gambler, Edwin Leonard Packer. Packer is symptomatic of the British who are still strapped for food, clothing, and housing, but who are flocking to horse and dog tracks, betting money in increasing numbers. Packer started out like many gamblers, making small bets. Then he found he had to increase the size of his bets in order to continue to get a kick out of gambling. He liked the constant anxiety the gambler knows, the

Continued on page 176


PALMDAYL*
THE ALL-PURPOSE SHIRT
from California

.......Styling
that is smart.
Priced from $5

PALMDAYL*
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

*Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

PALMDAYL
SHIRTS
For Men and Women
525 East 12th Street
Los Angeles 15, Calif.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENS WHEN YOU WEAR CLOTHES MADE IN CALIFORNIA

When PALMER BEAR OIL was the height of FASHION in 1847

Gifts for Father were easy too
Today DAD wants
ASCOT

Men's toiletries with a tangy, clean smell that goes well with tweeds and tobacco

GIFT SETS
$1.75—$2.00
(Plus Tax)

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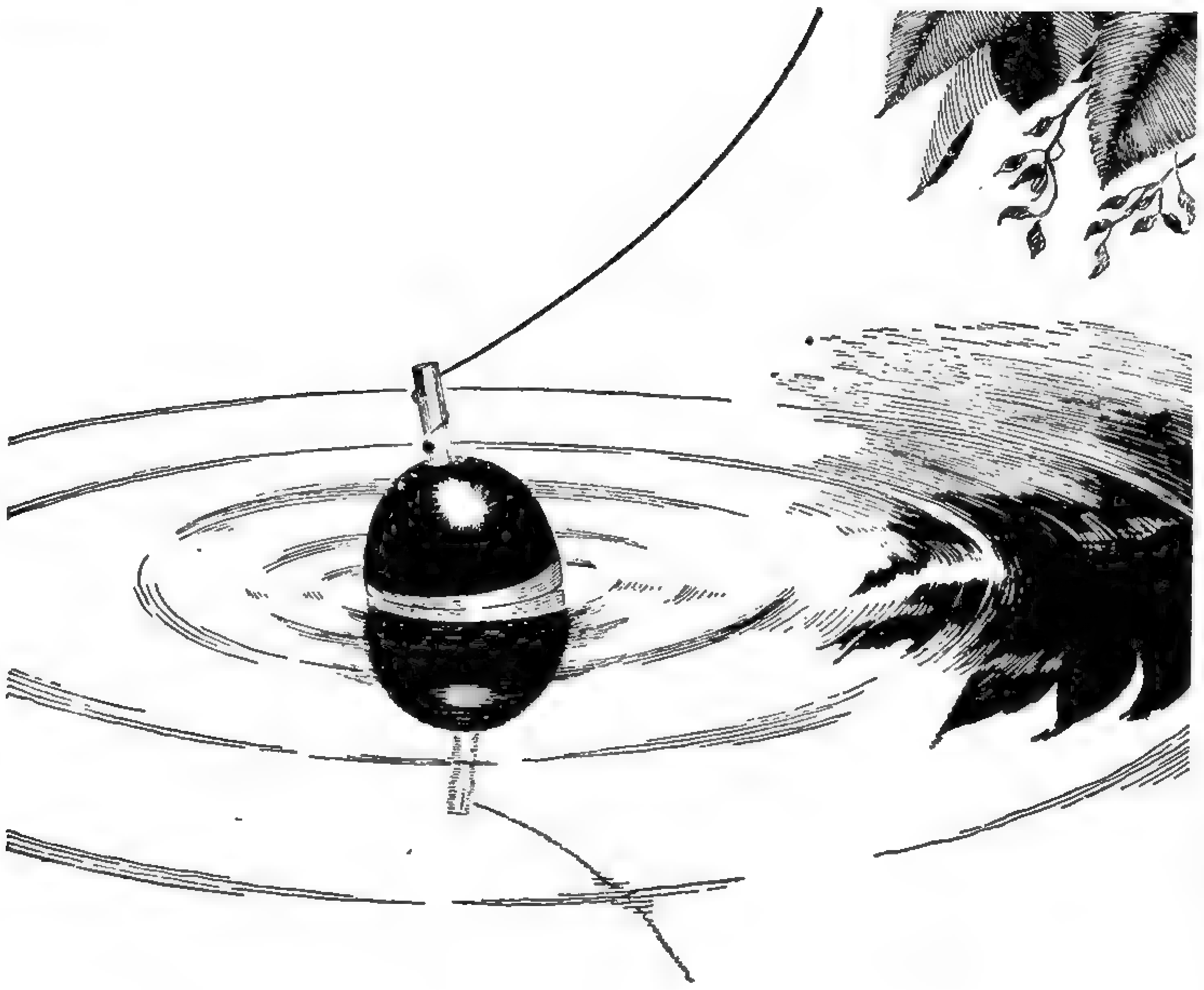
GENUINE BEARS OIL



DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

This is fisherman's paradise—where only a drowsy eye is needed to watch the bobber—where a fellow has all the time in the world to enjoy a cigar as fine as a Dutch Masters.

**DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS**

## *Figures Tell the Gambling Story*

*Continued from page 175*

pleasurable tension that followed each bet while waiting for the result.

Packer's gambling acquaintances were remarkably single-minded persons, interested only in gambling, ignoring the large issues of politics and social problems. Furthermore, they had enough pride in their gambling to hate to admit that they were losing. When they are behind the game, they fob off questions by saying that they are able to hold their end up. Winning, they are more inclined to boast. But even losing doesn't cure the gambler for whom the excitement has become a fatal drug.

Packer's testimony points up the theory that people gamble as an emotional release. Mere laws won't stop gambling because gambling is merely a symptom of a fundamental maladjustment in the gambling addict, a manifestation of frustration and boredom. If gambling is stopped by repressive laws, the frustration and boredom may seek another and perhaps socially worse form of release.

The pattern of these analyses is perfectly clear. In order to reform gamblers we must reform society. Some way of life which eliminates the maladjustments common to the way of life of the very poor, the middle classes, and the very rich must be found. Even a Depression won't end gambling, although it may cut down on the gross. During the depths of the 30's, gamblers turned to Bingo, which offered bargains of thirty-five games for thirty-five cents. When the true gambler can't afford to bet a dollar, he is content to bet a dime or a nickel or even a penny.

Fortunately, the number of acute cases of gambling is no greater than the number of acute alcoholics. Most of us can get a kick out of putting a dollar on an office World Series pool, just as we can take a drink now and then. And we run no more risk in eventually spending our entire income for backing long shots than we do in eventually buying all the local distilleries for personal consumption. The main problem in gambling lies in preventing the gamblers' syndicates from setting up too easy traps for the money of the citizenry. We must do everything we can to prevent the gamblers from using the big sporting events as mere con games to fleece unwary bettors.

From all the evidence we have been able to gather, gambling, in one form or another, looks like it's here to stay.

Want to bet? ⵌ

*Continued from page 80*

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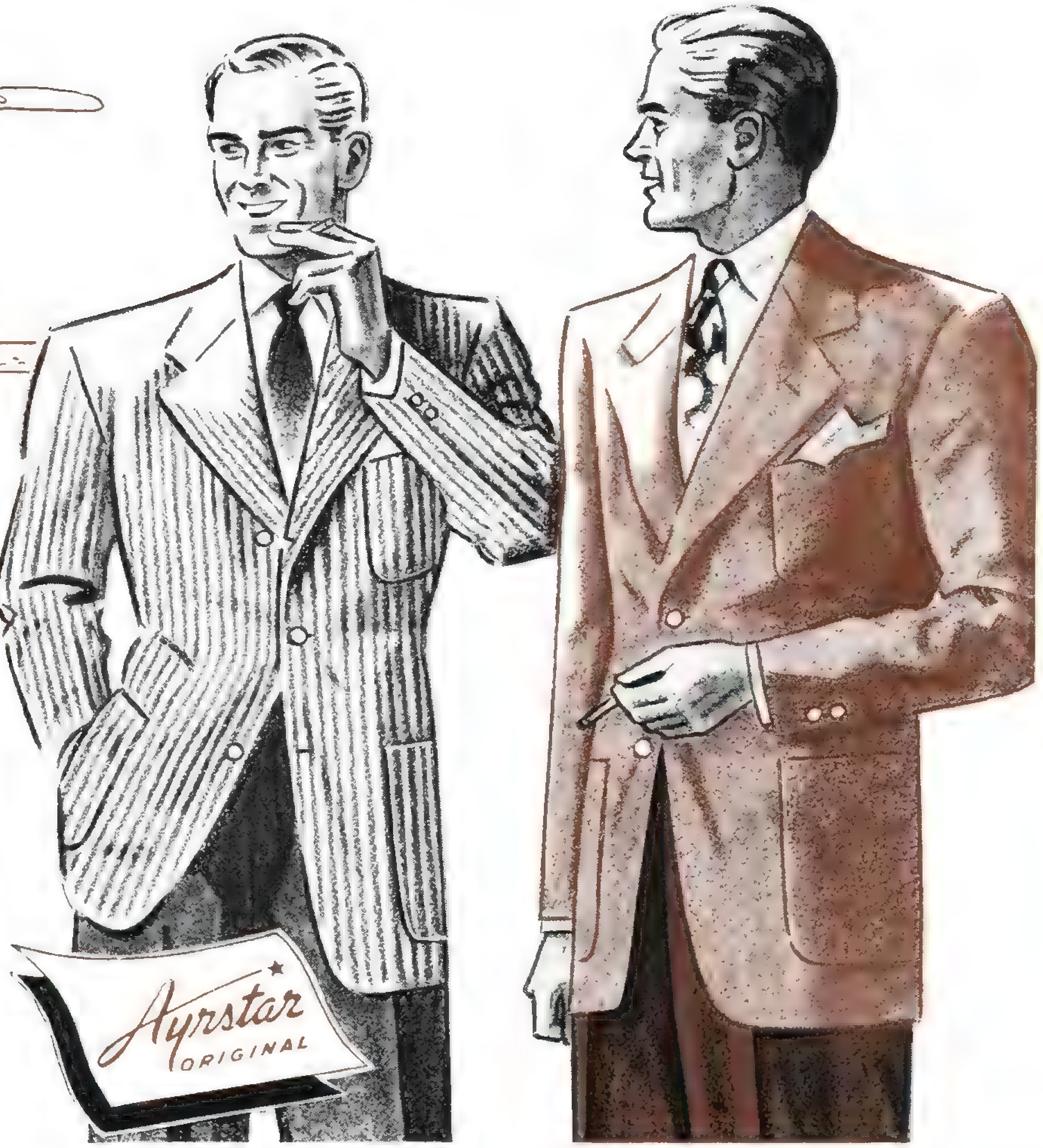

**when heat waves wiggle . .**

. . . men who've been around, like the two shown here, slip into their AYRSTAR summerweight jackets. The one on the left is wearing a Suwanee—the very newest tailored seersucker—with removable snap-in shoulder pads that protect its original style lines even after it's washed. Comes in Icicle Grey and Barbados Brown stripes for about $13.95. The handsome bloke on the right looks plenty mellow in his new Del Monte casual coat made of amazingly cool Mt. Airy cloth that comes in Gold, Blue, Brown, or Sand for about $17.50.

*If None at Your Favorite Store Write to*

STERN APPAREL CORPORATION
*Formerly* ARROW IMPORTING CO.
2101 SUPERIOR AVENUE • CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

## The Tenth Edition

*Continued from page 67*

all, the *Star* meant to cash in, in a big way, for saving the life of Joyce Wokman.

I was trying to answer breezily when I heard Spalding bellowing into his telephone.

"Weisberg! Weisberg—what the hell d'you mean, she's in a bad way? What? . . . What? . . . Well, dammit, get a peritonitis expert. She can't die . . . she can't. I say . . . here, talk to Gordon. Tell him what you want, and who you want. But for God's sake, don't take that—ah—defeatist attitude, Weisberg. Here's Gordon now."

I said to the operator, "Give me that call off 102."

I heard a clicking, then Weisberg's voice. "Hi, Gord. Say, this kid is darn sick. They're not sure she'll live. The doc—that's Dr. Lowell McCormick himself—he says she's very bad. If he'd got her an hour sooner, there would have been nothing to it."

I said, "Nuts, Don. Find out who the best gastrointestinal experts—I think that's what they're called—are, in the country, and see that they get here in a hurry! We can't let that kid die."

I didn't wait for him to call back. I called the Academy of Medicine, while Dunkie called the College of Physicians. Dunkie was a nice little cub. Once that afternoon he got rattled. His gastro man, the one he was trying to reach at that moment, was playing golf and the club steward said, "Is it very important? Dr. Wilbers is on the fifteenth hole right now."

Dunkie asked me what you say in a case like that.

"Tell him," I snarled, "it's a matter of life and death. Tell him I said so." As though I was somebody.

In an hour we had things in hand. Fifteen specialists were converging on Longview Hospital. We'd got one from as far as Chicago, and we'd chartered a special air liner, a DC-4, to fly him east. It was going to cost us something, but it would be worth it. We did this thing brown.

The balding George Wokman had only an inkling of what was going on. He was rather baffled. But he was polite. "This is very nice of you, Mr. Gordon. Why are you so nice to me, Mr. Gordon? It's very kind of you to take such an interest in my girl. I'll never be able to repay you."

"Don't trouble to try, Mr. Wokman," I said. "Please don't trouble."

For three editions, from the fifth to the eighth, the story rode high and handsome. In the ninth it was higher and more handsome, for suspense had been added. The

*Continued on page 178*

Enjoy OTARD COGNAC with Soda

OTARD
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED BY
COGNAC OTARD S.A.
CHATEAU DE COGNAC, COGNAC
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NEW YORK

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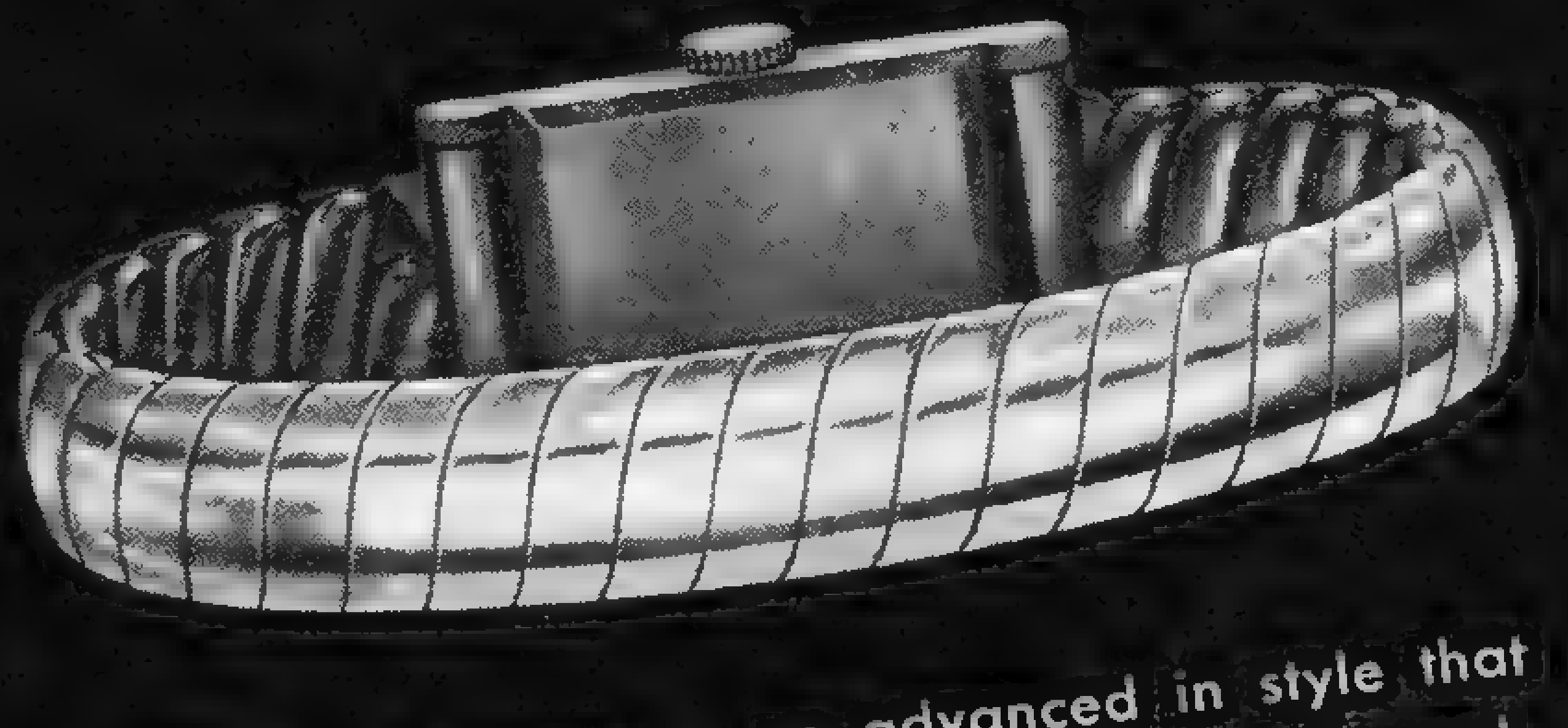

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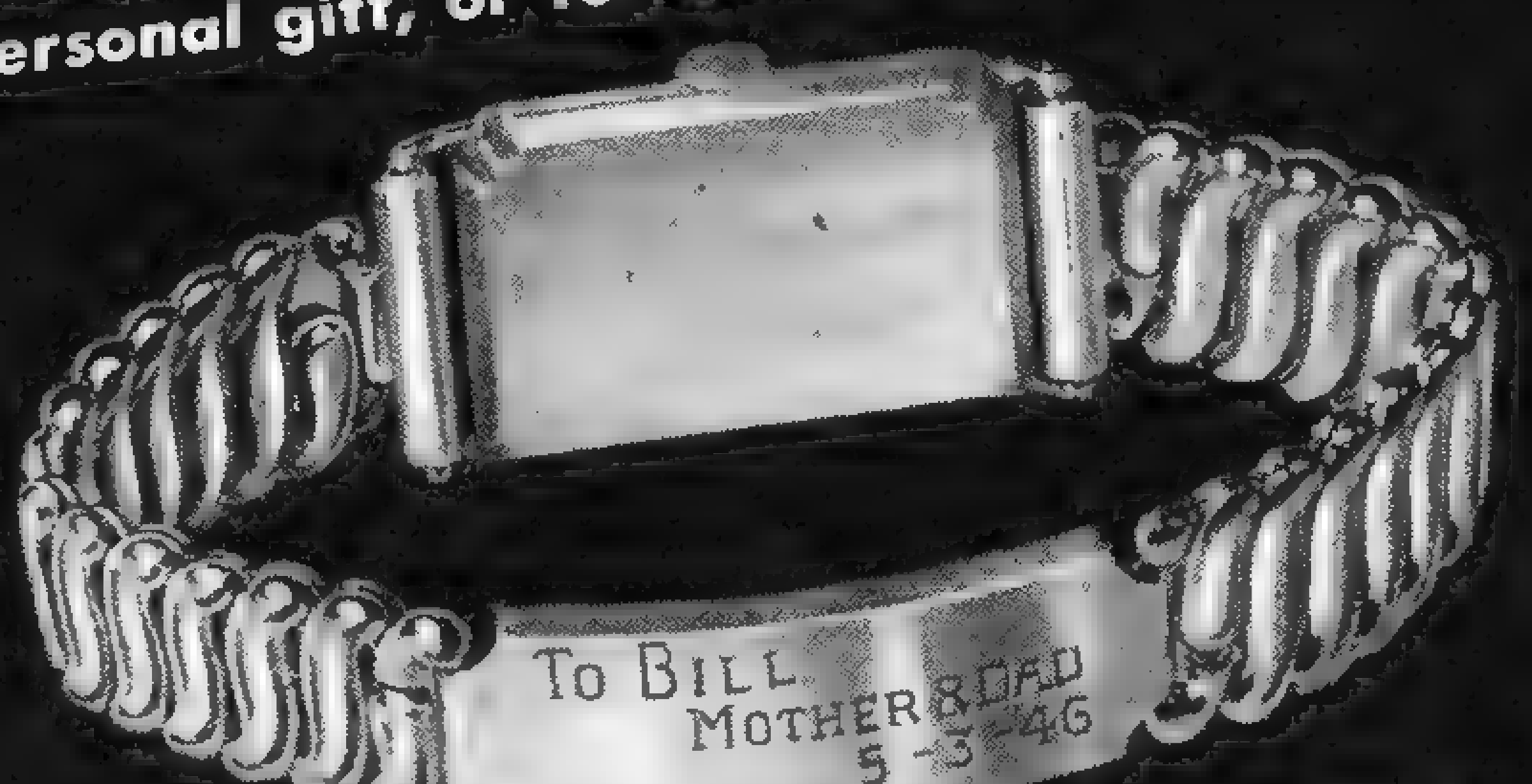

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*If your personal jeweler cannot supply you, write us for jeweler who can.
FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS
East Providence, R. I.
Canada: Arennes Inc., Montreal

## The Tenth Edition

Continued from page 177

outstanding specialists engaged by the *Star* were racing against time, in the proverbial fashion. It was an added fillip.

At 4:35, while the Chicago specialist was just about over Cleveland, I picked up the telephone and heard Don Weisberg say, "At 3:55—that's when she died. The doctors said if we'd got her to the hospital an hour sooner . . ."

"Who died, Don?" I asked stupidly. I'd never run into a story with two humps in it.

"Wokman, Joyce—W-o-k-m-a-n. Of peritonitis. At Longview. At 3:55."

Weisberg hung up. I hung up. I looked up and saw George Wokman at my elbow.

"She's okay, isn't she?" he said.

I said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wokman. She's dead. We did the best we could."

"I know you did," said Mr. Wokman, and cried.

"She had nice hair," I said, clumsily, trying to remember what you said in these circumstances. "Like gold."

"Just the color of her mother's," said Mr. Wokman. "She died three years ago last November 14."

"That's too bad," I said. "I'm sorry."

In the tenth edition of the *Star*, the case of Joyce Wokman fell to a one-head. It went to Page 12.

I had the mean job of seeing fifteen specialists, and asking them to cut down or forgive their bills. The air line was very reasonable—it canceled the bill for the DC-4 from Chicago to New York, and put it down to publicity. The Chicago specialist wasn't so reasonable; he couldn't see any glory accruing to him for failing to save the life of a child. If this girl Joyce—what was her last name again?—had lived, he might see something in it. But she hadn't lived. She'd died. No publicity value there. So please send him, at our earliest convenience, our check for $1,000.

On the other hand, there was a gastrointestinal man in New York, a tall, dignified, white-haired man, who never got over the fact that a police car, its siren screaming, rushed up to his door, a sergeant came running up, shouting, "Doc Wolfe? Come along!" And they shoved him into the car and roared down the East Side to Longview Hospital in the wildest ride he'd ever had. They brought him first to the girl, but she was too far gone. Poor kid—she had fine yellow hair, and kept calling for "Papa" first, and then "Gordie!" He couldn't do anything for her. But while he was there he did a couple of ticklish jobs and had a

Berkeley
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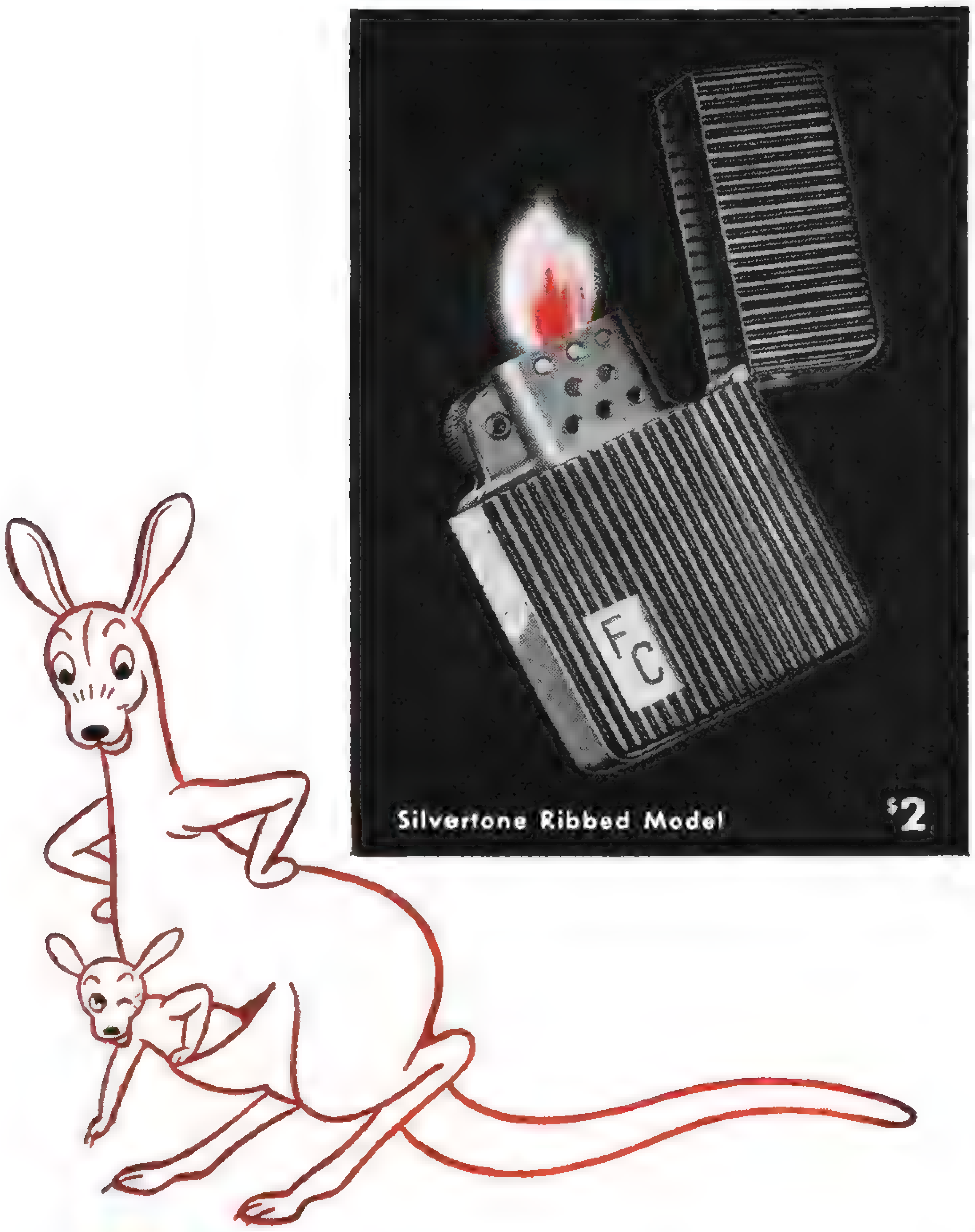

1 carries spare flint in secret compartment—ready when you need it

2 really windproof

3 fluid lasts longer—inside mechanism is complete lighter in itself—sealed to prevent quick evaporation

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5 flame-guard built not to break—it's in one piece

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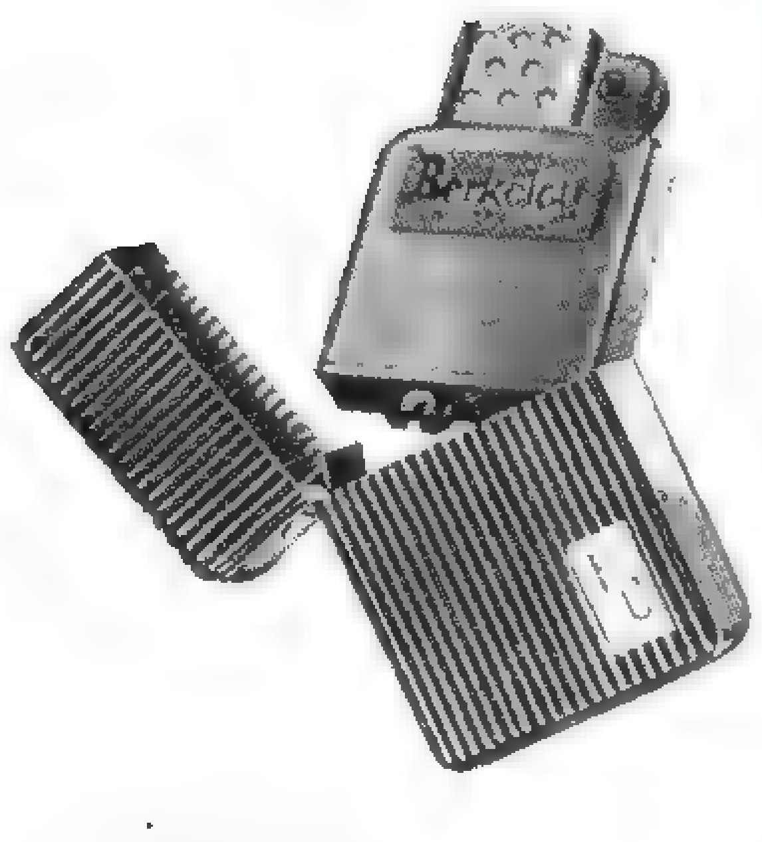

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When you walk in WEEJUNS, your foot rides along in a cradle, crafted from a single piece of soft leather. That's the secret of famous WEEJUN comfort. Bass combined Indian Moccasin construction with Norwegian hand workmanship in WEEJUNS, the lightweight leisure shoes, with hand-sewn seams, styled for both men and women.

BASS originators of Weejuns

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fine time. He remembered something, though.

"Gordie," he said. "Is that what they call you, Mr. Gordon?"

"Not me," I said.

"It's just a passing thought," he said. "What is it you came to see me about?"

I explained it was the bill. Y'see, the *Star* could charge a lot to promotion, but in this case . . . He waved a fine white hand and said t'hell with it.

The other thirteen, from Baltimore to Boston, all held out stubbornly, and got their fees.

And Spalding—for all this—got sacked. On the *Star* you can run up an expense account limitlessly—if you produce the goods. Spalding, in this instance, ran up the expense account limitlessly, but failed to produce the goods. So he was fired.

The last time I saw him, he was doing publicity for the Governor Wilson Hotel. He was paid $50 a week on the strength of his being Spalding of the *Star*. That wasn't much, the way Spalding spent money, but as press agent he could entertain the press at hotel expense.

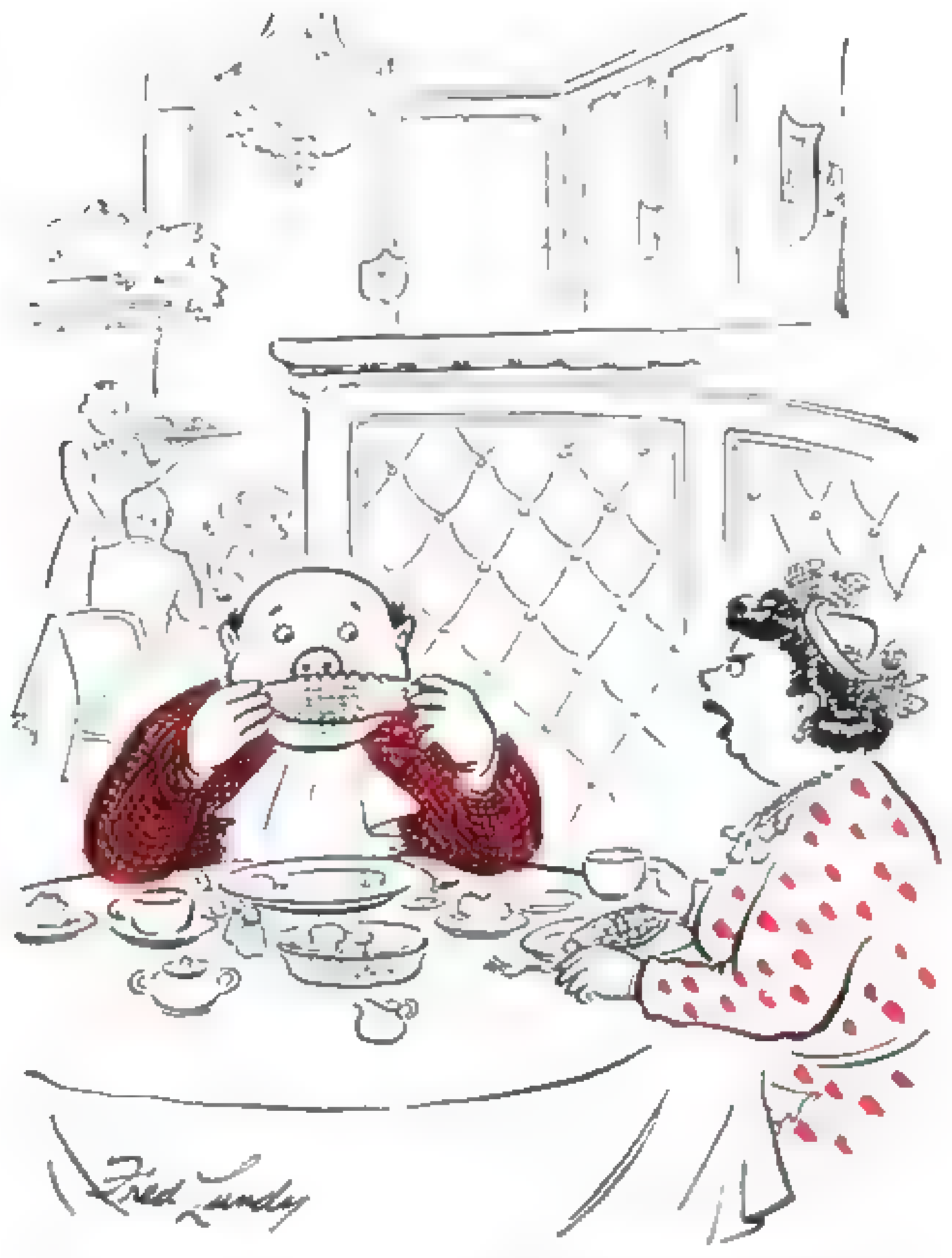
He had me for lunch. He poured cocktails recklessly down my throat and suggested a hundred reasons why I should mention the Governor Wilson in every line of my stories thereafter. He performed his duties zealously, until coffee. Then we talked *Star* shop. And presently we drifted to the Wokman case.

He said, "Played me a rotten trick, that kid—dying on us." He was quizzically annoyed.

Obscurely—because I'd had too many Martinis earlier, I said, "How would you know how bad a trick? You never wake nights feeling something hooked around your neck."

I knew it was obscure when the words came out. Curiously, he didn't look puzzled. He stared hard at me for a second. He said, "No; I don't . . . just wake up and remember the only time I tried to do something decent, and it didn't . . . Gordon, you must have a brandy. Two of 'em. Don't get slushy, Gordon." ⧺

*Continued from page 67*



***"Dear, you don't look good eating corn in public"***

Father's Day

JUNE IS KIRSTEN GIFT MONTH

JUNE is the month of gifts. Father's Day is the day to express our "thanks" to Dad for being so swell . . . thank him with a KIRSTEN Pipe — the perfect gift.

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"RADIATOR" PIPE
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*Pipe Prices*
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Please Father on Sunday, June 15th, or any man who appreciates fine things, anytime. You'll find highlights like the fabulous hand-knit cable stitch (above) in the '47 collection.

Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

## Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast

*Continued from page 83*

vote! How dare you mark it out!"

"Well, if he's not dead," one of the judges said, "he's entitled to a vote same as any taxpayer!"

See, we had two Greenough judges at each precinct, and the Dinwiddies had one. Our county judge was a Greenough, and he appointed the election judges.

"You see I'm not dead," Al complained, as if he were mad as a wet hen.

"Let 'im vote," the second judge said.

Mr. Devers seemed pleased. I saw him wink at one of the judges as Al went into the booth, a place surrounded by bed sheets, to vote.

Just as soon as Al had voted, we hurried out the Blackoak schoolhouse, and were on our way.

"You did fine, Al," Mr. Devers said, reaching him two brand-new one-dollar bills. "Smooth talk."

"But about my breakfast, Silas?" Al complained, rubbing his stomach. "Peers like I have a hard time gettin' my breath when I get hungry!"

"We'll take care of that at Plum Forks," Mr. Devers said. "Sorry I fergot to get you somethin' back there!"

"To Plum Forks next, Mr. Devers?" I said.

"That's right," he said. "Step on the gas."

I wondered how we's goin' to get any breakfast for we were goin' up Lambert River where there wasn't even a county store.

Before we got to Plum Forks, Mr. Devers looked at his paper and the map.

"You're Columbus Mitchell, Al," Mr. Devers said. "And you live on Hoods Run!"

"Okay, Silas," Al said. "I can remember that all right. I ust to know old Columbus!"

"Name, please," the woman clerk asked Al.

"Columbus Mitchell," Al said.

"Columbus Mitchell," she spoke politely. "W'y, I thought he'd passed on."

"Nope, right here he is," Al said, grinning and showing his front discolored teeth. "I'm here to vote!"

I saw Mr. Devers wink at one of the judges.

"Oh, yes, Columbus," the judge said. "Go on and vote!"

One of the judges looked puzzled when Al went back to vote.

Mr. Devers was mighty pleased when Al walked from behind the sheet.

"Say, you couldn't spare us a little nip, could you, Bill?" Mr. Devers asked the judge that he'd winked at a minute before. "We've not had any breakfast!"

"Shore," he said, and he got up from his chair while the other

*Continued on page 185*

P&T
Founded 1840
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
107 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
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WHISKEY
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Behind every bottle is the quality-tradition of Park & Tilford and the knowledge gained in over a century of experience. That is why it is—

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**"COMMANDO" Expansion Watch Bracelet** with 1/20 12K Gold Filled Top, Stainless Steel back. Foolproof expansion, precision made. $6.50*

**LINKING Adjustable Link Watch Bracelet** King of the link bands! Smart, sturdy, flexible. Sterling Silver at $6.50* . . . 1/20 12K G.F. at $7.50*

. . . at your jeweler's

*tax extra

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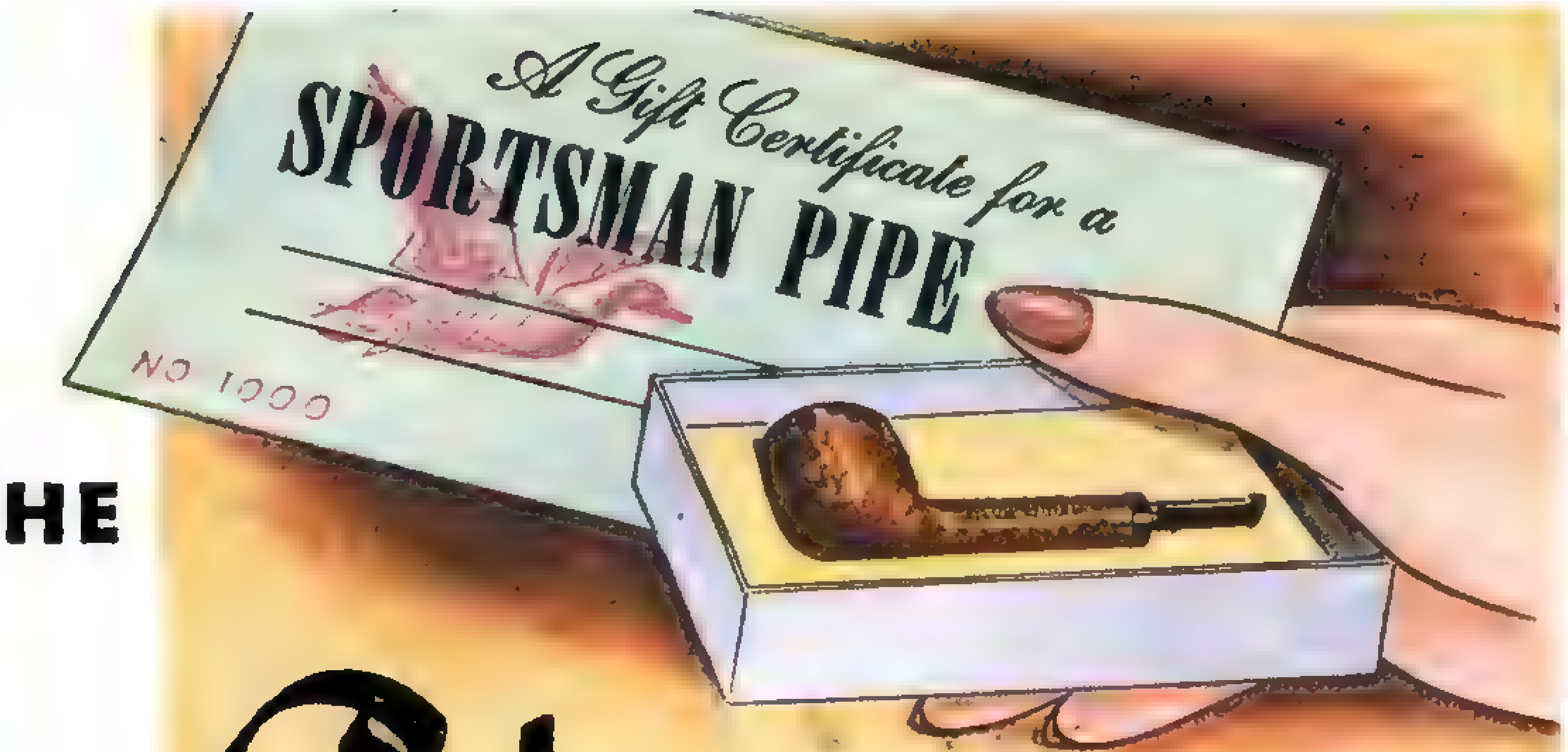
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For Father's Day

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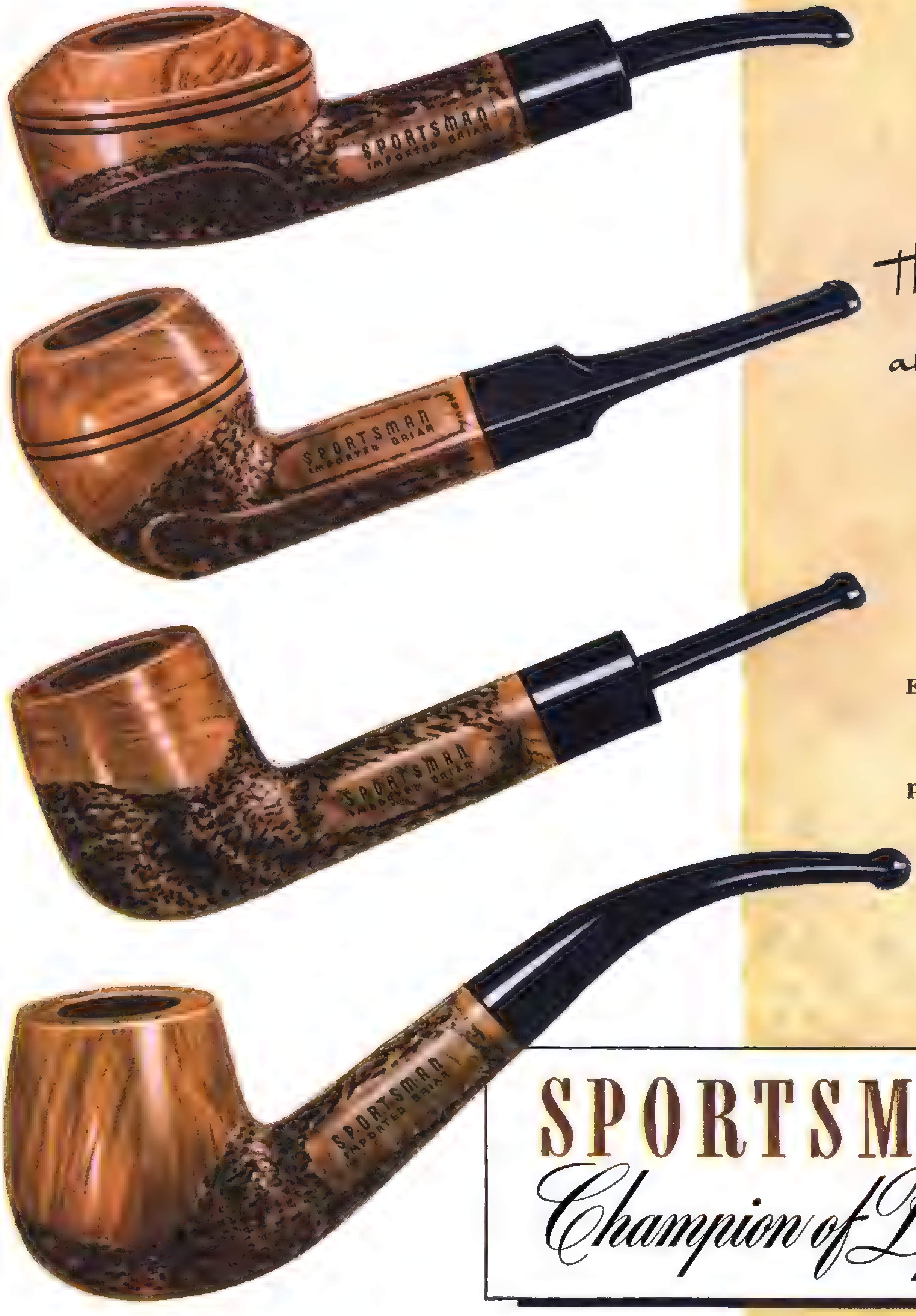
**GIVE HIM YOUR "CHECK" FOR THE**

# Pipe of his Choice!



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*From $5 to $15—in a wide range of original shapes and styles—at better stores.*

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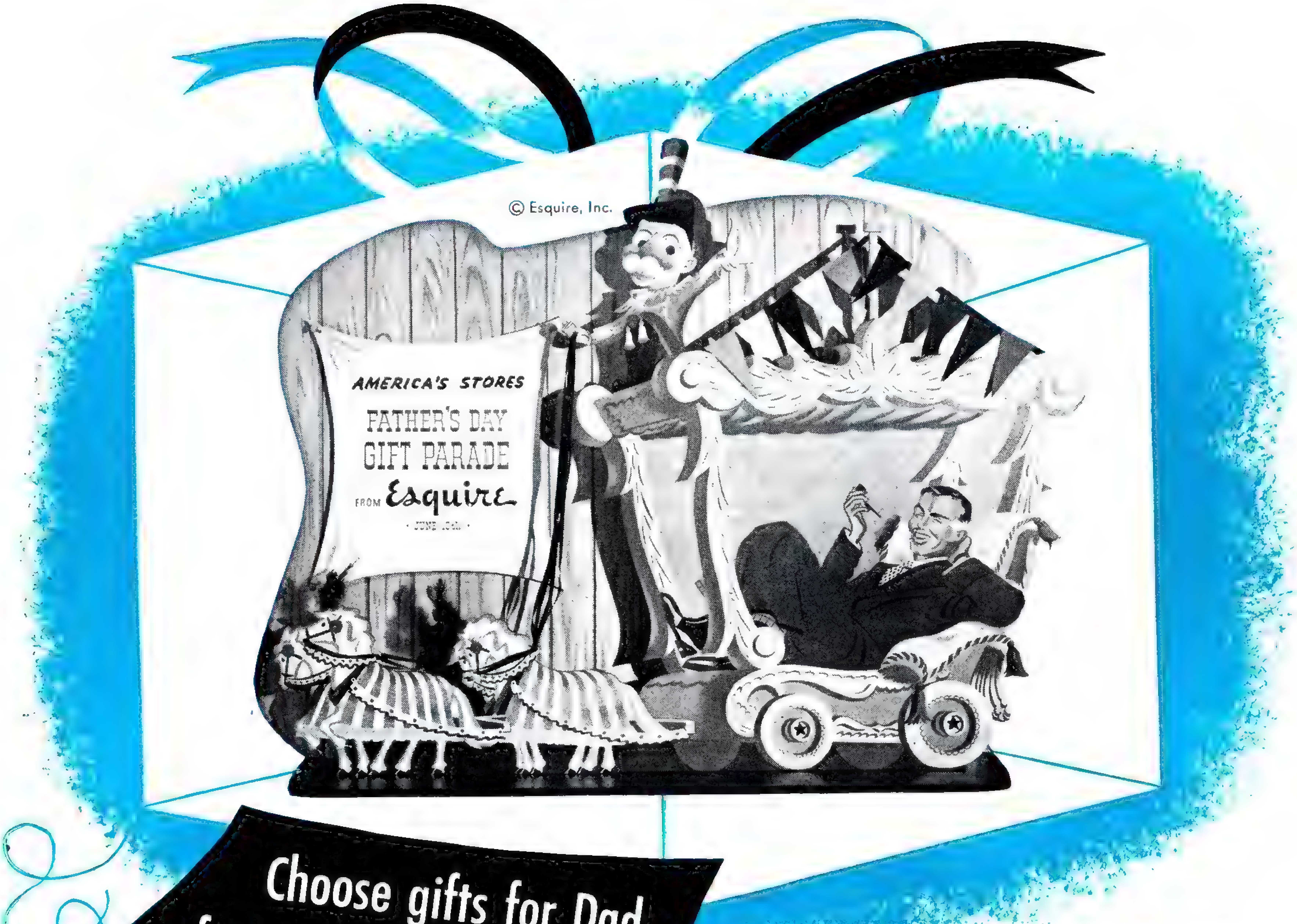

## Choose gifts for Dad from Esquire's display now in store windows everywhere

*Join the Father's Day gift-parade to these great stores. See a grand array of colorful, masculine gifts, right out of Esquire's gift-guide pages. Check the list below for your favorite store, see these gifts for Dad today!*

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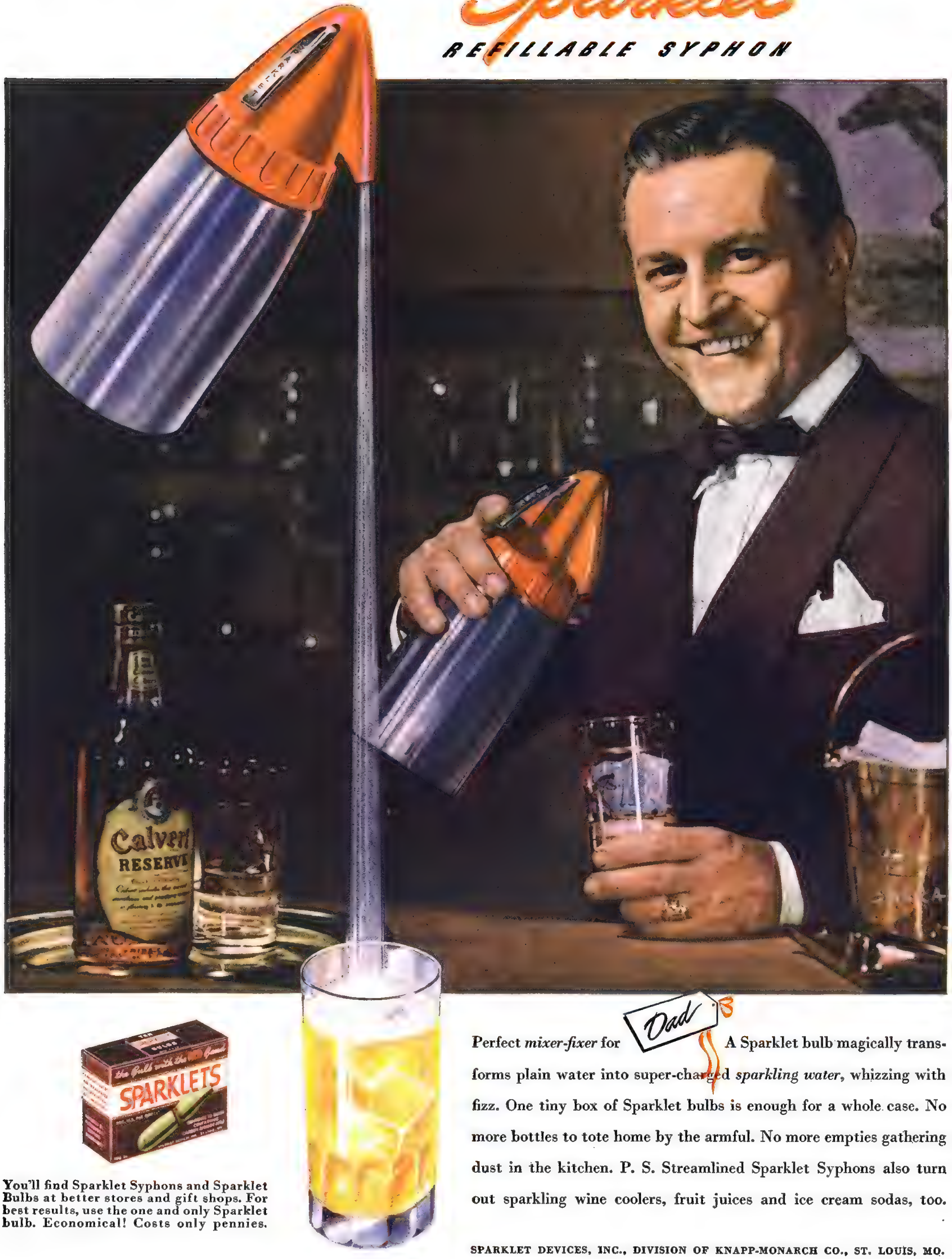

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
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AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL

*"There is nothing better in the market"*

**BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY**

## Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast

Continued from page 180

judges and the clerks watched us.

He walked beside us to the doorsteps, talking in low whispers to Mr. Devers. Then he slipped Mr. Devers a big bottle that he pulled from behind his coat lining where I heard more bottles rattle.

When we got back to the car Mr. Devers took a swig first, and then he passed the bottle to me, and I nipped because I didn't like too much on an empty stomach, and then he passed the bottle to Al. I was glad he let me nip before he did Al, because Al's mouth looked like the mouth of a deserted coal mine propped up with decayed posts.

"Now, Dave," Mr. Devers spoke in a big way, "I'll let you in on the plan! We want to get all the precincts on Lambert River by eleven. Then we'll come down Sutton River, and get all the precincts by three this afternoon. In the next three hours we can finish all the precincts in Blakesburg and down Big River!"

"You mean we're goin' to take in all 32 precincts?" I asked.

"That's what we're a-goin' to do," he said.

"Impossible," I said.

I could tell by the way Mr. Devers puffed up, I'd said the wrong thing.

"Oh, I guess we can make it if they don't ask Al too many questions," I said. "I mean if they don't hold us too long questionin' Al . . ."

"Never mind that, Dave," Mr. Devers said. "You leave it to me! I've got that all fixed up!"

Before we reached Farewell precinct, Mr. Devers consulted his map and notebook.

"Who am I now, Silas?" Al asked.

"Buck Stump," Mr. Devers said. "And you live on Dry Ridge."

I never knew a Buck Stump, but I knew a lot of Stumps lived on Dry Ridge. I'd fox-hunted with 'em. That was the home of the Stumps. Mr. Devers had fixed his notebook and map all right.

"Buck Stump," the clerk said, "I thought he was run away from here for stealin' chickens!"

"I never stole a chicken in my life," Al said, looking hard at the woman. "How dare you say that!"

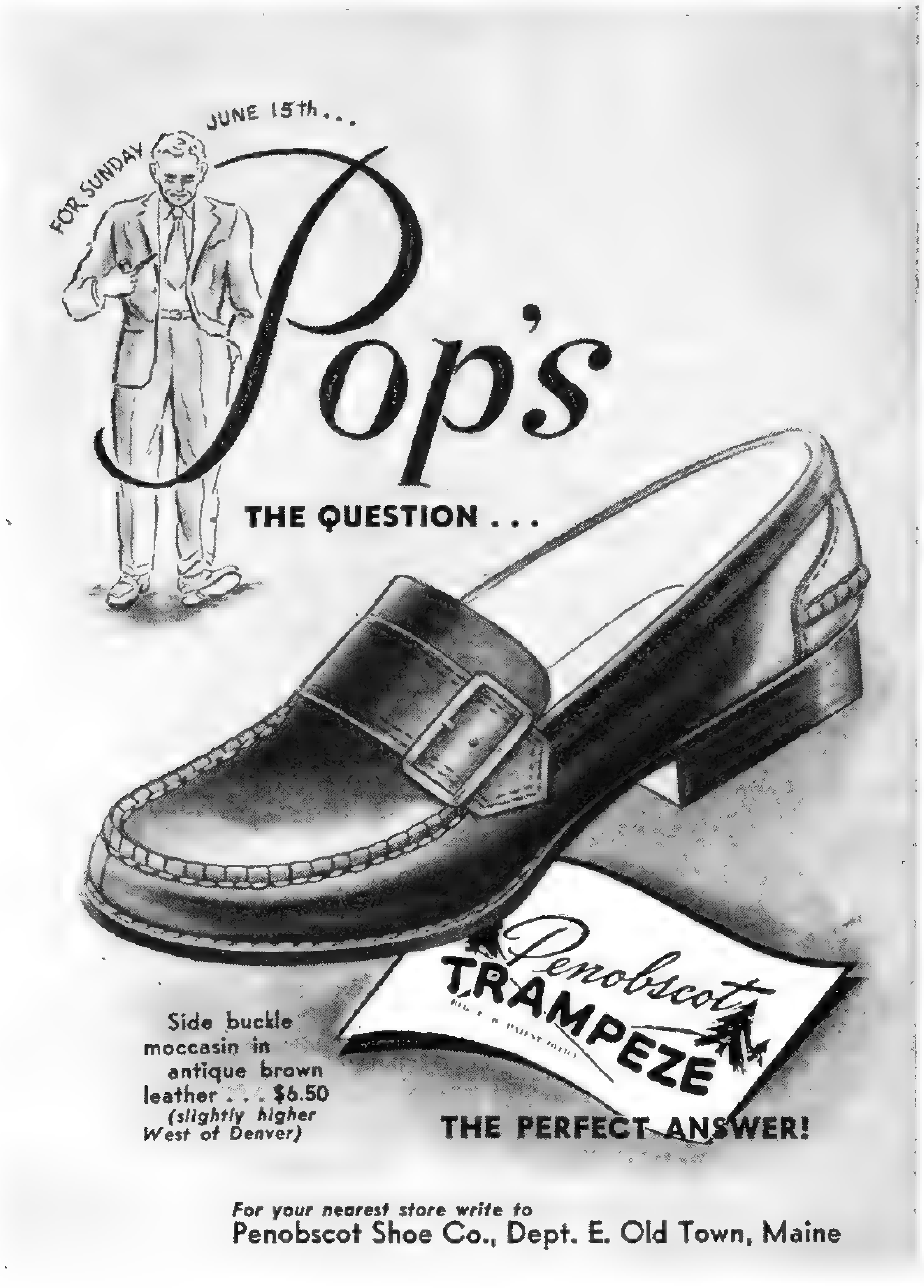
But one of the judges tried to smooth it out for the woman.

"It must have been another Buck Stump," he said. "You know there's more Buck Stumps on that Dry Ridge. There's Old Buck, Little Buck, Red Buck, Black Buck, White Buck, and Zeke's Buck, and Cy's Buck . . . and a lot more I can't think of now."

Everybody laughed while the judges let Al go behind the sheet.

Al seemed awfully hurt when

Continued on page 186



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## Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast

*Continued from page 185*

he returned from voting. The clerk who had made the mistake tried to apologize and be nice to him, but he refused all apologies. He got out as soon as he could, and we followed him.

"Well done, Al," Mr. Devers said. "Smooth talk."

"But ye forget something, Silas?" Al said.

"Breakfast, ah, breakfast," Mr. Devers said. "We shall have that, Al!"

"No, it's not that," Al said. "I'm not a bit hungry now!"

"Oh, oh, yes, I did forget, didn't I?" Mr. Devers said, as he went down in his pocket for a roll of greenbacks bigger than the calf of my leg. He shelled off four new one-dollar bills for Al.

I didn't say anything. But I thought a lot. Here I was driving my car over this rough road and was only gettin' ten bucks. And just to think if Al did make all the precincts, it would be $64 for him! There wasn't anything fair about it. But I wouldn't say anything. I'd wait until the end of the day! Somebody'd have to make things right.

Al voted at Wolf Pen as Lonnie Ailster, who was a Dinwiddie. The clerk said Lonnie was working in St. Louis. Al tole her he'd never worked in St. Louis, that he'd never seen the place. Well, the judge that Mr. Devers winked at apologized for the clerk to make her feel better after she'd made the mistake. At Grassy, Al voted as Duff Anderson, and the clerk didn't question him, but congratulated him on coming back to his wife after disappearing for five years. At Riverbend, Al voted for Alvin Miller, a Greenough who was away cutting corn in Ohio.

"See, the farther out you get among the hills, the easier it is," Mr. Devers said. "Hardly anybody around Riverbend ever sees Al Miller. Hardly anybody knows 'im. See what I mean!"

"Yes, I see," I said.

But I said that just to be nice to Mr. Devers. I knew he could make that one little mistake.

But we went to the eleven precincts up Lambert River by eleven-thirty. Just thirty minutes behind schedule. Al voted at Kenton for Tim Wurts, a Greenough, who worked away in the West Virginia coal mines. He voted in Woodland for Tom Snyder, who had been sent to the pen in Atlanta for making moonshine several years ago. The clerks didn't question his registration or his identity, for they were so glad to see him back with his family. At Three Prong he voted for Hugh Gullet. He was questioned by the clerk, who said she was sure

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that Hugh Gullet had moved away.

"Moved away," Al said. "I've never moved away. How did that get started?"

And a friendly judge said he hadn't moved away, and he apologized for the clerk's mistake.

At Whetstone, he voted for Brice Tremble, a "lifelong" Dinwiddie. One of the judges said Al didn't look like Brice. But Al said he was Brice, and two of the judges let him vote. We wondered what the real Brice would say when he got to the polls. But Mr. Devers said he wouldn't get to the polls until late in the afternoon. Said he was over on Sand Suck where he'd been cutting timber and wouldn't spend a whole day for the election. At the Head-of-Lambert precinct, the last one up the river in Blake County, Al voted for John And-Seven-Eights Smith, a "lifelong" Dinwiddie, who was down on Willow Run running a sawmill. John's father had given him the middle name to distinguish him from so many John Smiths living in the Head-of-Lambert precinct.

When we finished with this precinct, Al had twenty-two pretty one-dollar bills stuffed down in his overall pockets. I thought plenty, but I still didn't say anything. For we'd just driven away from Head-of-Lambert precinct, on our way over the ridge toward Sutton River, when Al took some sort of a fainting spell. Maybe it was because he'd made all this money, and maybe it was because he'd chawed green twist so early in the morning, and on top of that drank some bad hooch. It had given me somethin' like the blind billiards. I could tell Mr. Devers didn't act the same, and we hadn't drank near as much as Al.

Maybe it was just as well it happened as we were about to reach the big hill that separated the two rivers. For we wouldn't have wanted anybody around. There'd been a lot of people hanging around the polls who heard the argument when Al went in and said he was John And-Seven-Eights Smith. And now if Al got sick on us, and the real John And-Seven-Eights Smith did get back from the sawmill, we'd be in bad shape. But we opened the car door when Al passed out, and we carried him up on the bank by the side of the road and fanned 'im for a spell. When he came to, his face was whiter than any sheet we'd seen around the booths.

"Pay no attention to me, boys," Al spoke with little short gasps of breath. "I'm havin' trouble gettin' my wind!"

But I was glad when Al stumbled back to the car.

"Reckon he's all right?" I asked Mr. Devers. "Suppose we can make the fourteen precincts on Sutton River?"

"What are you talkin' about?" Mr. Devers asked me. "You know

*Continued on page 188*

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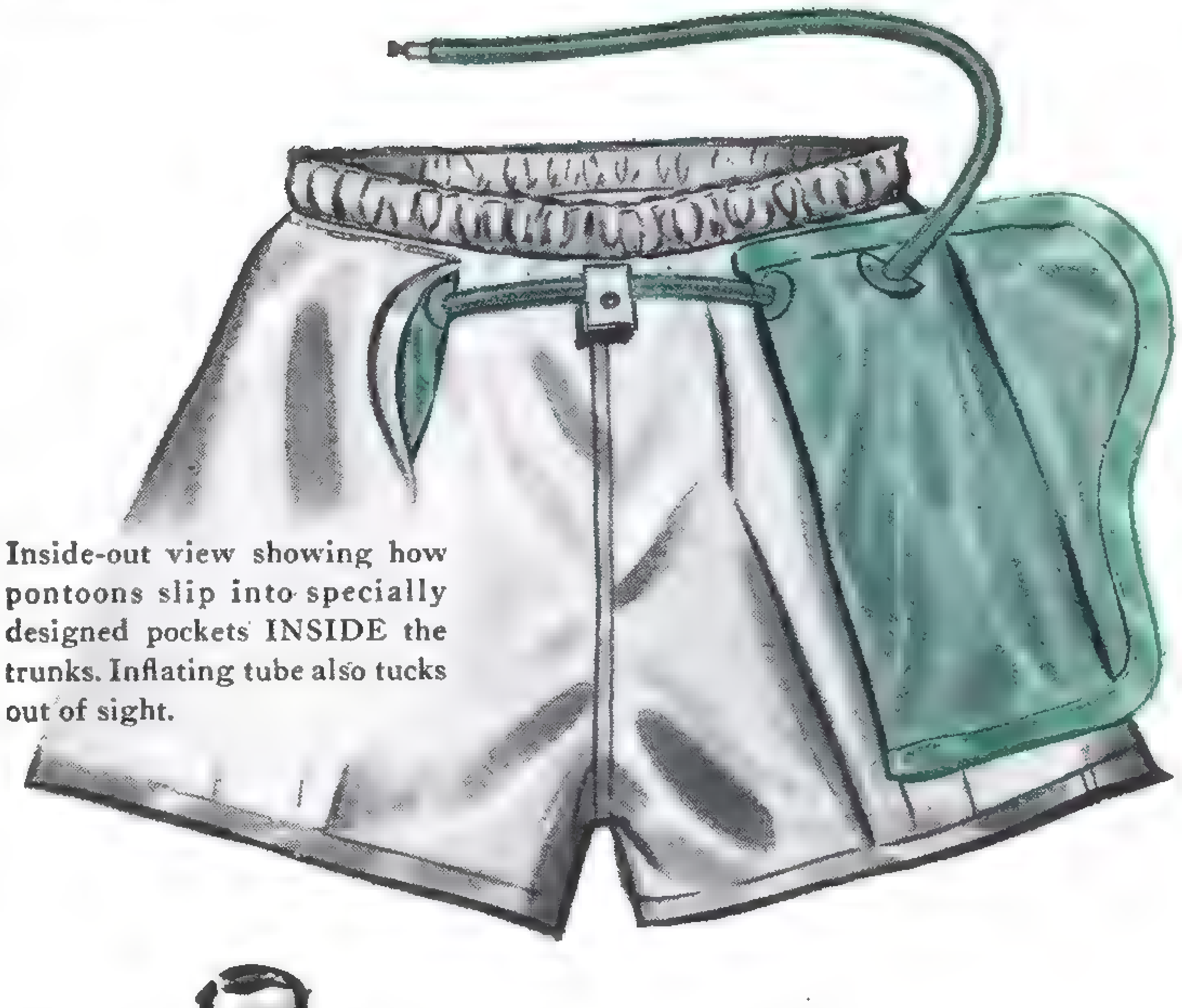

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SPECIMEN

## *Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast*

*Continued from page 187*

Al can make it all right. We're goin' to stop at the Porter Store on North Fork as we go down," he talked on, "and get some cheese under our belts. We're a little behind, but we can make all thirty-two precincts! That'll be a record, won't it?"

"Guess it will," I said, thinking about how a few men had been able to vote in five or six precincts in one day, but that I'd never heard in my life of one making eleven precincts before. We already had a record.

We stopped at the store and got cheese, brown sugar, sardines, and crackers. We did most of our eating in the car, and Mr. Devers and I did most of the eating.

"Don't be douncy, Al," Mr. Devers warned. "We've got a lot to do. You've got a lot more dollars to earn. Thirty-two votes may win this election! So, eat, my good friend!"

"Grub don't taste right," Al said.

Al only took a few bites, then he washed it down from the long-neck bottle he stuck in the cavern that was his mouth until his whiskers and mustache hid the bottleneck. He gurgled and gurgled, and his Adam's apple ran up and down his neck like a tree frog. And after he'd washed the cheese and crackers down his gullet, he bit off more green burley from his twist. Then I saw a little color come back to his face.

"We'll take these precincts as they come, boys," Mr. Devers said, when he reached sight of the Sutton River.

At Blue Licks, Al voted for Lewis MacKenzie; at Hoptown, for Marcus Overton; and at Argill for Tom Kidwell. At Honeyville, he voted for Cief Hampton; at Centerview, for Tom Cromwell; at Enoch's Chapel, for Eif Fannin; and at Five Rivers, for Larry Watkin. At Twin Forks, Al voted for Milford Kilgore, a Dinwiddie, who had gone to a funeral. At Three Mile, he voted for Jim Welch; and at John's Run, for Jack Pruitt.

But at Pee-Pee-Dee, Mr. Devers turned pale as a mushroom when Al gave his name as Mart Spencer, and one of the clerks asked, "When did you get back from the pen?"

"I'm not the Mart that stabbed your brother," Al said. "I'm not even akin to 'im. I just happen to live among those Spencers."

The clerk was pleased. So were the judges. Al voted.

At Willow Grove, Al voted for Gus Powers; at Lundsford, for Demp Bush; and at Putt-Off Ford, for Hawk Seymore.

"Twenty-five precincts, and

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AT BETTER STORES

fifty dollars," Mr. Devers said, giving Al another two new one-dollar bills. "Seven more to go!"

Boy, that burnt me up. Here Al had made fifty bucks. A Dinwiddie by blood and belief had taken that much from our Party, and I got a measly ten-spot! But I still kept my mouth shet. I knew Al had been through a lot too. He'd been twenty-five different men. And he'd had several faintin' spells in the back of the car. He'd been complaining about his stomach, and once or twice he said his ticker was flutterin' like a mockingbird's wings.

"We're comin' to Blakesburg No. 1," Mr. Devers said, "where we'll all get our legal and lawful votes! That'll make 28 votes for the Greenoughs from us this mornin'!"

Mr. Devers had the look of victory on his face after we'd voted at Blakesburg No. 1.

"When we get to Blakesburg No. 2, you're goin' to be Reverend Spencer Hix that ust to hold the big revivals under the tent," Mr. Devers said.

"Did you hear me, Al?" Mr. Devers asked, since Al hadn't answered.

"Yep, I hear you," Al groaned. "I'm Reverend Hix in Blakesburg No. 2."

"Right," Mr. Devers said, as I brought my car to a stop.

I never saw so many people around at any of the voting places. They were swarming around Link Bratton's vacant-store building like bees around a hive.

We walked inside and Al had to stand in line to vote.

"Name, please?" the woman clerk asked Al.

"Reverend Hix," Al said. "I've voted 28 times for the Greenoughs, and I aim to vote again!"

"What Reverend Hix?" she asked, looking Al in the eye.

"The Reverend Spencer Hix, that used to hold the tent meetings," Al shouted.

"Sure, this is Reverend Hix," Mr. Devers said, as he looked at a Greenough clerk and winked.

"No, you're not Reverend Hix," the clerk said. "I go to his church. I heard him preach last Sunday. Against the Greenoughs too! No, you're not Reverend Spencer Hix! I know you're not! This is fraud!"

"I know I am," Al shouted. "And I'll show you that I am! I'll show you I'll vote."

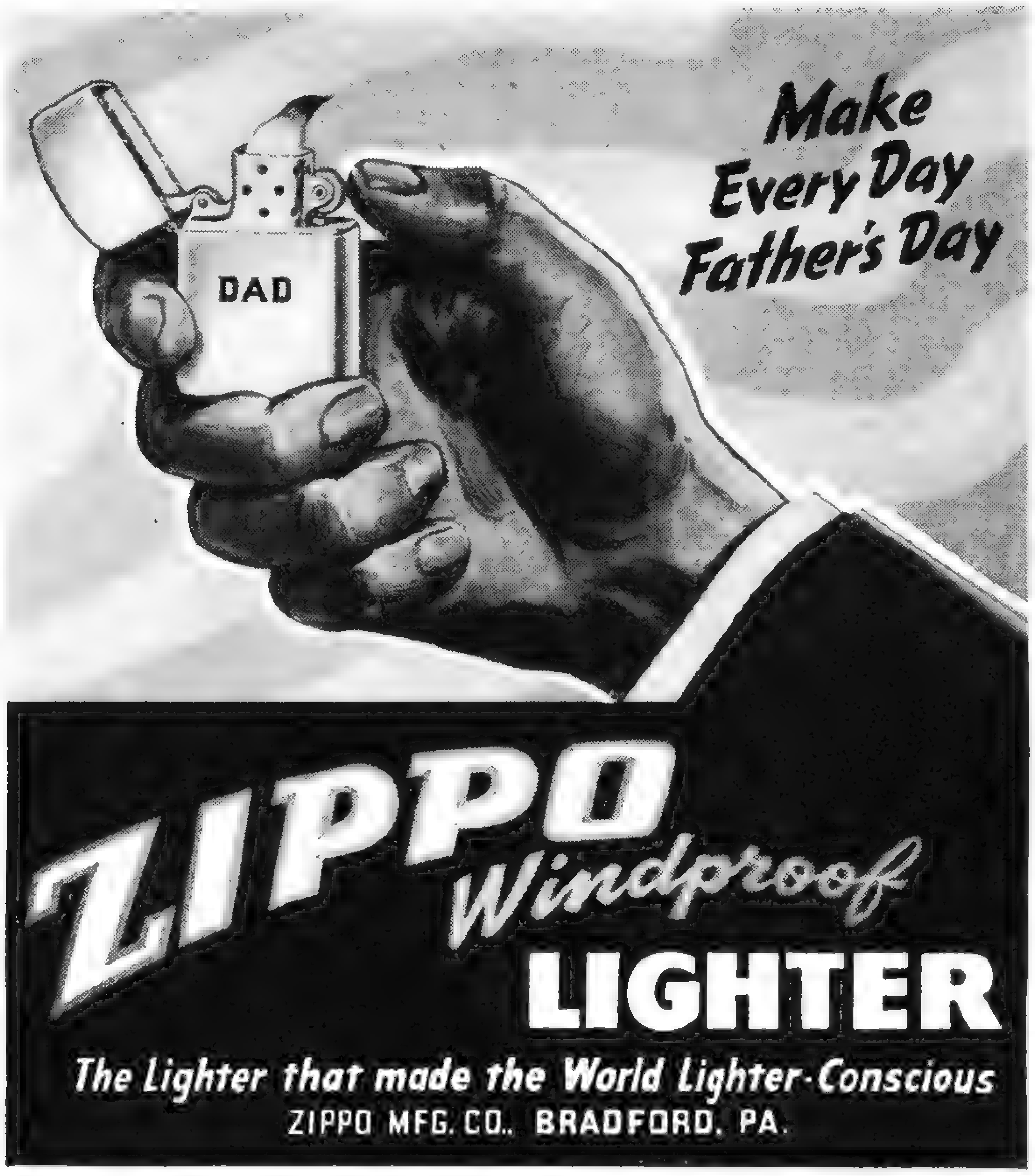
"Al Caney," Mr. Devers said, but it was too late.

Al started to dive behind the sheet when a big man grabbed him. Then the election judge caught Al around the legs. And down on the floor went all three men while more ran in to help.

"That thing's not Reverend Hix," a big woman shouted, and raised her green parasol above her head to hit Al. "I'll brain 'im," she screamed.

But Mr. Devers, who'd kept

Continued on page 190



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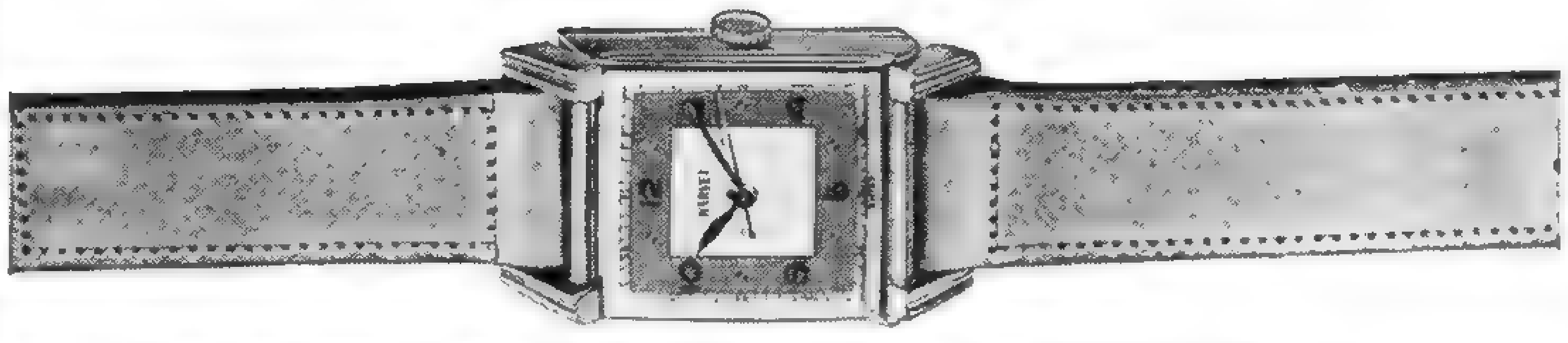

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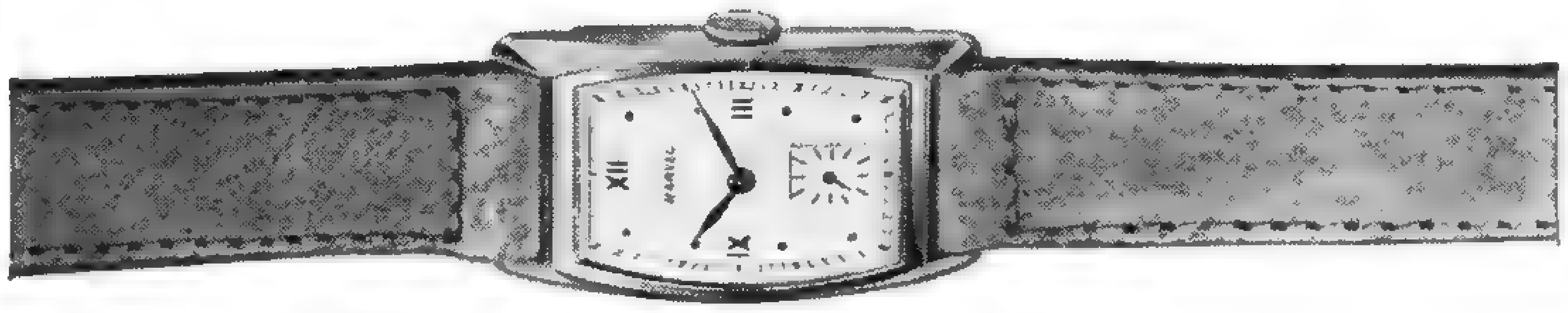

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The RIGHT choice for the RIGHT time

## *Thirty-two Votes Before Breakfast*

*Continued from page 189*

out of the tussle, ran up and caught her parasol.

"That awful man!" another woman shouted. "Thinks he's Reverend Hix! He must be drunk or crazy!"

Soon the voting place was filled with men and women. They knew Reverend Hix. They belonged to his church.

I never saw such a mad scramble in my life! Al Caney was screaming that he was the Reverend Spencer Hix. Women and men were trying to get to him while he fought with the men on the floor.

"He's drunk," one man said. "Let's have 'im arrested!"

"He's off in the head," another shouted. "Reverend Hix just voted a few minutes ago!"

"Who brought 'im in here?" a big beardy-faced man asked.

"That's the fellar," said a tall bean-pole man with scattered beard on his face, as he pointed to Mr. Devers.

"Yes, that's the man," said a woman, who was in the voting line. "That's the man over there!"

"Something strange goin' on here," said the big beardy-faced man, "and I'll see what it is. Can't do Reverend Hix like this! Look, this man, Al, has passed out. He's drunk!"

Mr. Devers must have jumped fifteen feet out at the door. I was a few steps behind him, but I couldn't run like he did. I didn't know any man could run fast as Mr. Devers. It looked like he was takin' steps on the wind. For his feet were up in the air working like pistons. If they ever hit the ground it was so fast I couldn't see 'em.

"Here's my car, Mr. Devers," I screamed, but he was so excited he didn't hear me.

He ran to some stranger's car with about two dozen women and a dozen men after him. They were yelling and screaming! And Mr. Devers opened the door of the wrong car and got in. He thought it was mine. But I couldn't go after him. I had to save my own skin. They weren't after me yet.

"He's in Reverend Hix' car," a woman shouted. "We've got 'im!"

When I turned on the switch and started the motor in a hurry, I looked toward Reverend Hix' car, and I saw Mr. Devers trying to get him to drive on like he'd been doin' me. But Reverend Hix sat under the steering wheel and laughed while the mob of voters surrounded the car.

I gunned into the highway, and I was off like a flash of lightning cutting the night. I never looked back. I knew I'd keep on goin' as long as my ten Greenough dollars lasted. ⧺

*Continued from page 83*

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The greatest gift in the world for Father's Day. At good stores everywhere. Remember to look inside for the Evans stamp.

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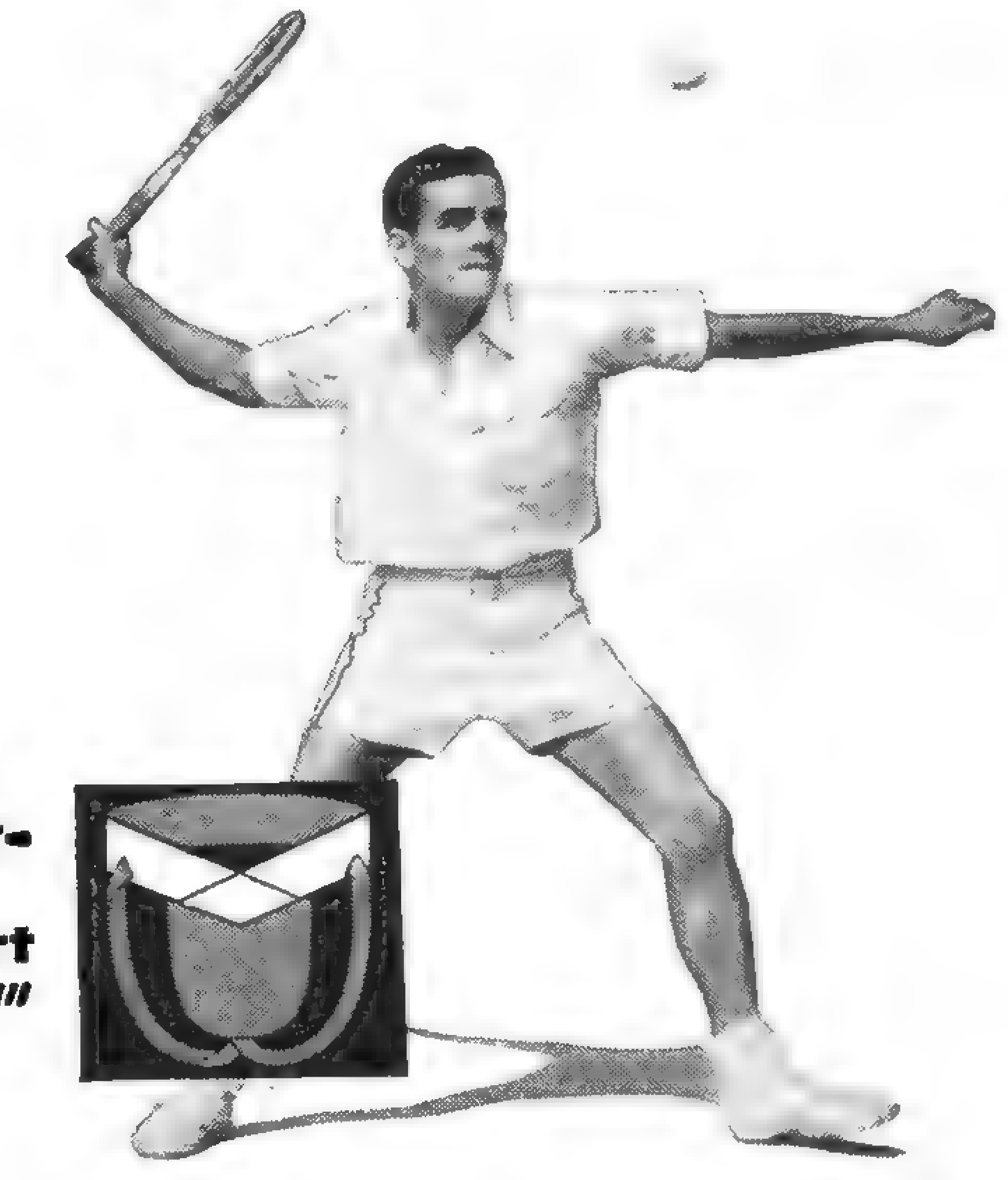

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**Patent pending*

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ALL-ELASTIC
V-FRONT SUPPORTERS

## Britain's Ready—If You Are!

Continued from page 68

terbrained attentions of a white-aproned maid and white-jacketed steward—all for $5 to $10 a week.

When you wander around the neighborhood now, you're suddenly struck by the war's impact on the whole of London. The blitzed houses are gone, but the blight remains. The whole district needs scrubbing and a good paint job, but workers are busy on more important jobs of postwar recovery.

No matter, London is still London. The Nightingale in Berkeley Square might not be singing as brightly as in the old days (actually, I doubt if there ever was a nightingale in Berkeley Square), but a very fine night club by that name has just opened up there.

*What to do*: We always had some of our best times in London just moseying. If you like to wander, you can spend days soaking up atmosphere. Start off with the obvious tourist attractions, then follow out whatever interests you most. Begin with Westminster Abbey, "the heart of England," scene of British coronations since 1066. Then move on to the Houses of Parliament, Big Ben and Whitehall. A one-minute look at the famous doorway of 10 Downing Street, then the Tower of London, London Bridge, Buckingham Palace, the British Museum, the National Gallery, St. Paul's, Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Regent Street, Trafalgar Square.

By now you're ready for a new pair of feet, and you're a more sophisticated wanderer. You stroll along Pall Mall, past a line of old clubs, some of whose members would appear to have been ancient when the fathers of our Fifth Avenue window sitters were still stealing railroads. You stick your nose into pubs on Fleet Street, and observe with wonder how London reporters always seem to look more like journalists than do our newspapermen. You move into the "City," the financial district around the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange, where every man wears a top hat or goes hatless. You visit smart shops in Bond Street, seeing a lot of things you'd like to buy if they weren't rationed.

You stagger into a workingman's pub for a mild-and-bitter, and listen to the talk. Then you try to imagine what would happen if a Cockney tried to talk with a native, say, of Lubbock, Texas, in what is supposed to be their common tongue. You become aware of a new type of postwar Cockney, the "Spiv," who sells from a pushcart by day, and is a black-market operator by night.

You look at the billboards and note with wonder that forty-two

Continued on page 192

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"Okay, Link. We'll *both* do a plug for Rough Rider Slacks and Cords"

"Mind if I cut in, Pop?"

**Link:**
*"What's it take to be a quiz-master, Dad?"*

**Art:**
*"Hmmm, well, first I'd say a guy should try to look smarter than the contestants—if possible."*

**Link:**
*"Huh! That's no trick when you wear Rough Rider Slacks. You know what the ads say: 'Rough Riders are comfort-cut to fit right, California-styled to look right, sturdily stitched to wear longer.'"*

**Art:**
*"Oh, Oh, a quiz kid, yet—in my own family. You trying to steal the act?"*

**Link:**
*"It's the Rough Rider Cords, Pop. Keen, aren't they?"*

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SLACKS & CORDS
for Men and Boys
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

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## *Britain's Ready—If You Are!*

*Continued from page 191*

plays and musicals are showing in London theatres.

You stop for tea in Mayfair, and occasionally you see a blonde English girl whose startling beauty makes you aware of the comparative dowdiness of so many women in the streets and shops.

Comes Sunday and it seems that everything has been abolished throughout the United Kingdom. If you've been so careless as to allow yourself to be uninvited somewhere for the week end, the best place for you is Hyde Park, the kibitzer's paradise—a sort of combination of New York's Columbus Circle and Union Square, where soapboxers orate on everything from communism to yoga. Then, when four o'clock rolls around, you might take in a movie.

*Night life in London*: The capital's café society has worked out a useful dodge for circumventing many of Britain's anti-cavorting regulations which close all liquor stores and pubs at various hours before midnight. They have developed a successful gimmick known as the bottle party. A bottle party is just a night club doing legally what the law was intended to prevent.

It works out this way: If you know the management or a member, you are given an "invitation," which is really a membership card. You present the card at the door, together with anywhere from nothing to four dollars, depending upon the class of joint. You tell the waiter you want a bottle, and he calls the liquor store, which works with the club. You fill out a purchase order, a boy from the store delivers your bottle, and there you are. Whiskey is about $12 a fifth—gin a dollar or so less. Incidentally, if you're going to London, want to visit the better night spots, and don't know anybody in town, drop us a line. We met a lot of people over there, and maybe we can write you a few letters to get you properly introduced.

Best of the bottle parties included the Nightingale in Berkeley Square, the Orchid Room, The 400, Astor, Cocoanut Grove and the Cabaret.

The Nightingale is the newest club. It's a smart spot—moderately large, yet warm, very much like the better places in New York's East Fifties. No floor show except a wisecracking emcee who really enjoys being heckled, but there's continuous dancing to the more restrained sort of music.

The Wardroom Club at 28 Curzon Street is one of the best of Mayfair's more intimate luncheon and dinner clubs.

The Orchid Room, at 28 Brook

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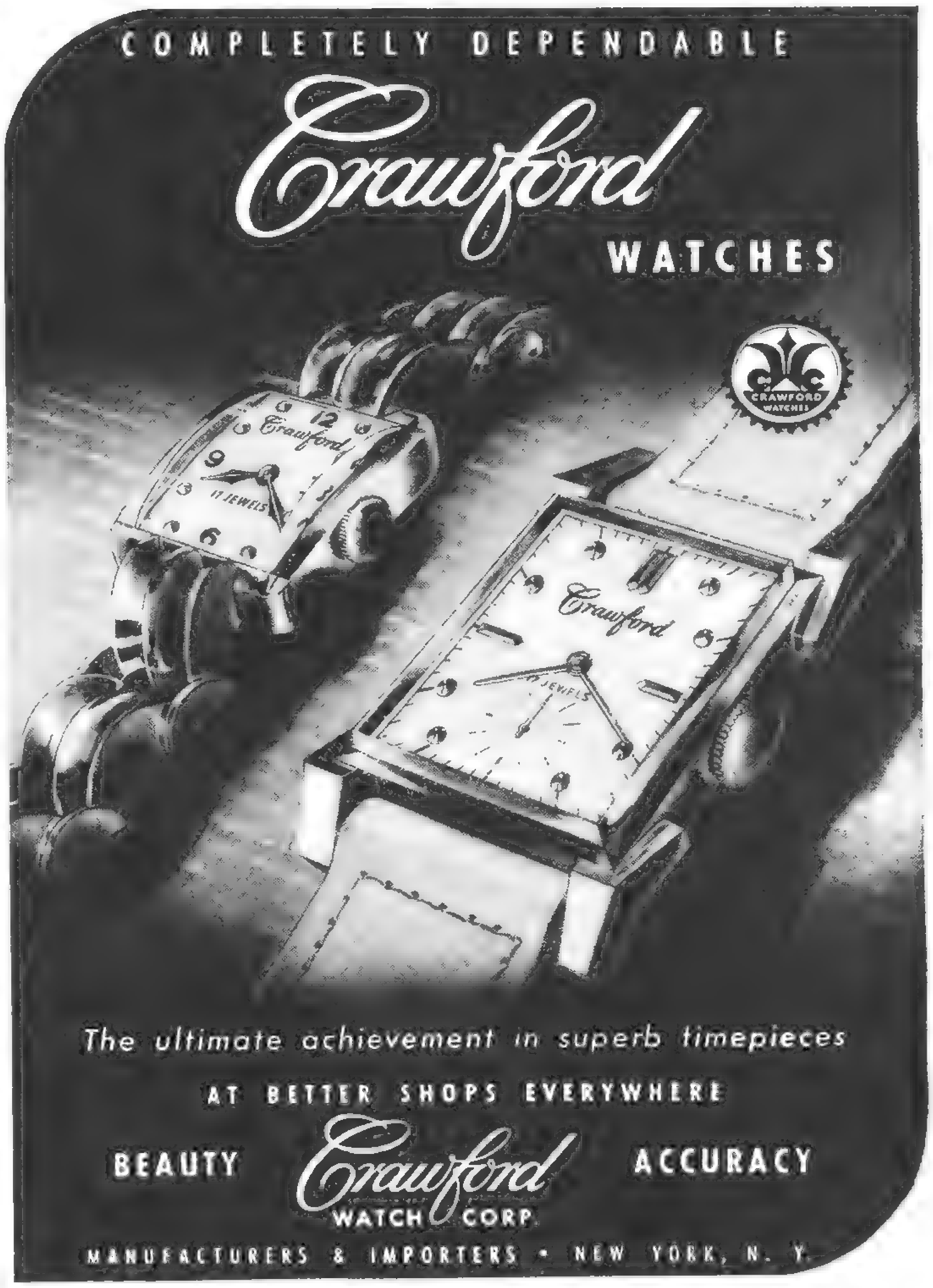

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Street, is similar to the Nightingale. Door charge is the same ($4), but liquor prices are a bit lower than at other smart spots.

Dress is optional at all except The 400, where it's compulsory.

Best floor show in town is at The Cabaret, 16 Beak Street, also one of the few places serving dinner. And they've got hostesses too—gals who'll sit with you or leave you alone, as you wish. Door charge is $3 and liquor is cheaper than at more swank spots.

*Where to eat*: London has many restaurants that have been world-famous for years. Naturally, they can't serve, under rationing, meals comparable to their normal prewar standard. But the better restaurants do remarkably well. Meals may consist of only three courses, and bread counts as one course. One consolation: under Britain's price control system, meals at the better legitimate restaurants are comparatively inexpensive. The ceiling price for lunch or dinner is a dollar, but the best restaurants can add a cover charge, which may bring the price up to $2.75.

One of London's most popular restaurants is the Bagatelle, at 1 Mayfair Place. The food, good by any standard, rates with the best obtainable at present. One reason for Bagatelle's popularity might be the fact that the royal princesses have chosen frequently to dine there with their escorts. Lunch to $1.50, dinner $2.30.

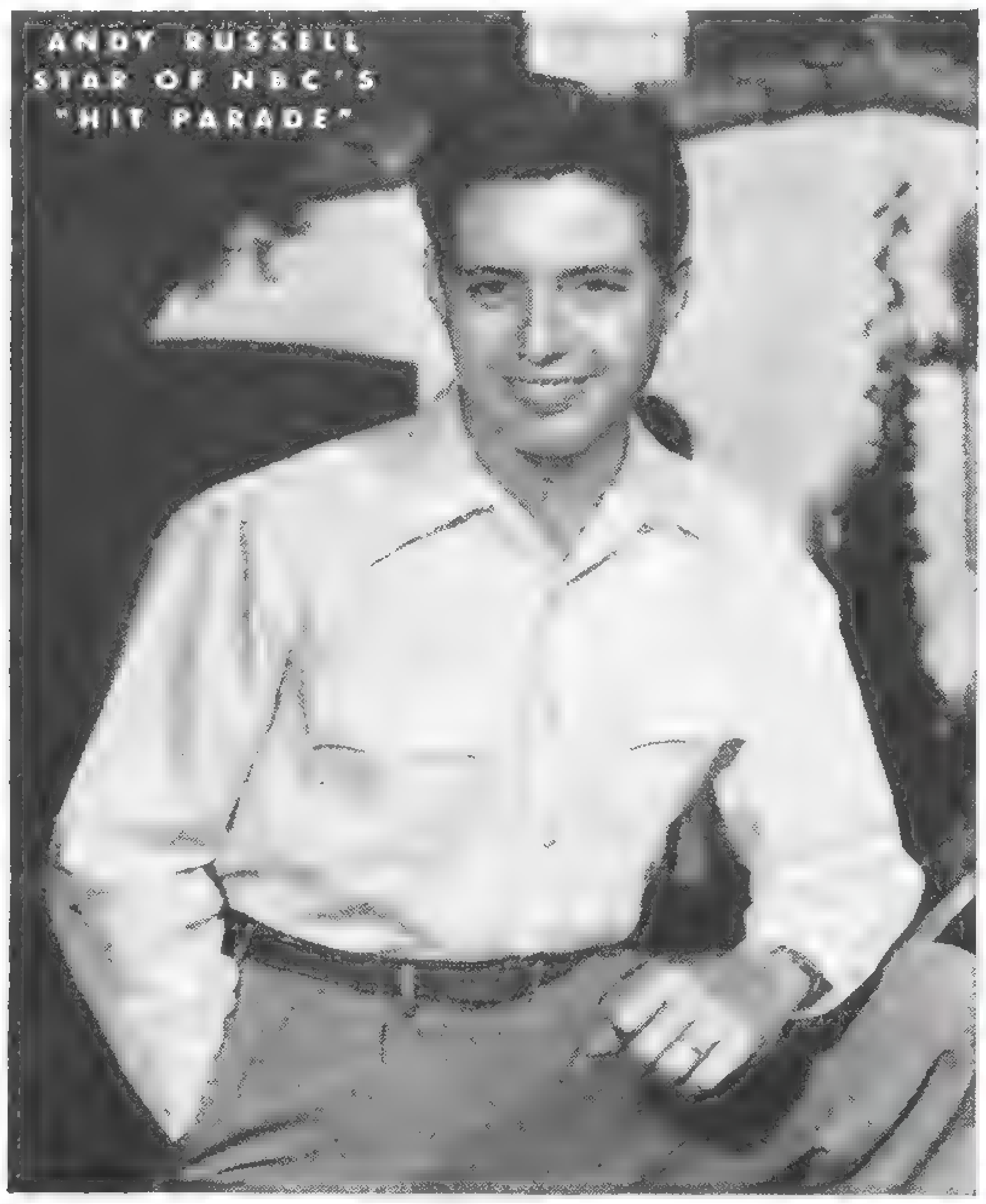
Among the city's other good restaurants are A L'Ecu de France, Apéritif Grill, Berkeley, Churchill's, Claridge's, Dorchester, Grosvenor House, Hatchett's, Hungaria, Ivy, May Fair, Mirabelle, Oddenino's, Prunier's, Quaglino's and the Savoy. Dressing for dinner is a must at the Berkeley, Dorchester and Savoy.

Some of London's finest food is served at little, comparatively unknown restaurants in Soho. Among these, the Isola Bella at 15 Frith Street is considered excellent. Soho restaurants include legitimate and black-market places. Food at legitimate spots may be very good, but it's always limited in quantity and variety.

*What to buy*: Just about nothing right now. You can't, without a ration book. However, a few firms will ship your order to the States for payment in dollars. Burberry's said they'd make up a nice cotton gabardine mackintosh with a removable camel's-hair lining for about $75. A few bootmakers around Bond Street will take orders for bench-made shoes for approximately $40. British travel officials are working on development of export on a C.O.D. basis to the States. If the plan works out, perhaps you'll have your choice again of fine woolens, Harris tweeds, leather goods, etc.

*What to wear*: Remember that clothing is strictly rationed, so

*Continued on page 194*



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famous for fine hospitality
Freeman - famous for fine shoes
FREEMAN
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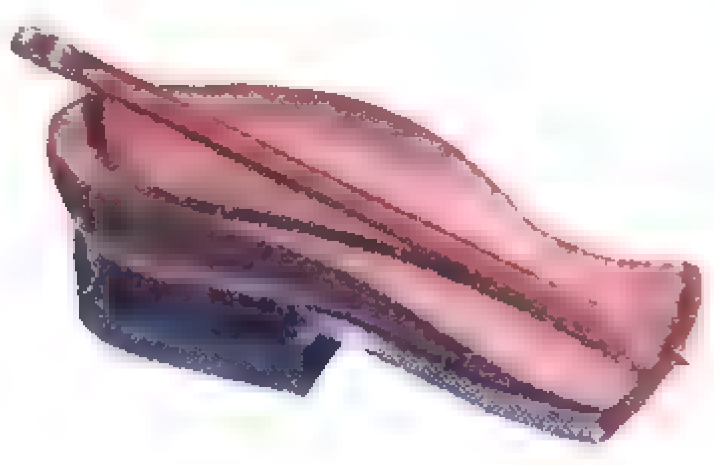
*Fits in the right places*

And top is the word for King's Guards! For these fine shoes are superbly styled, richly leathered, beautifully made. And the exclusive Freeman Cradle Heel gives you a new and wonderful experience in restful comfort because it is molded to fit the natural contours of your foot. Yes, for top shoemanship on every count, choose King's Guards. For the every count, choose King's Guards. For the name of the dealer in your community write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.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MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE

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SLACKS BY Pendleton

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON

## *Britain's Ready—If You Are!*

*Continued from page 193*

take all you'll need. You can't pick up extra shirts, sox, etc. Make sure your shoes are in good shape, as repairs take a long while.

A raincoat is a must for an English visit—at any time of the year. Take along a pull-over or two and heavy walking shoes. You'll be wearing medium-weight sports jackets and slacks most days. The British wear odd-jacket and trousers combinations much more frequently than we do. In fact, a tweed cap, brown Harris tweed jacket and grey flannel slacks are practically standard for Britain's casual and week-end wear.

Don't bother to take any lightweight outfits—Palm Beach suits, tropical worsteds or seersuckers. They're just not right for the British climate—at any time.

*Where to stay*: London's hotels are doing a good job with what they've got. We stayed at the May Fair and found the service excellent. The staff is just as friendly, the hotel just as clean.

London hotel rates vary considerably, with the average about $5 a night without breakfast. Among the best hotels and their single rates, with bath, are: Claridge's, Savoy and Berkeley, no rates given; Dorchester, $11; Grosvenor House, $7 to $9; Ritz, $7 to $9; May Fair, $4.20 and up; Park Lane, $4.20 and up; Piccadilly, $5 and up; Waldorf, $3.30 to $5; Cumberland, Regent Palace and Strand Palace, $2.40 and up (with breakfast); Brown's Hotel, $9 to $11; Oddenino's, $3.10 up.

*How to get there*: Whether you go by ship or plane is pretty much a matter of personal preference.

Among the steamship lines, indications are that Cunard-White Star will be well ahead in the race for North Atlantic passenger business this summer. The *Queen Elizabeth* is carrying capacity loads both ways; the *Queen Mary*, *Mauretania*, and the new one-class *Media* are all due back by summer. Minimum fares on the *Elizabeth* are $365 first class, $225 second and $165 third. Rates on the *Queen Mary* are expected to be comparable.

The *Parthia*, a sister ship of the *Media*, and the *Britannic* are expected to enter service this fall. At the time of writing, Cunard reports complete bookings throughout the summer.

The *America*, queen of the American merchant marine, is the U. S. Lines' transatlantic entry. Largest and finest liner ever built in the States, the *America* will take you to Southampton in seven days for a minimum of $325 first class, $210 cabin, and $160 tourist.

The Holland-America Line's *Veendam* also operates from New

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York to Southampton. Fares are $255 first class and $155 tourist (no middle class).

Among the air lines, Pan-American, American Overseas, British Overseas, Air France and KLM all fly to Britain. Pan-American runs one Constellation daily to Shannon and London via Gander, Newfoundland; and American Overseas has a daily flight to Shannon and London. British Overseas Airways runs four flights weekly, New York to London, and will probably increase to daily service within the year. Fares on all these lines are about the same—$325 one way and $586.70 round trip. Air France also takes you to London via Paris, and KLM Royal Dutch Airlines will take you there via Amsterdam, Holland or Prestwick, Scotland.

We made our hop to England in a British Overseas Airways Constellation—and we recommend it heartily to anyone who likes flying. BOAC has made airborne the famous British service which drew so many travelers to English ships before the war. You're cared for beautifully from the moment you enter their Madison Avenue terminal in New York until they put you into a taxi in London's Airways Terminal about twenty hours later. You leave the terminal about one in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time, take off from LaGuardia Field at 2:30, have tea en route to Gander (with a steward and hostess aloft, the service is better than you could have imagined), and alight for dinner at Gander at 7 p.m. New York time. Take-off is at 8:30, and you've got seven-and-a-half hours to sleep while your Speedbird zips across the ocean well above the weather. At 4 a.m. you land in Shannon, Ireland, for breakfast. That seems a silly hour to be having breakfast, until you notice that it's very light and realize that it's 9 a.m. local standard time. You've lost five hours in the flight from New York, which you retrieve on the way home.

You take off again at 10:30, and at 12:30 arrive at London airport. Figure a couple of hours for customs, immigration, and the bus trip from the airport, and you're in London in time to check into your hotel, unpack, freshen up, have tea or take a quick look around, and get ready for dinner.

*Miscellaneous intelligence and helpful hint department*: Take soap to England with you (also towels, if you intend staying at provincial hotels). Same for writing paper, envelopes and film. Customs will allow you to take in one carton of cigarettes duty free for your own use. Bring along, if possible, enough clothes to last for your entire visit. It takes from one to three weeks to get your laundry done.

Rationing makes the following items doubly welcome for your British friends: Nylons, soap,

*Continued on page 196*

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KOMFIT
The finest name
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Adjustable to any size wrist
Completely flexible
Thin as a dime
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*Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.*

*Both 86.8 Proof*

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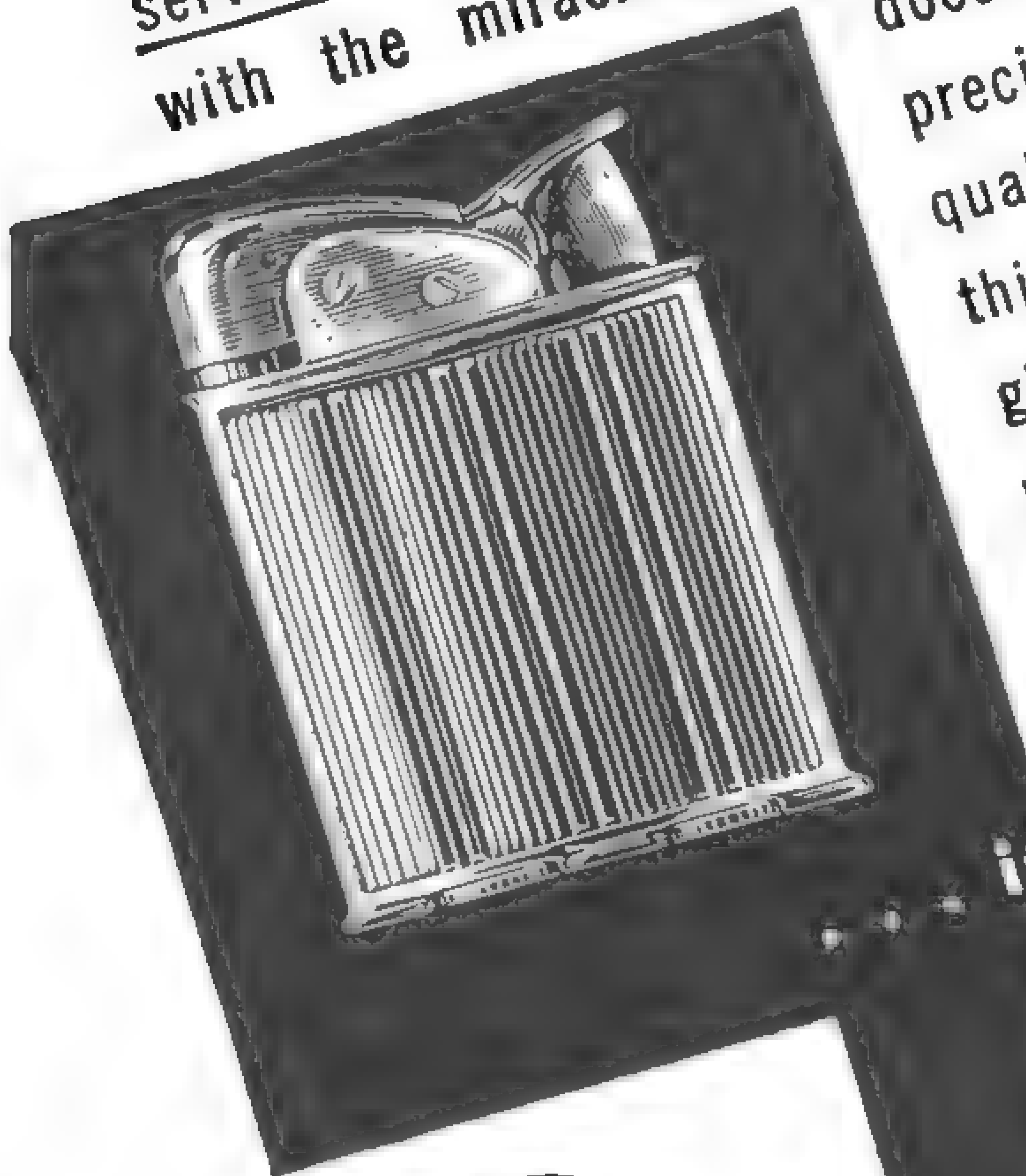
Lucky Dad! She picked the lighter for matchless service . . . the dependably automatic Evans . . . with the miracle wick that lights every time but doesn't burn down! It's a precision instrument of jewel quality, too, truly the "something super" for Fathers' Day giving! At jewelry, department and men's furnishing stores.



. . . it's automatic
Father's Day June 15

Please do not order from the factory.

EVANS CASE COMPANY
North Attleboro, Massachusetts
Makers of fitted handbags, compacts, cigarette cases and automatic lighters.

## Britain's Ready—If You Are!

Continued from page 195

chocolate, canned butter, bacon, ham, tongue, jams, cooking fat, tea. You can take in twenty-five pounds of food, provided no single item exceeds five pounds in weight.

Don't follow the old British custom of putting your shoes outside the door for polishing. Shoes are strictly rationed in England, and yours might walk off suddenly.

Buy travelers' checks. Not only is your money safe, but you get about four cents more on the dollar in exchange for British money than on American bank notes.

London taxis are comparatively cheap—fifteen cents the first third of a mile, a nickel each succeeding third.

Look to the right first, before stepping off a curb. Of course, everybody knows traffic runs on the left in England; nevertheless the pedestrian casualty rate among visiting Americans would be terrific if cab drivers weren't able to spot Yanks by their clothes and so anticipate their stepping off a curb in front of the car.

Check the British Travel Association's information center at 66 Whitcomb Street, near Leicester Square, for the answer to whatever might be bothering you. It's an alert outfit with excellent connections, and takes seriously its job of keeping tourists happy.

*Tipping*: Some West End hotels add a 15 per cent supplementary charge to their bill. That takes care of all hotel tipping, except any special attention or service. A shilling is the usual bellboy or doorman tip, if service is not included on your bill. The 10-15 per cent rule is good for restaurants. Sixpence or a shilling to the hat-check girl, depending on the place. Ten per cent to cab drivers, but usually not less than ninepence. Theatre ushers usually aren't tipped.

*Red tape*: Figure on a minimum of three weeks to get your passport; for which you must show your round-trip ticket for return within three months to get your British visa, which is yours within two days after application. Resident aliens will need an income-tax clearance; also a re-entry permit to get back into this country. If you have a German-make camera, be sure to register it with U. S. Customs before you leave.

There's no limit to the amount of U. S. money you can take into the United Kingdom, but you're permitted to take into or out of Britain only twenty pounds of British currency.

You'll be required to turn in a food-ration card at your hotel if you stay more than five days. The porter or desk clerk will tell you how to get one. You need no ration card for restaurant meals.

Continued from page 68

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*For answers to your travel queries, send stamped, addressed envelope to Reader's Travel Service, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17.*

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Plus this greater protection and comfort —Catalina's "trunk within a trunk" molds your body to slimmer, more athletic lines!

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Hamm's
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BEER
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Preferred
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THEO. HAMM BREWING CO., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

Hamm's
Smooth and Mellow Beer

## It Looked Good in Headlines

*Continued from page 77*

don't know why the Germans turned green so quickly. They had faces like a character I remembered in a colored comic strip called *Little Nemo*, in the old New York *Herald*. This character was a mug Little Nemo used to see in nightmares, and he had a face the color of spinach that has been in the icebox too long. Some soldiers used to say it was something the Germans ate. Dead Americans didn't stay long. They were moved to the rear. But anyway few Americans were killed on the lanes. If you saw one, he had been killed on the other side of the hedgerow and carried back for evacuation. There were often things flying around overhead and curious noises to right and left, but if you stayed in the lane you were pretty safe. Correspondents didn't have to cross the hedgerows; no correspondents were hurt. When we got to battalion we would ask for positions again, and then if we felt ambitious we might go up to company. That would be close indeed, but the command post would usually be snugly established in a deep old German dugout roofed with logs and dirt. And then we would go back, hurrying to be in time for lunch. We got to know the approaches to St-Lô rather well. We could not get to know battalion or company officers, or individual soldiers so well, because they were always getting hit while we were away. In order to make ground, they had to go out over the hedgerows. "To encourage and steady the new men, the replacements were intermingled with 'old' men in the foxholes," the book, *St-Lô*, says. "An 'old' man was one who had been at least three days in the line." And in another place: "In two weeks' time there must have been at least a seventy-five or eighty per cent turnover in these (rifle) platoons." It quotes an officer of the Thirtieth Division, which fought just west of the Twenty-ninth, and had a few more casualties: 3,934 to 3,706:

"The people who do the actual advancing to close with the enemy are the rifle platoons, eighty-one of them (in a division), each with a T/O strength of about forty men. These are the men who do the scouting, the patroling, the front-line work . . . Now the aggregate strength of these eighty-one platoons is about 3,240 men. I hazard a guess that at least seventy-five per cent of the total casualties were in the rifle platoons, or a total of 2,950 (Thirtieth Division)."

There was a plausible technique for getting through the endless series of fields, each made a fortress by its own hedgerows, that stretched in front of the American infantry. A tank would be equipped with iron prongs attached to the rear-drive housing. These prongs were designed to

*Continued on page 198*

Like Father...
Like Son—

For All-Day Vim and Vigor
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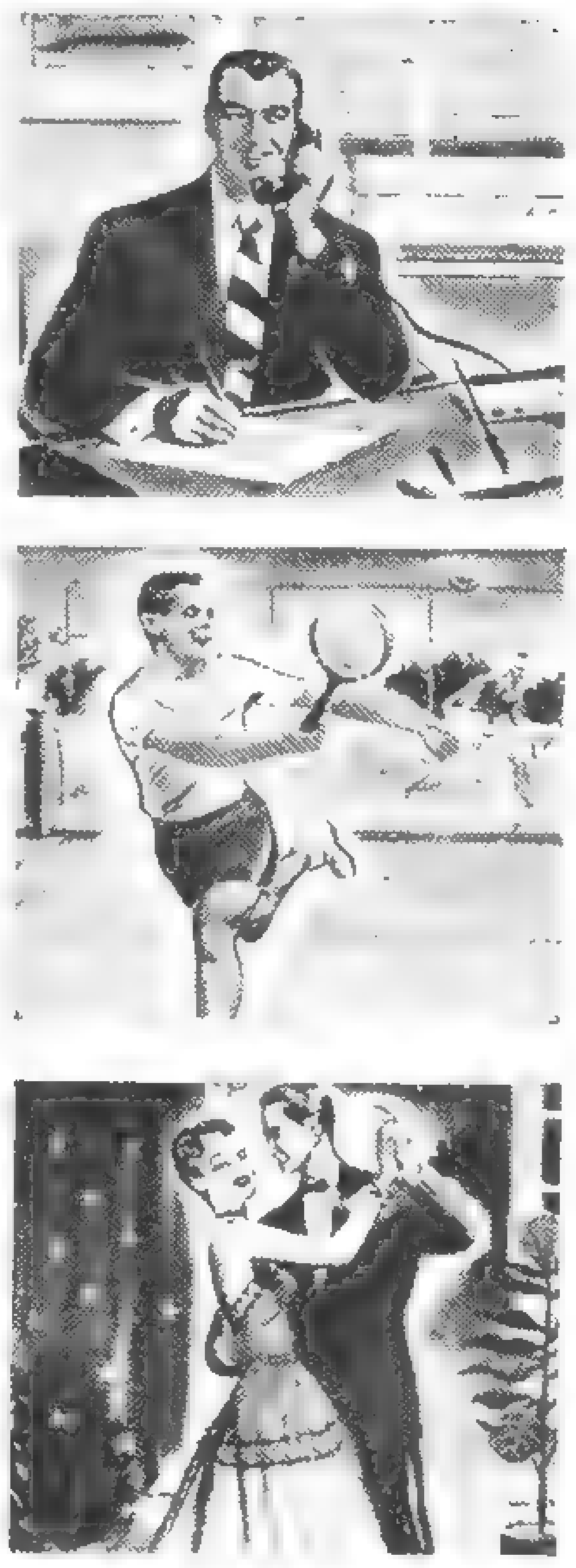

Only Reis Scandals give you the patented dart-stitched pouch—gentle support without strain for breakfast-to-bedtime vigor! So comfortable, too, because Scandals are shaped-in-the-making to body contours. All-around elastic waistband that keeps its stretch. "Hi-Waist" design. Concealed, no-gap fly. Full cut, seamless seat. Quality made throughout. Ask for Reis Scandals by name at better retailers everywhere.

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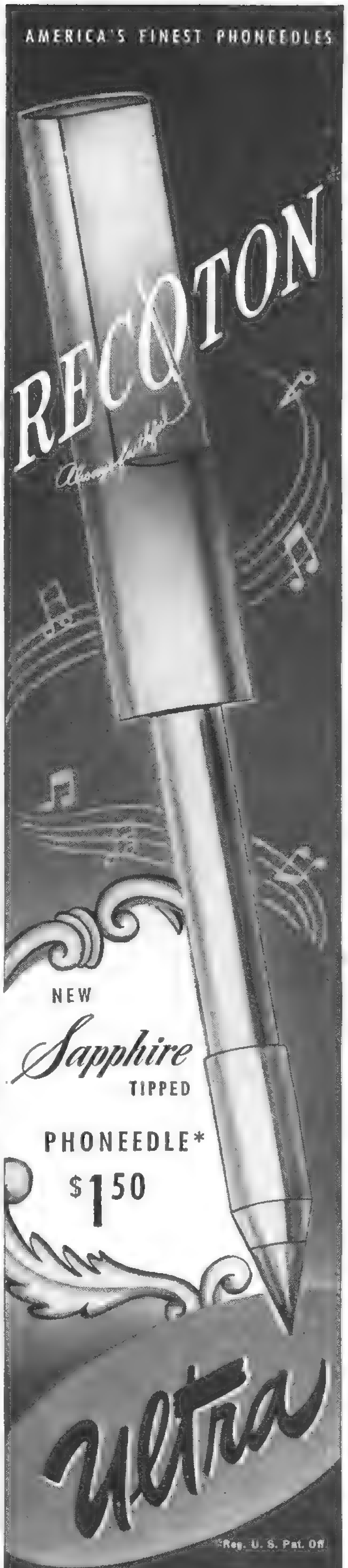
## *It Looked Good in Headlines*

*Continued from page 197*

break through the earth embankment and at the same time to make holes in which two waiting combat engineers would place explosive charges loaded in empty 105-shell cases. The tank would pull back, and the engineers would set the charges off by means of a fuse, blowing a big gap. Then the tank would go through, firing its automatic weapons to keep the Germans who were garrisoning the field (if any) down in their holes while a squad of our riflemen piled through the now shattered hedge. Sometimes it worked. But, to quote another officer cited in *St-Lô*: "There is always a minor and local problem to be solved, a problem which caused a certain amount of irritation, and that is, who is going over the hedgerow first, the infantry or the tank? It is surprising how self-effacing most men can be in such situations." Because the Germans, of course, had antitank guns.

The Twenty-ninth got St-Lô, finally, on July 18. The Thirtieth and Thirty-fifth and Second Divisions all boast, with reason, that their gains made the capture possible. It is of course true that no one division can carry out a corps-scale offensive. General Cota, then a B.G.—he got another star and a division of his own afterward—led a task force into the city that afternoon to take possession and mop up. A couple of jeeploads of correspondents who had heard about this dashing move followed him. We left our jeeps at a distillery at the edge of town and on foot went up a street between a convent and a government stud farm. Just then the Germans, who had pulled out, laid in an artillery fire that they probably had been charting for a couple of weeks, ever since they had realized they must lose the town eventually. There is a notation of time in the book that fixes permanently for me a minute when I was scareder to hell than I had ever been, except on one occasion. The book says:

"At 1930 General Cota was wounded by shell fragments and had to be evacuated." I was looking at him right then. He was standing up, to show the doughs there wasn't so much danger after all. He was a general, but I was smarter than he was. I was lying down, squeezing the loose fat of my belly into crevices between cobblestones. I had a cobblestone pattern on my front for two weeks afterwards. It was at that moment I heard the voice of a dashing and world-famous war correspondent coming from behind the sole of my right foot, which he was using as a shield for his face. He was saying, "Let's get the hell out of this." It sounded very intelligent to me, and I actually crawled this colleague a deadheat to the jeep, 200 yards in a few minutes, which is lightning



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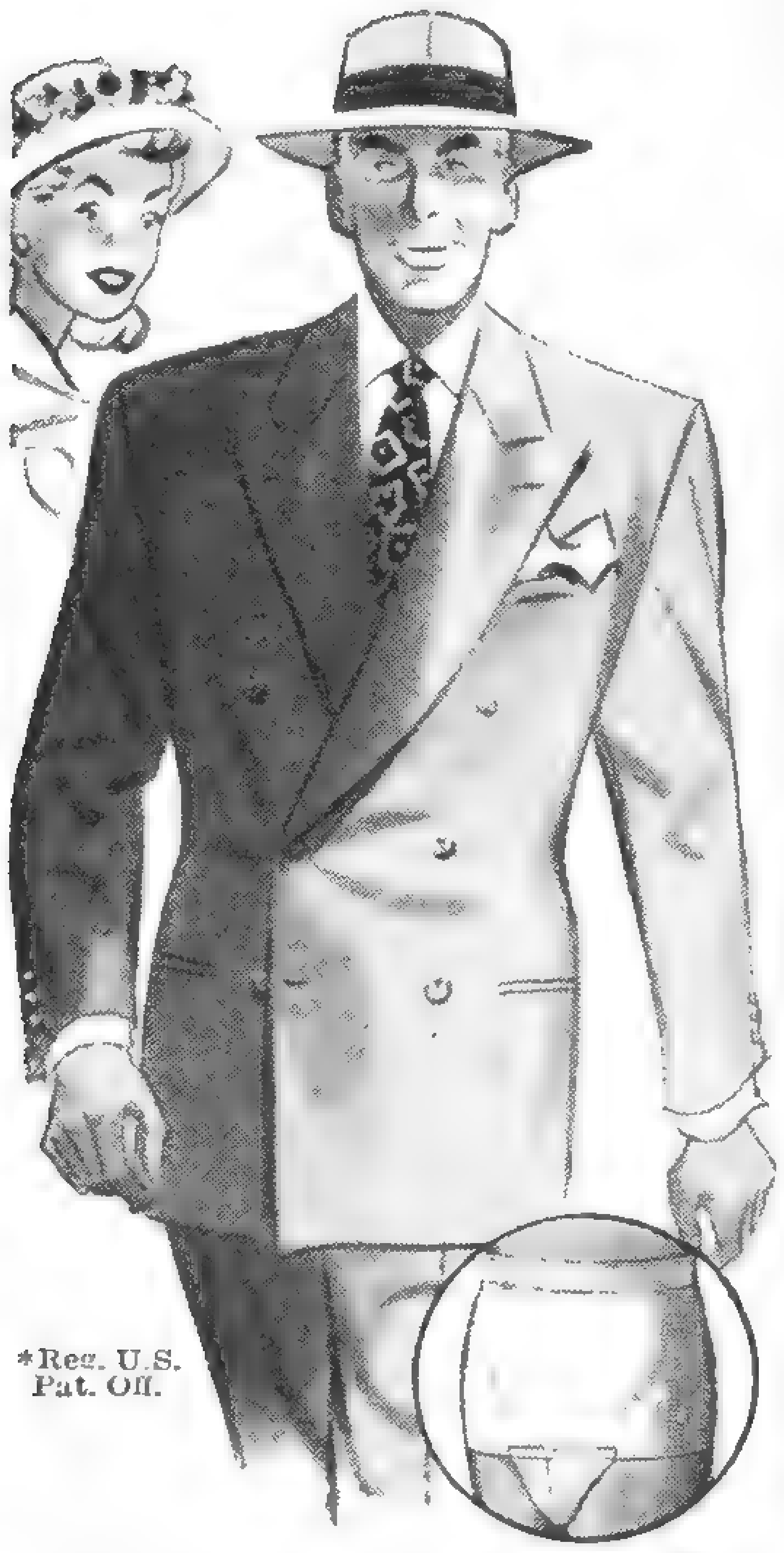

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**"BRACER* ROYAL"** *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action...$5.00.*

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fast for sliding on your nose, chest, knees, shins and toes. As we started I could hear old Dutch laughing. "Don't leave me now, boys!" he was yelling. Actually they didn't evacuate him for several hours after that.

The worst danger was still to come. The jeep driver, who had been lying under it, was a guy named Whitey from Harlan, Iowa, and it had been raining, so the road was greasy, and tanks were coming up it. Whitey jumped up in the driver's seat when we hoisted ourselves into his vehicle and started out at seventy miles an hour, a speed completely beyond the ordinary capacity of the jeep, but maybe it was excited too. We appreciated this gesture for the first mile, and then we started to figure that if he didn't hit a tank he would land us back in the English Channel as on D-1. We induced Whitey to pause reluctantly at division headquarters, and went in to see the victor of St-Lô, the division commander, Major General Charles Gerhardt. "Hello, Peanut," the General said to me. "You look pale."

"Tell us, sir, General, sir," one of my colleagues said, "in a few words, for the press, what is the strategic importance of St-Lô?"

"In a few words," the General said in a cagey manner, "none."

Naturally, he couldn't tell us what the next move was going to be—that was up to Bradley, the Army commander—so he was playing whimsical.

"Then why has the Army been fighting so hard to take it?" his journalistic straight man inquired.

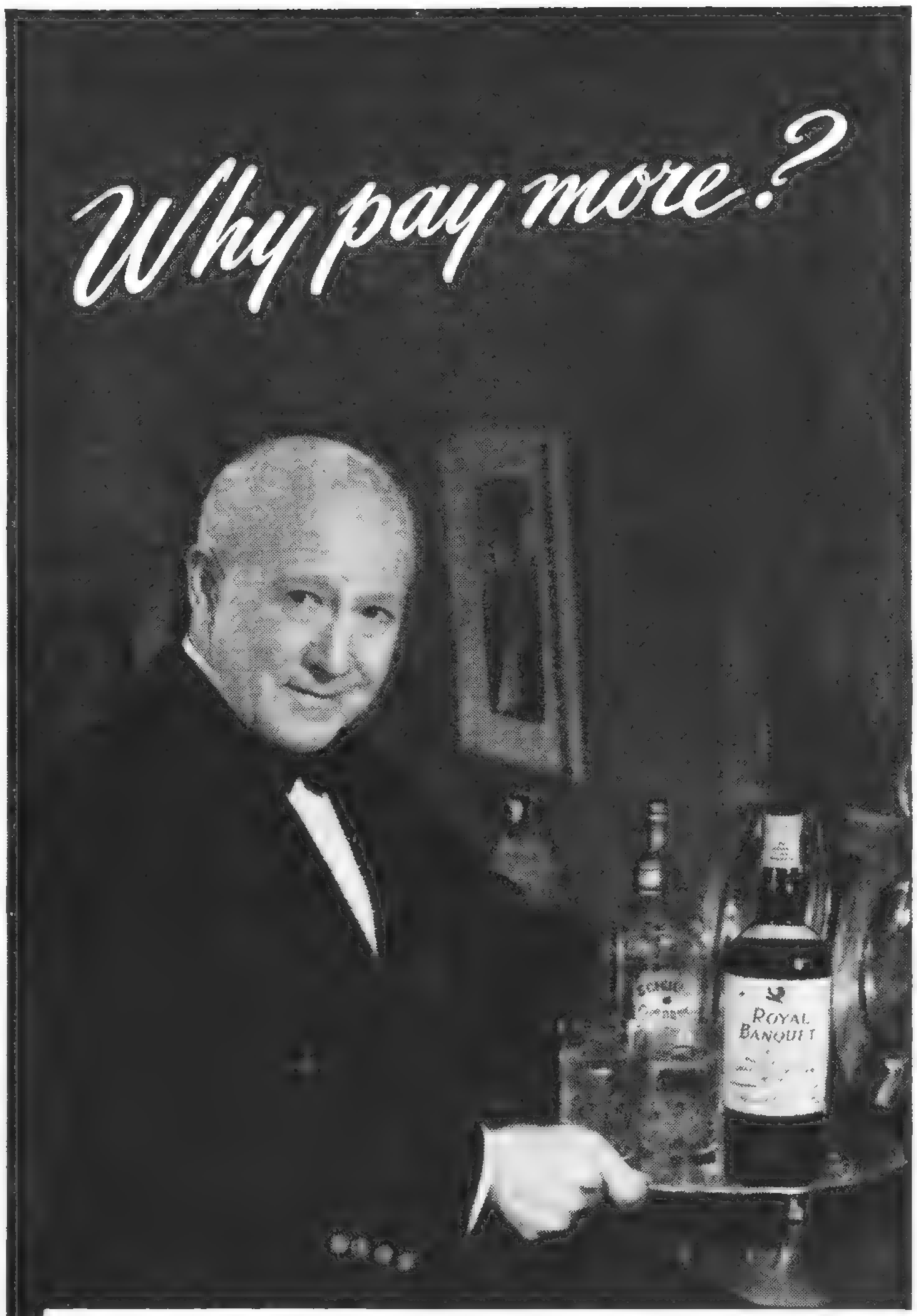
"Because it looks good in headlines," the General said. "St-Lô, see? It fits nice. Only four-and-a-half spaces." I haven't found out yet where he learned to read copy.

"Everybody in the United States is asking about St-Lô," the General said, "because it is easy to remember. The morale value of a town they can't pronounce is nil."

But of course he was kidding.

"The ground won was sufficient for General Bradley's main purpose," the book says . . . "the Battle of the Hedgerows evolved into an effort to win jump-off positions for a great breakthrough effort: by 18 July suitable positions had been won. VII and XIX corps had fought past the area of marshes and river where maneuver room was limited, and were firmly set in the higher, more favorable country near the St-Lô-Périers highway . . . The blow could be launched . . . On the one hand, the loss of St-Lô deprived the enemy of a main road center, weakened his chances to meet the forthcoming drive by maneuver from the east, and forced him to guard against a further attack on the right bank of the Vire; on the other hand our capture of St-Lô and the high ground around it gave First Army solid protection on the left flank of the planned zone of breakthrough." The next move, a week later, was to be as spectacular and as rapidly suc-

*Continued on page 200*



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## *It Looked Good in Headlines*

*Continued from page 199*

cessful as the struggle for St-Lô had been dour and discouraging.

The photographs, by the Army Signal Corps, are fine, although no single one of them seems to me as good as the shot at the bottom of page twenty-eight of *Soldiers' Album* (not a Government publication, Houghton, Mifflin, $5), a picture of soldiers charging past dead cows that recalls the whole campaign in half a page. The maps are good and clear, and the "plot" of the book is carried forward, at the end of each chapter, by the German Corps and Army accounts of each day's fighting, from the logbooks of the German units, captured after V-E day. All the *American Forces in Action* books maintain the difficult narrative balance between the battle as seen by the individual soldier, and the directing theme—what the command was trying to do, what the enemy command was trying to do and how plans got fouled up and were modified as the combat took its course. The materials were painstakingly collected, by thousands of interviews as well as examination of unit reports. Then all the results were collated by historians in uniform to give a picture of war that you couldn't possibly get either in a rifle platoon or at a high headquarters.

I close with a citation from the report for July 9 of the 823rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, attached to the Thirtieth Division, quoted in *St-Lô*:

"There was lots of small-arms fire, shelling and mortar fire blanketed the area, everybody fired in every direction, rumors flooded the air, and when infantry units withdrew in disorder leaving some gun positions exposed, it became necessary to withdraw to successive positions. The exact movements of each platoon is at present obscured in the confusion of battle . . .

"Unit took two prisoners which were its first, suffered its first fatal casualties, was shot up by its own infantry and armored force and in turn shot up its own infantry and armored force, but under all circumstances came through their first engagement in fairly good shape . . .

"Combat efficiency satisfactory but mad as hell."

I'd like to see the *American Forces in Action* books given as wide a circulation as the British Government used to give the books published by the wartime Ministry of Information about the British armed forces. There must be some way around the excessive modesty or fear of Congress or whatever the devil it is that is keeping the books a quasi-secret. The American public has a right to know what the war was like, and I don't know of any other publications from which it can as well find out. ╫

*Continued from page 77*

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## Revolt with Strings

Continued from page 59

pact of this suggestion. The three men exchanged glances that had a sinister quality of conspiracy. There was a long pause. Then my uncle went to the open window, looked out and proceeded to close both the outer and inner window.

This measure of precaution was no mere whim. Haydn's *Emperor String Quartet, opus 76, no. 3*, was musical dynamite. Its slow movement, Poco Adagio Cantabile, consists of variations on the melody Haydn composed in 1797 as the national anthem of the hated former Hapsburg regime. That was bad enough; but the melody was also used for *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*. When Austria-Hungary collapsed in 1918, the *Kaiserhymne* became *verboten* music in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia. The singing and playing of the Kaiser anthem was forbidden by Czechoslovak law.

The viola-playing lawyer, a man not given to hasty decisions, stepped over to the window and looked at the police station across the street. "Hmmm," he said, "the inspector on duty seems to be asleep." He looked pleased. It wasn't news to me that the ranks of the town's chamber musicians were heavily infiltrated with monarchists and Haydn-minded fellow travelers. Many of them were conservative lawyers, doctors, bankers, directors who had seen better days under the Hapsburgs.

Uncle Bruno unlocked the drawer of a Biedermeier chest, which he had never opened before, and placed the music on our desks. He had at many occasions come out strongly against the Hapsburgs and the Restoration. He was an ardent follower of President Masaryk, but he liked to demonstrate that he stood for Freedom of Music.

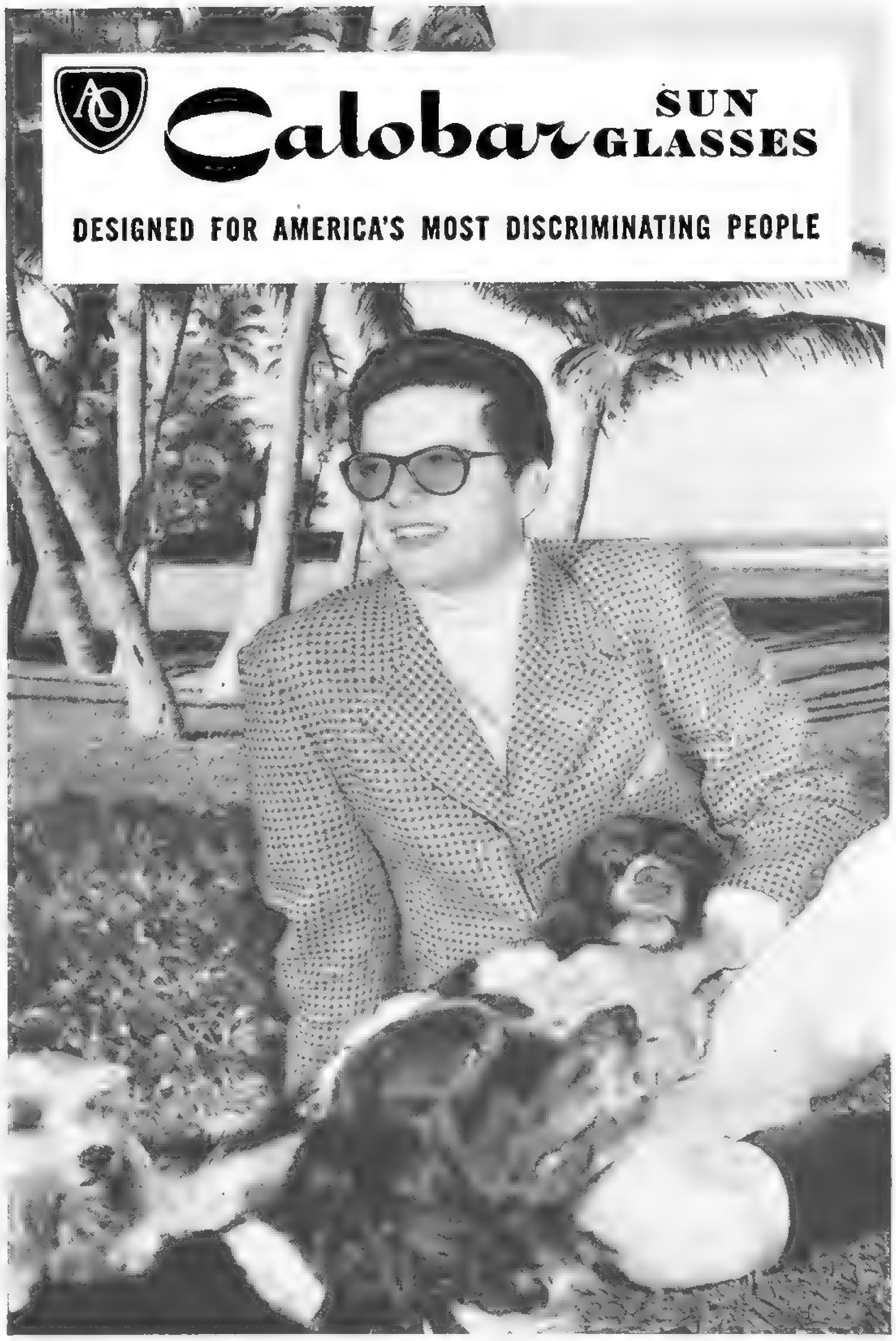
The atmosphere was tense as my uncle gave the cue and we started to play. I felt like an anarchist about to light up the fuse of a time bomb which would blow up the Czar's Winter Palace. Somewhere I heard a door being opened and closed, but none of the other players paid any attention. This was a great, dangerous moment in their chamber-musical lives.

A few minutes later—we were in the middle of the "theme with variations" based on the *Kaiserhymne*—I heard heavy steps on the stairway, the door was torn open and Hanka, the cook, stood on the threshold. She wore slippers, a nightcap of white lace and a dark checkered plaid over a long, Victorian nightshirt.

"There!" she shouted to a man behind her, pointing an accusing finger at us. "Making noise at two in the morning! Robbing a poor woman of sleep! And playing the damned *Kaiserhymne*! High treason!"

She was shoved aside and Police

Continued on page 202



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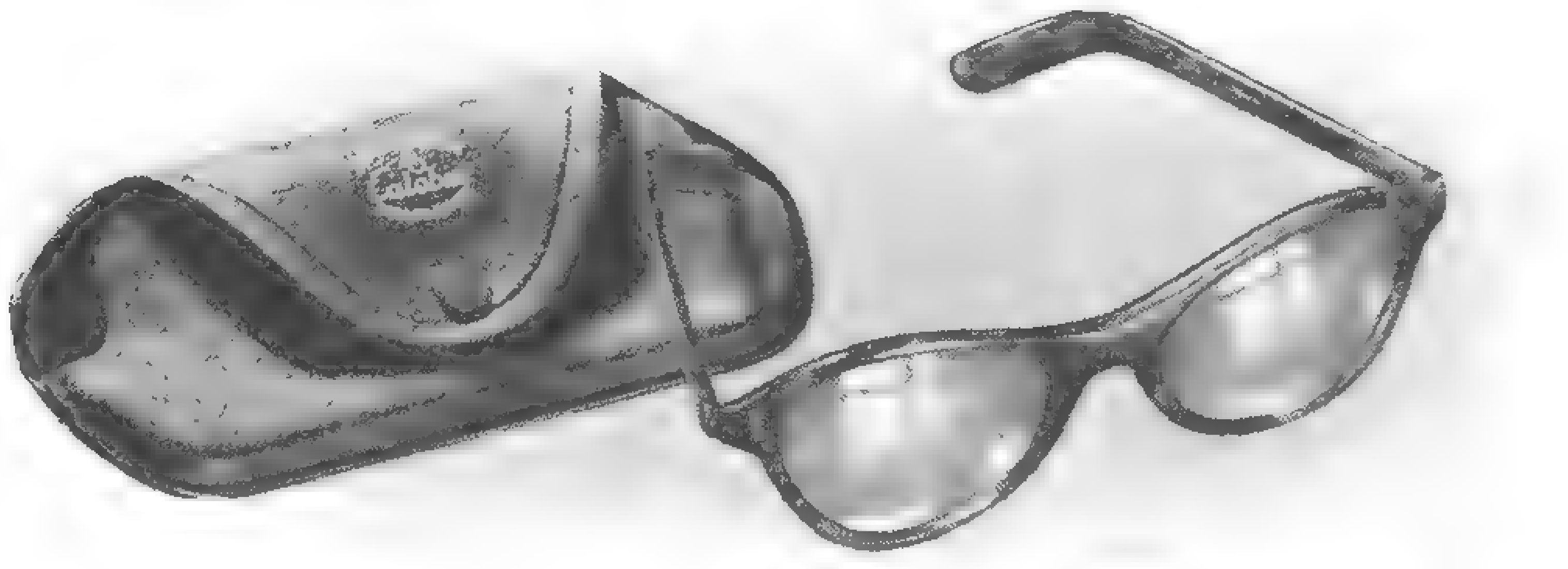

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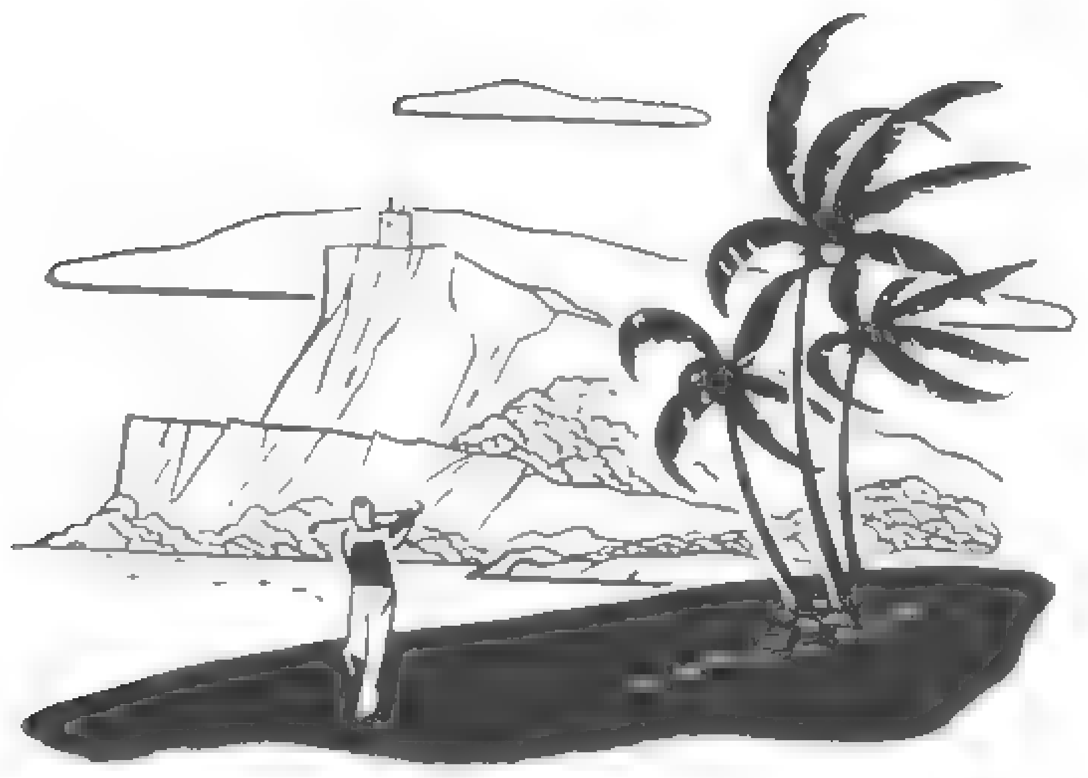

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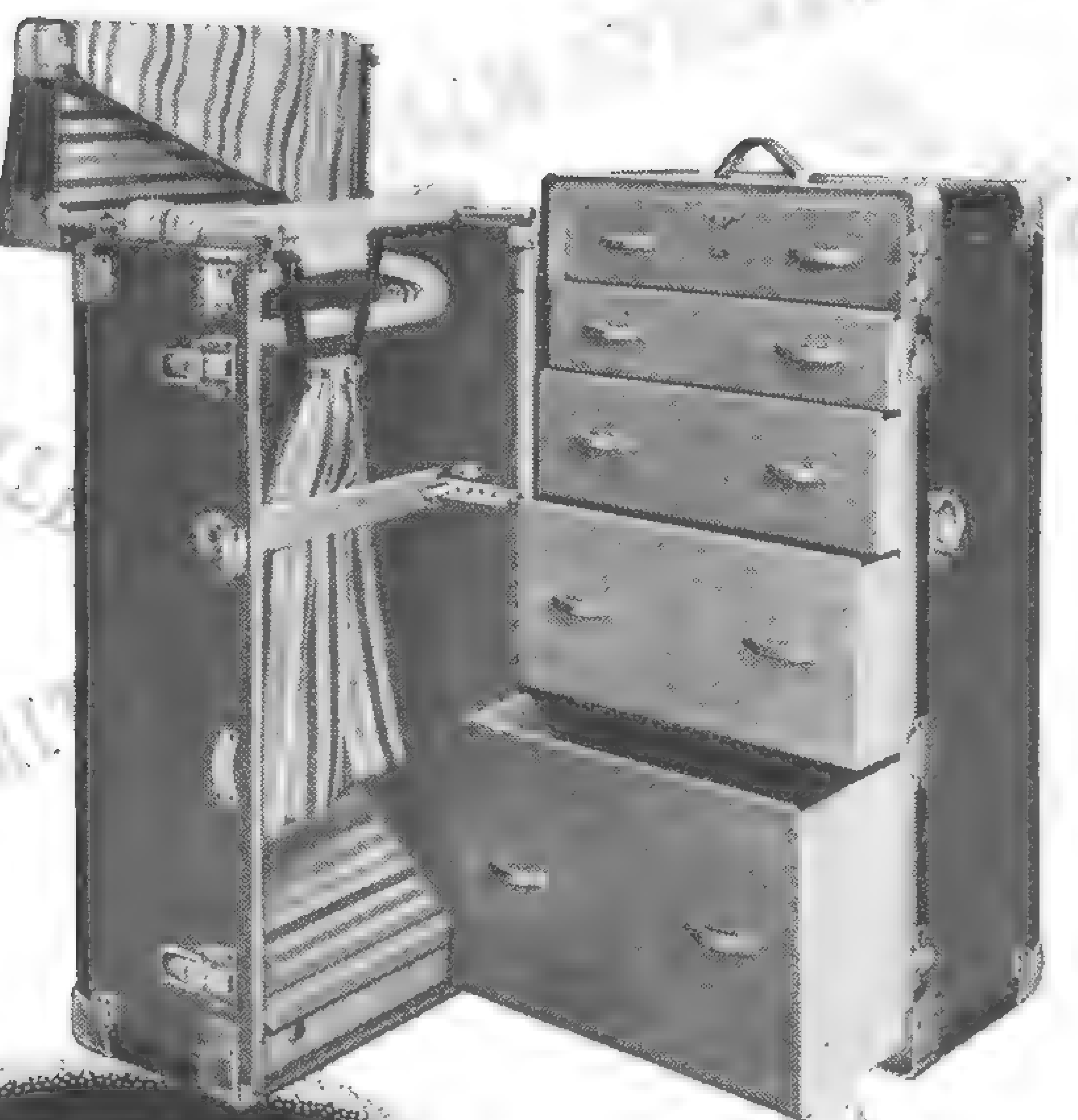

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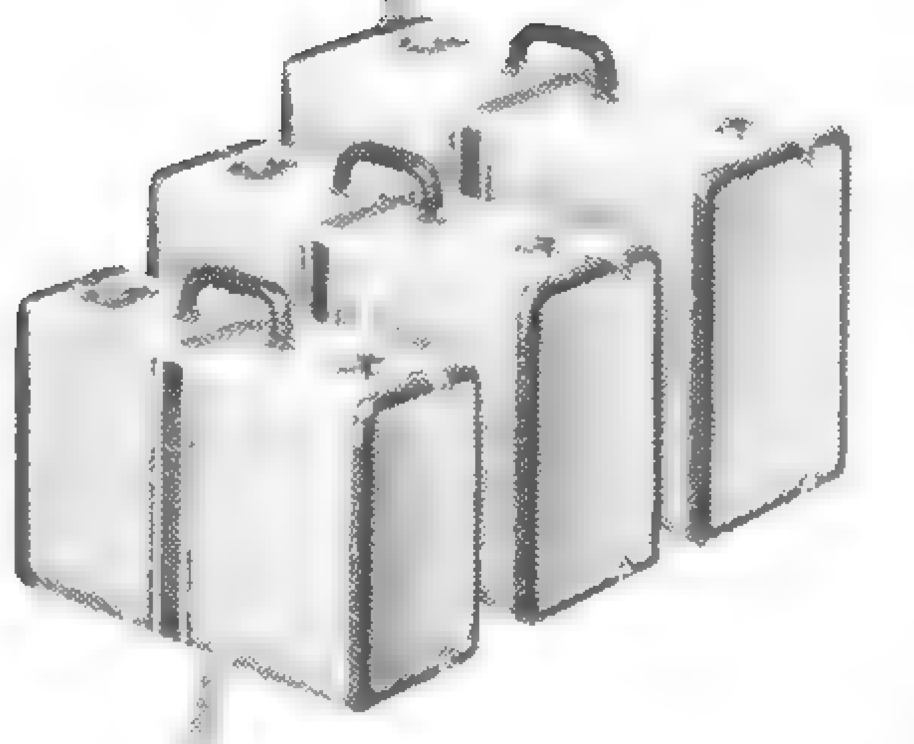

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## Revolt with Strings

*Continued from page 201*

Inspector Hajek came into the room. He was a heavy-set, red-faced man with a long mustache, the ends of which were curled up like violin keys. He had his uniform unbuttoned and looked sleepy and unhappy.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he said apologetically. "Playing the old anthem is a case of sedition and high treason. I'll have to investigate."

The lawyer's glossy skull took on a pale, mat finish. Even the surgeon, a man accustomed to grim tragedy, looked crestfallen. Only my uncle seemed thoroughly unconcerned.

"We're playing Haydn, not politics," said the lawyer. "We have played Smetana and Dvořák before," he added, by way of an extenuating circumstance.

"Haydn," the surgeon said, rubbing his glasses and putting them on again as if he were going to look into somebody's abdomen, "died a hundred years before President Masaryk and President Wilson started to work for the independence of the Czechoslovak Republic."

Inspector Hajek cleared his throat. I was sure he didn't know anything about Haydn and what it was all about. This was a delicate, serious matter. Several prominent citizens accused of sedition and high treason. Citizens who freely contributed to the Collection for Widows of Policemen Killed in the Course of Duty, and to the Police Force's Masquerade Ball. Citizens, incidentally, who happened to have the best Slivovitz in town and who were not miserly with it.

Inspector Hajek drew a deep breath. "I will have to hear this for myself," he said, with a fine touch for worldly and divine justice. "Would you mind playing the incriminated part for me?"

"Not at all," said my uncle. "Sit down, Inspector."

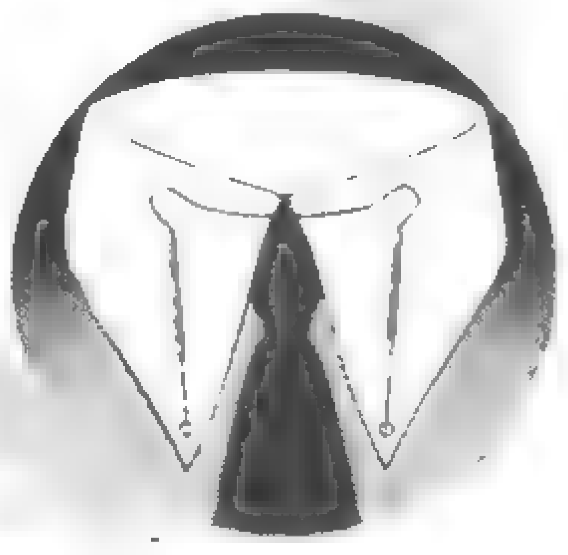
The lawyer and the surgeon didn't say anything. They were probably wondering whether they would get single cells at the local courthouse or one together, which would at least enable them to play Mozart duets.

My uncle raised his bow, conductor-fashion, and said, "Gentlemen, the slow movement. C minor."

I looked dumfounded. The slow movement happened to be written in the key of C major, not in C minor, which is quite a difference. It was inconceivable that my uncle could have made a mistake. He nodded to us and began to play his private version of the slow movement, cleverly concealing the *verboten* Hapsburg anthem behind a C minor smoke screen. The lawyer and the surgeon caught on after a few bars, playing also in C minor. Being a novice at that kind of musical cops-and-robber game I contented myself merely

don't be a . . .

Sloppy Collar Joe



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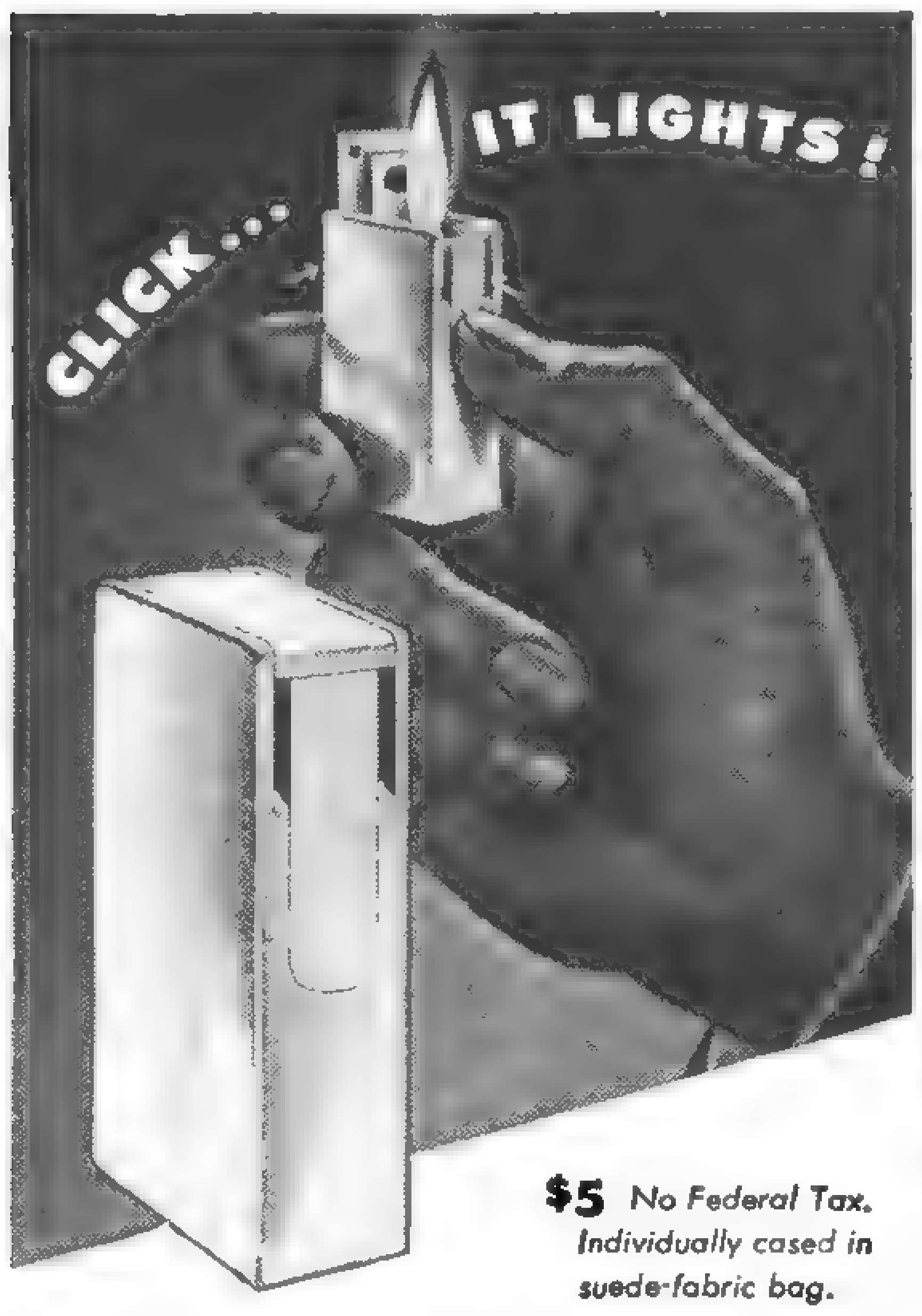
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to fake some extended pianissimo notes.

When the piece was over, my uncle put his violin down on the Biedermeier chest and took out a new bottle of Slivovitz. "Well, *pane inspektore*, you are a musical expert," he said. "Does that sound like the *verboten* anthem?"

The inspector's glance went from one player to the other. He seemed to be doing some hard thinking. Once he glanced at the bottle of Slivovitz.

"I can't hear any similarity," he said at last. He turned to the old cook and shouted, "Get the hell outa here before I have you arrested for attempt of blackmail, disturbing the peace, offending an officer, moral turpitude, running around in indecent clothing, causing a public annoyance!"

Poor Hanka stood there like Noah's wife, but my uncle walked toward her and saluted her with his bow, present arms. "She did only what she thought was her citizen's duty, *pane inspektore*," he said. "I'm going to raise her salary as of the first of the month. Have you tried her *bublaniny*? They're wonderful."

The bald lawyer mopped his skull and offered Hajek the plate with *bublaniny*. Hanka retired, a study in utter bewilderment. The surgeon grabbed a corkscrew and with his expensive fingers opened the bottle of Slivovitz. The inspector gulped down a big glass, smacking his lips to get the aftertaste.

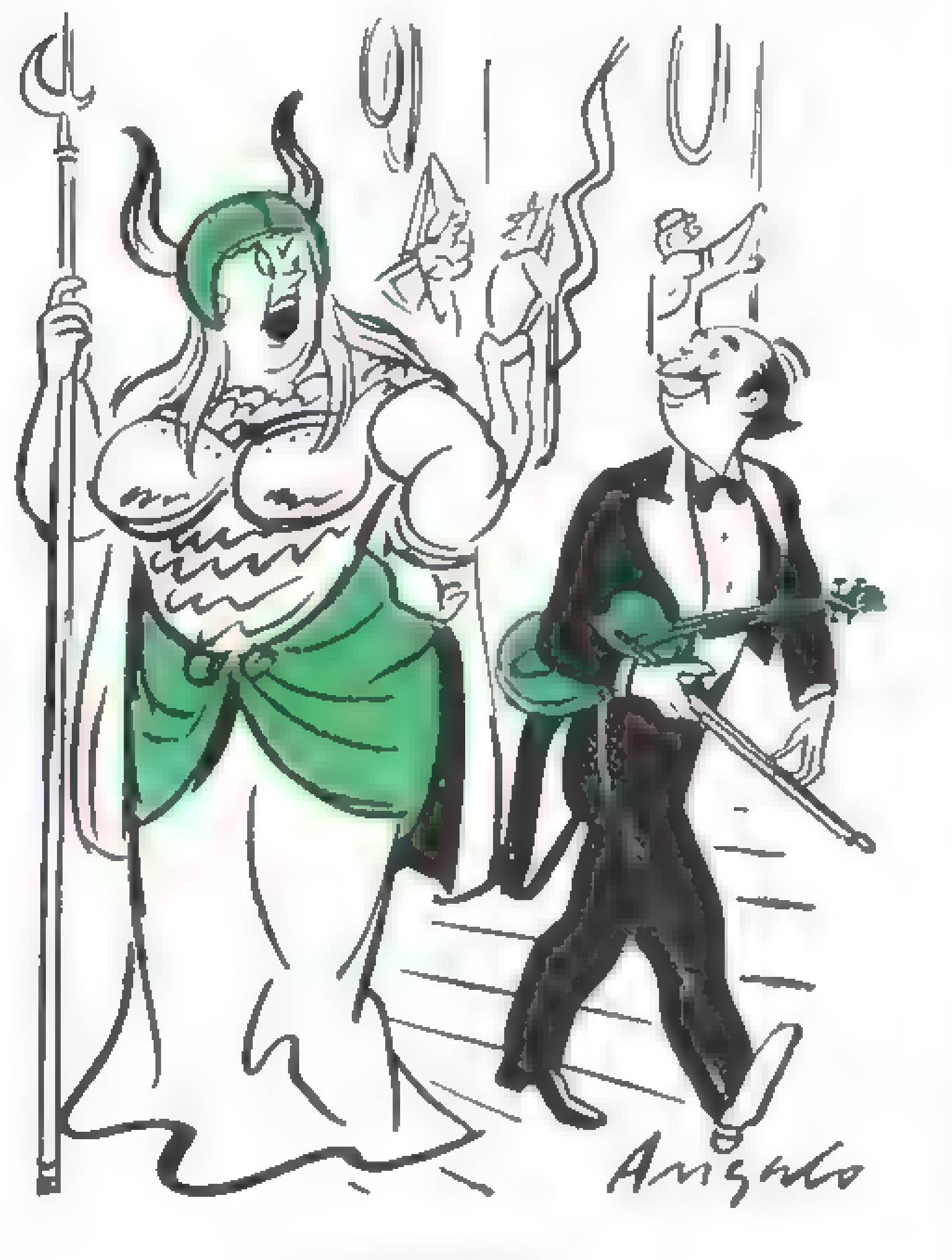
"Funny thing with those tunes," he said. "People always get mixed up. For a moment I wasn't so sure myself, to tell you the truth."

"Sure," said my uncle. "Have another drink."

"Thanks," said the inspector, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Good stuff. The way I figure such a problem is like this: Why should you gentlemen want to commit sedition? You just happen to love music. Correct?"

My uncle looked at him. For the first time I saw a smile on his face. "Correct, *pane inspektore*. And now, gentlemen, enough of this interruption. Sit down over there with the bottle, Inspector, while we finish the Haydn Quartet." ⧺

*Continued from page 59*



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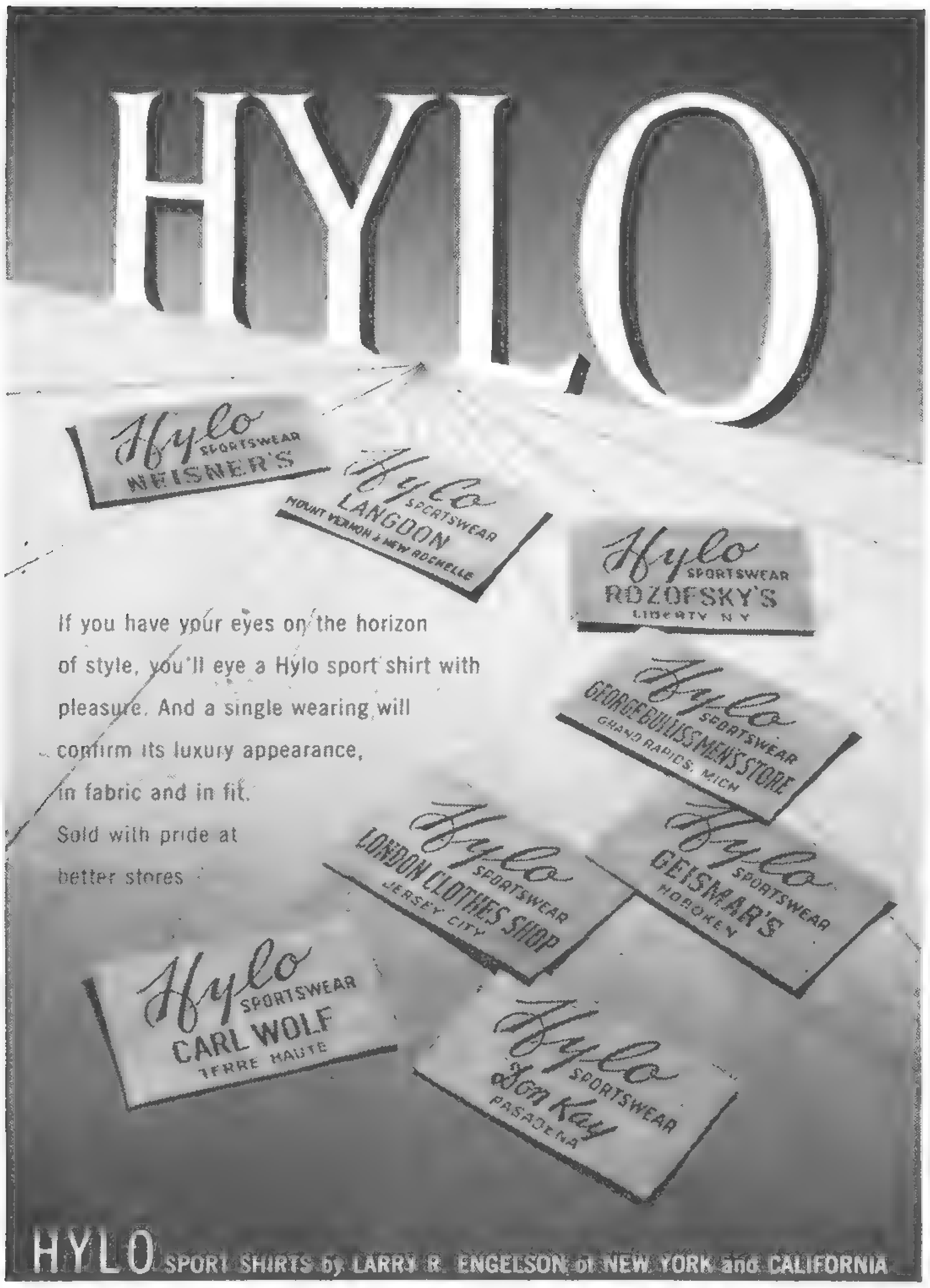

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## A Time to Every Purpose

*Continued from page 86*

rested the basket, and no one in sight. For just a vague instant the thought crossed his mind that if no one were here he could load his basket and walk out. Shame poured over him when he heard the voices in the rear.

". . . and the last time I had to go to Albuquerque, this storeroom looked like hell when I got back."

"Well, if you'd hire a man for me instead of asking me to run your store and wash your socks and get supper too . . ."

"Quiet. Someone came in."

They came out of the back room, and the woman, no more than thirty-five, plain, her figure matronly but not overfull, came to face Martin at the counter. The man paused in the doorway and said, "I'll be back, maybe two, three days. You can close pretty soon if you want."

She nodded curtly and he slammed the door behind him.

"What can I do for you?" she asked Martin.

"Our trailer is stranded about seven miles up the road. We're dead broke and out of gas. I won't give you a long story. My mother and sister need food badly. Here's a basket they made and this Bible we sell; if you want, you can buy them or trade . . ."

The woman ran her eye across his massive shoulders, studying his heavy face, his bulk adding years to any reckoning of his age. "Is this what you do for a living?"

"I'm not begging, lady, and I didn't come in here to tell my life story. We need some food."

"Say, you're a hard man . . . I like hard men. I can't buy your Bible, don't need one at our place, and we got baskets to sell, ourselves." She seemed to consider him for a moment; he didn't know whether it was to weigh his story or weigh him as a man or for some other reason. "I'm going to close up right away. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

He helped her carry in a sack of coffee from the back room and to empty it into a huge drawer, both of them silent, the woman leaning close to him, rubbing her arm against him. When they were finished she led him to the store window, with one arm across his broad back, and pointed out the change in display that she wanted. As he worked she kept her eyes on him, making him intensely aware of himself as a man, sensing his own virility. A dull excitement throbbed in his body.

After many changes, they put out all the lights in the front of the store. Then she led Martin to the back room where she showed him several sacks of meal she wanted moved. She sat down on a pile of sugar sacks laid lengthwise and watched as he tossed the dead weights about lightly. "We're all alone here now."

"Yeah." How had he known

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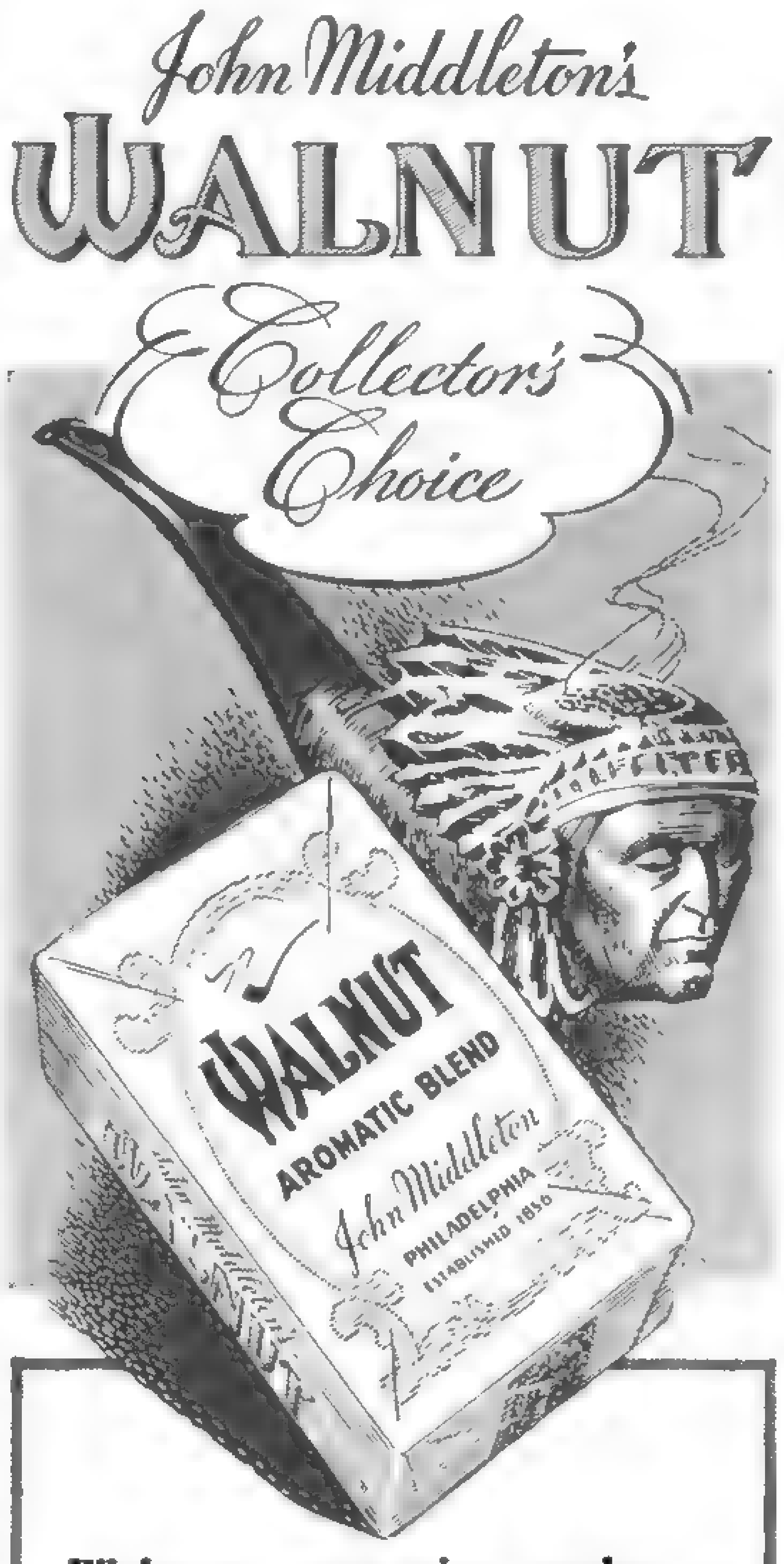

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the words, never having heard them before, seen them being shaped, felt them before they were uttered? Known the thing that would happen next without knowing its form?

"All we've got to do is flip the switch." She rose and did so.

The image of his father, stern-faced, with burning, accusing eyes, came before him in the sugar-scented darkness and held him back with the knowledge of sin. But he was no longer a boy, to accept without question the glory of renunciation, of hunger and thirst in an arid land. This wandering without purpose, this eternal negation, was not for him. So he thrust aside the image of his father, felt for the first time disparate, wholly free. He rejoiced in an earthy strength, a will of his own.

Afterward, when the woman sought to detain him, he pushed her aside and said brusquely, "Let's have some food."

She turned on the light in the front and filled a paper bag. She pressed his arm when she gave him the package and added a box of crackers as an afterthought.

He motioned to the basket and Bible. "You keep those," he said.

She held the door open for him. "If you're stopping . . ."

"We're not."

There was rain in the air and a rumble of thunder. The package nestled comfortably in his arm. He walked along with big steps, too many thoughts mingling, not feeling shame or pity, not feeling anything, just hurrying back to beat the storm. His pace quickened to a gale of steps, he almost rushed forward to give this bag of food to Mother and Naomi. The miles were sloughed off like a weight and soon he could see a bobbing light reflected on a raised bonnet. His father must be trying to fix the motor.

Joshua raised lusterless and tired eyes as his son came up to him with the package. "I'll need some help with this, Martin." There was almost an apology in his tone. "It's going to rain soon. We'll go inside with the food."

There wasn't even mild surprise when the package was delivered to Mother and Naomi, not from them nor from Joshua. The Lord provided. Martin sat back in the rocker, his hands resting on his thighs, in such position that they seemed half poised for action and half for relaxation. His fingers brushed the sugar grains from his knees as Joshua thumbed the Bible. The rain made a drum roll on the roof and then settled down to a repetitive chatter while the women set the table. Joshua took the Bible in his big hands and stared down at it with great eyes.

When they sat down to eat they bowed their heads in grace while the lightning winked and the thunder smashed at the roof. Joshua raised his voice, "We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy bounty. In the wilderness You have provided food . . ." ⌗

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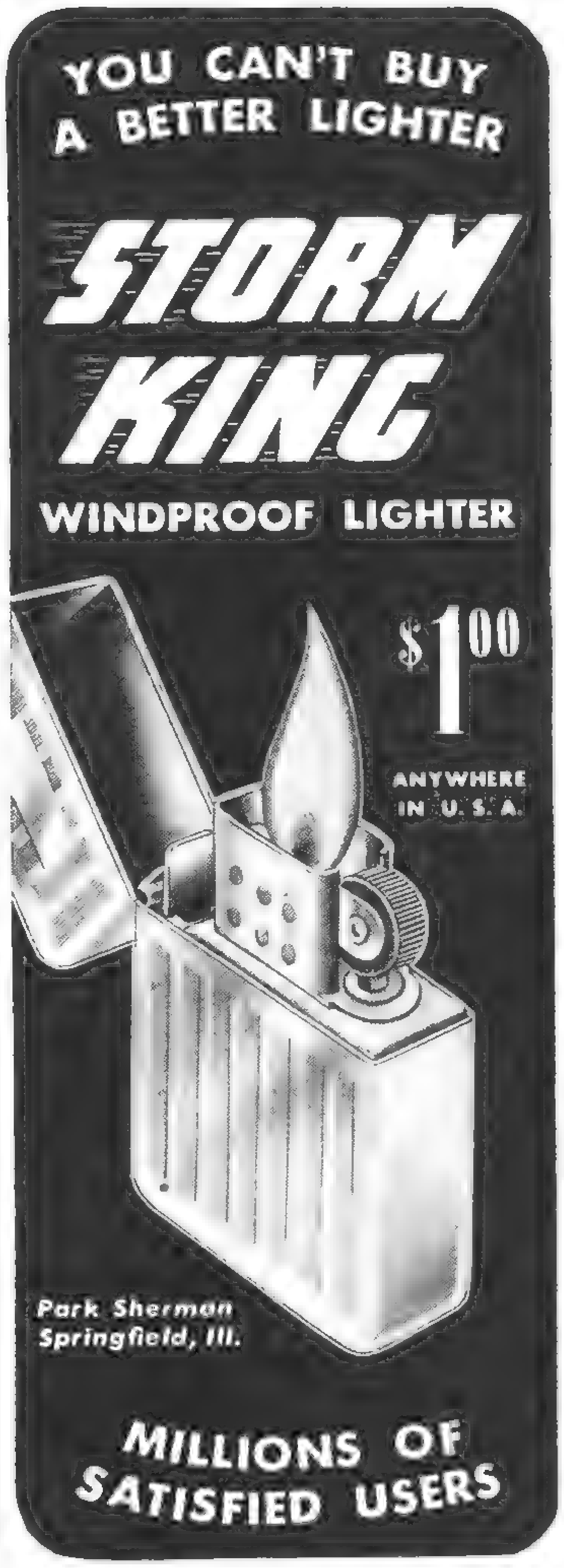

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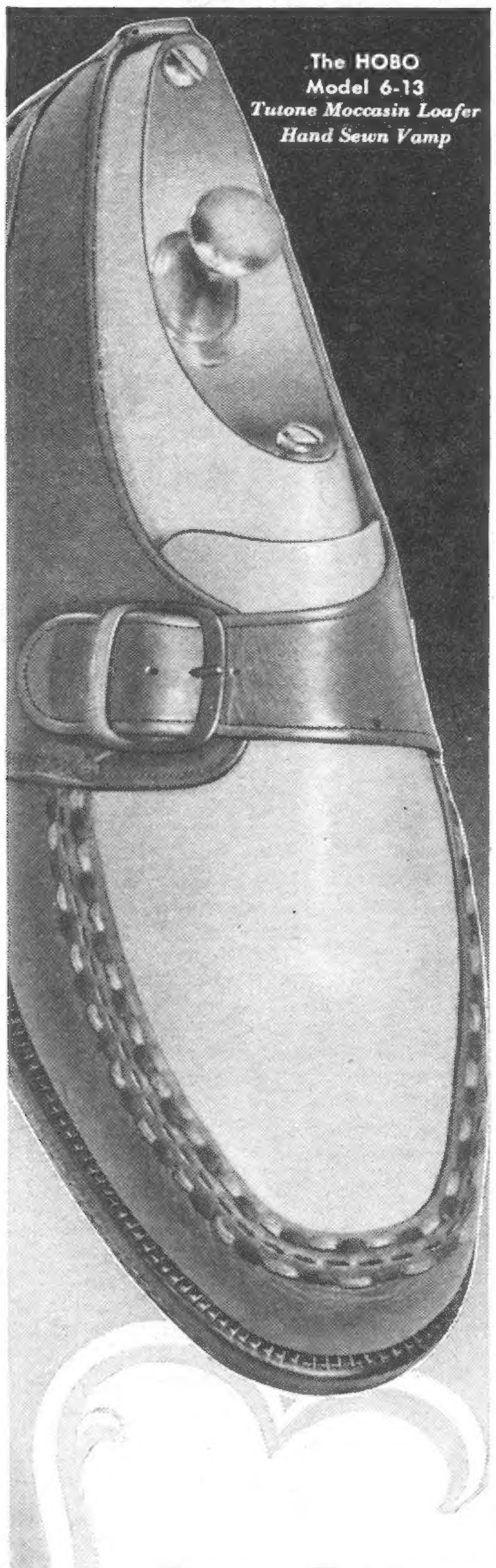

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*While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.*

*WORDS TO THE*
**WINE WISE**

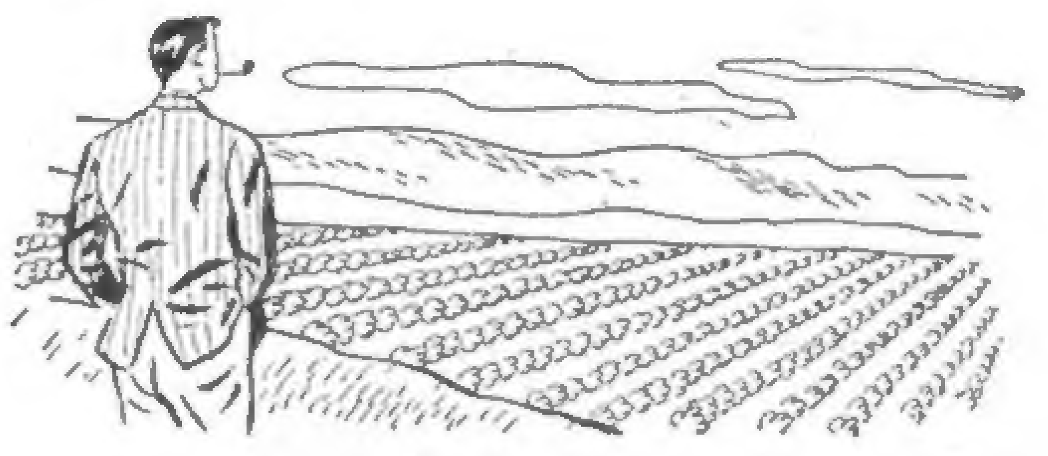
**By CHARLES H. BAKER, JR.**
Food and Wines Editor, *Town & Country*

*A world-renowned authority on wines and food, Mr. Baker also contributes regularly to* **Gourmet.** *His two-volume work on exotic cookery and beverages* **The Gentleman's Companion,** *is a national best seller.*

NUMBER II: *On discovering, in California, a tawny port worthy of the Douro*

ONE MIGHTY VALUABLE lesson we learned from all the years we've rambled round the world sampling what civilized folk eat and drink. It's this:—never compromise with quality, whether you're dealing with folks, food, or wine.

That's why we used to look to Portugal's warm fertile Douro Valley as *the* source of tawny ports. After generations of vine-tending, the men of the Douro had become masters of port-making; had developed the few kinds of grapes and the strict handling rules without which no port can be produced worthy of the name.



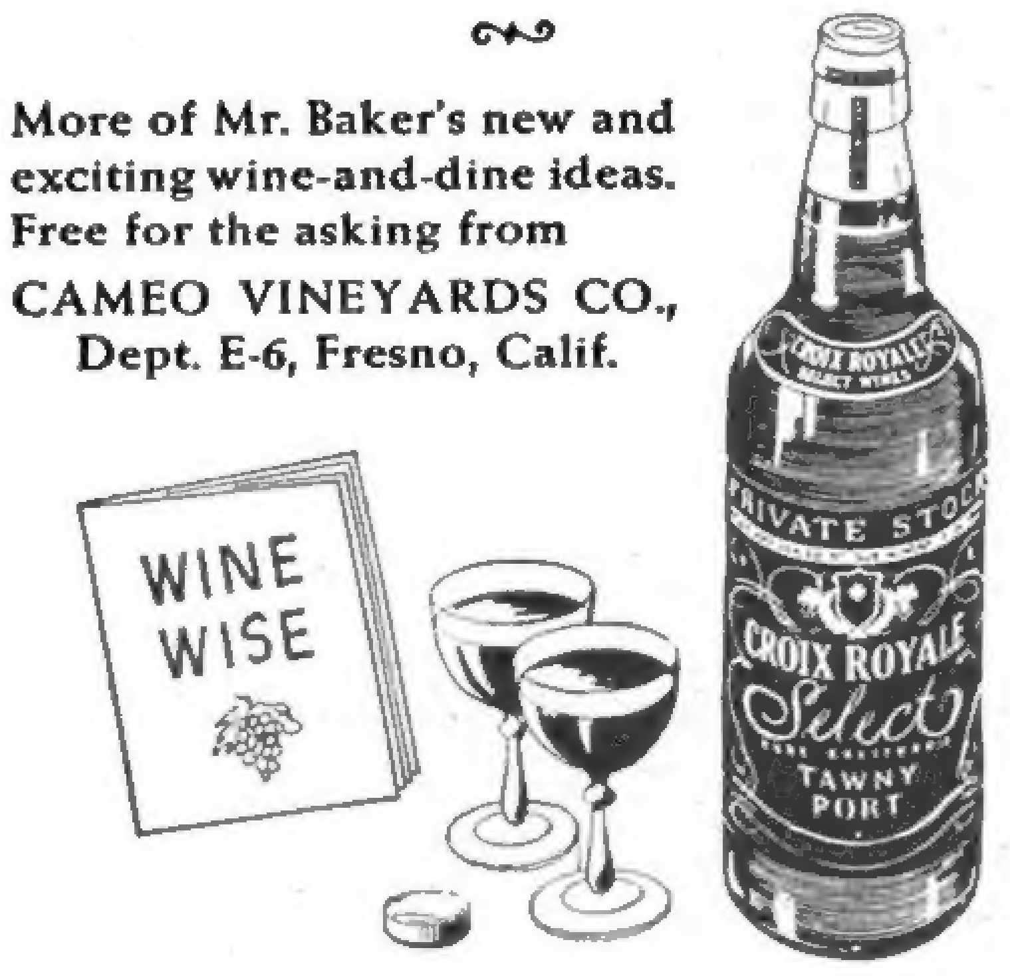
THEN WE MADE a happy discovery! Right here in the States is the Douro's duplicate: the lush, sun-drenched San Joaquin Valley of California. And from this valley comes Croix Royale *Select* California Tawny Port.

It's a wonderful wine—lovely and sound—and the Croix Royal vintners take the same loving care with it, use the same grape varieties and Old World techniques, as the men of the Douro.

So now we personally serve Croix Royale *Select* California Tawny Port with desserts, with cake or tea-time sweets . . . after dinner with walnuts (oven-heated in shell!) . . . and so on.

FROM MANILA, P. I., comes a world's champion, the Army-Navy Club's *Porto Flip.* Shake hard with big ice: 4 oz. Croix Royale California Tawny Port, 1 oz. *good* brandy (and Croix Royale's pot-stilled California is USA's best!), 2 tsp. sugar, 3 tblsp. cream, 1 recent egg. Strain into goblet. Float on 1 tsp. of your favorite liqueur; dust with nutmeg, and there you be.

More of Mr. Baker's new and exciting wine-and-dine ideas. Free for the asking from
CAMEO VINEYARDS CO.,
Dept. E-6, Fresno, Calif.



*Mr. Baker recommends:* Try all of Croix Royale's Select Wines from California—Pale Dry Sherry, Tawny Port, Muscatel, Madeira, Burgundy, Sauternes, & Chablis. At better wine merchants.

**CROIX**
**ROYALE**
*Select*
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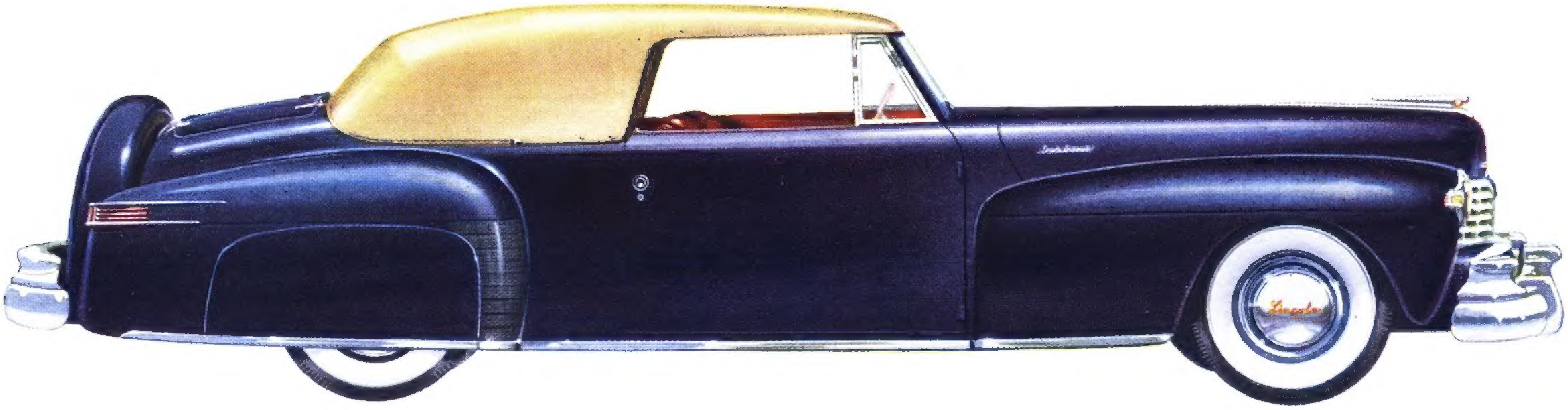
# *Nothing could be finer*



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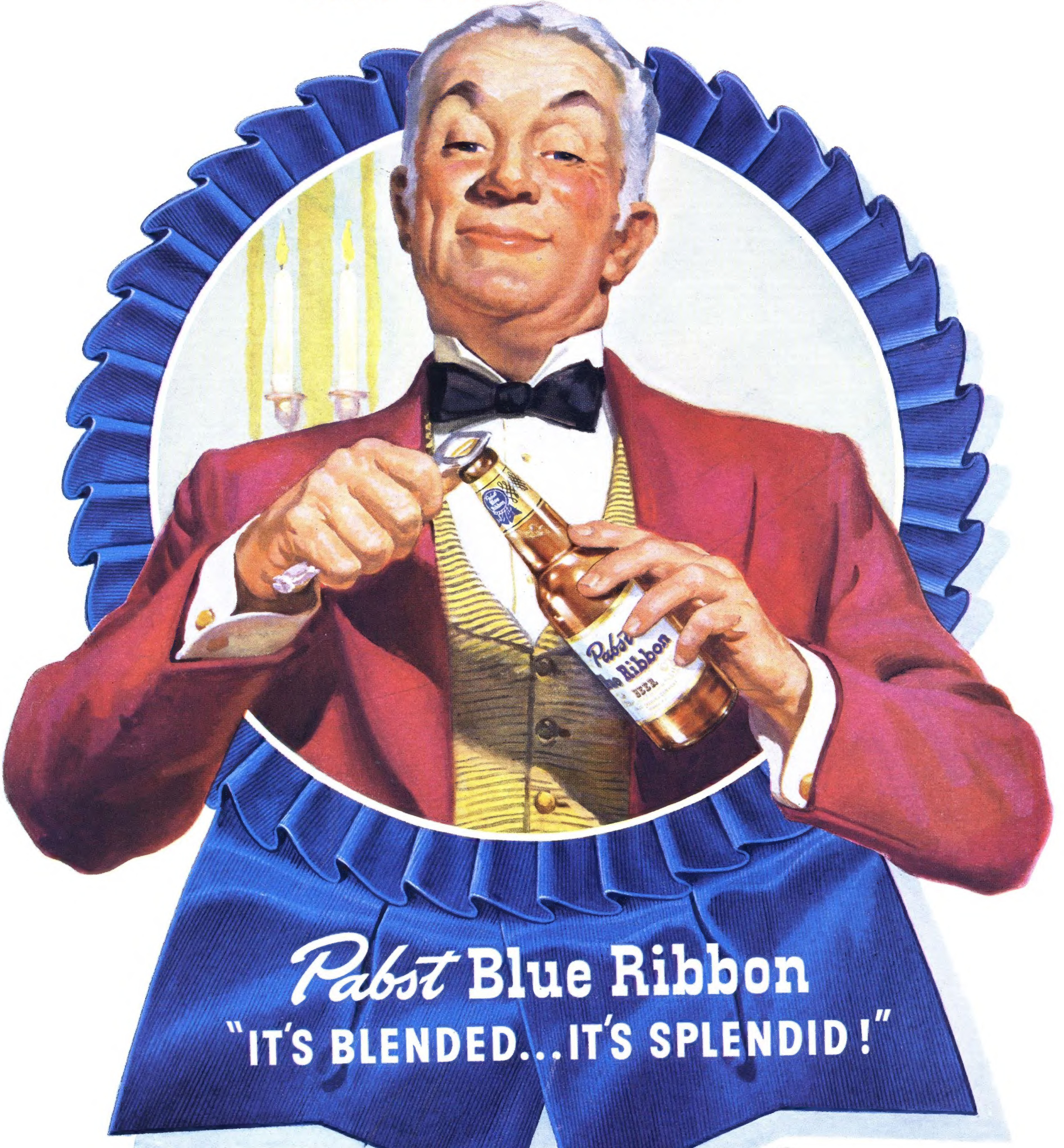
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"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

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